

RATE-FIXING IS ROBBERY.

Unless It is Done by the Government.

Commissioner Prouty a Foe to Injustice.

Governmental Supervision and a Commission with Powers Are Needed.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

CHICAGO, April 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] "One of the most potent factors today in building up and perpetuating the great industrial monopolies and consequent private fortunes which menace our civilization is freight-rate discrimination," said Interstate Commerce Commissioner Charles A. Prouty in an address to members of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association tonight.

Prouty spoke for an hour, and his address somewhat astonished even the business men present. Discriminating rates, he said, constituted an evil of menacing proportions, calling for better treatment.

"While I do not admit the responsibility of preventing them without restraint of competition, I do believe if that remedy could be safely applied it would be in many cases most effective and just. I also believe railways should be permitted to form traffic associations for agreeing upon and maintaining any reasonable rates."

The speaker's exposure of increases in railroad capitalization interested the manufacturers. He said: "In March, 1897, Northern Pacific common was worth \$1 a share. It is now worth something near par, an advance upon \$900,000 of stock of \$72,000. At the same time, Northern Pacific preferred stock for \$5 a share. That is now worth par. With the great Northern and Burlington there has been an increase of almost \$400,000—money enough to build and equip two lines of railroad from Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast. About how long before the public is to taste the magnanimity of Mr. Hill?"

Commissioner Prouty dubbed the claims of Hill and Harriman "an insult to the intelligence of the thoughtful citizen." He said: "If your tailor or your grocer could decide absolutely what you should pay for clothes and provisions, he would, in the long run, rob you. If the owners of the railway property be free to say what shall be charged for the service of transportation, they will, in the long run, rob the public. No amount of selfishness can disguise it; such condition is against common sense and common decency."

As a remedy for evils growing out of discrimination in freight rates, Prouty suggested governmental supervision and a commission empowered fully to do away with unjust rates as between individuals or corporations.

GRAND ARMY RATES.

ONE CENT A MILE.

CHICAGO, April 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] For the encouragement of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held in Washington, October 6 to 11, together with their wives between Chicago and New York during the same period and for other occasions, were established by the east-bound roads today. The encampment fare will be 1 cent a mile in each direction.

PRESSED STEEL WHEELS.

PLANT TO MANUFACTURE THEM.

NEW YORK, April 2.—An experimental plant, according to a Bethlehem (Pa.) special to the Tribune, to cast several million railroad wheels, is to be built at the Bethlehem Steel Company's works by President Schwab of the United States Steel Corporation and Charles T. Schwab, formerly president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, for the manufacture of car wheels from pressed steel. Work on the machinery has begun.

THREE-CENT FARE.

DES MOINES CITY RAILWAY.

DES MOINES (Iowa), April 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The City Railroad Company has voluntarily proposed to the City Council to sell eight tickets for a quarter, to be accepted as fares between the houses of 5 and 7 p.m. The proposition is made with the reservation that if any other street railway company is granted a franchise the fare will be restored to a second basis.

MERITS OF LOCOMOTIVES.

THREE COUNTRIES COMPARED.

LONDON, April 2.—[By Atlantic Cable.] A Parliamentary paper issued today gives correspondence respecting the comparative merits of the American, British and Belgian locomotives now in use in Egypt. In a dispatch to the Foreign Secretary, Lord Lansdowne, December 2, covering a number of reports received from the Egyptian authorities, the British diplomatic agent and Consul-General in Egypt, Lord Cromer, draws the general conclusion that the main reason why no many orders for railway plants have been recently given to the United States is that the American firms are able to execute them with extraordinary rapidity, made largely to the system of standardization.

In respect to price, Lord Cromer finds the British firms can hold their own where special designs have to be executed. With respect to the quality of British work, it is at least equal, and often superior to American and Belgian work, while in consumption of coal the British engines have a decided superiority over the American, though not over the Belgian engines. The British manufacturers' weak point is delay in executing orders.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Tablet Laxative Cures Coughs, Croup, All
disrupting the mucus in the throat, etc.
E. W. Parker, Plumbing, Tel. M. 264.
We stop the leaks, 308 S. Spring st.

FOUR ENGLISH WOUNDED.

Drunken Brawl at Peking, in Which French and German Bayonets Find Many Murders in Tien-Tsin.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

PEKING, April 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] There was a drunken brawl between the soldiers in the canton here today. It resulted in four English soldiers being severely wounded by bayonets wielded by French and Germans. The attention of the ministers has been called to the increase in the number of disorderly houses here. The Chinese authorities place no restriction on these places.

THE PHILIPPINES.

WALLER COURT-MARTIAL.

WANTS ON GEN. SMITH.

PRIVATE M'GEE REFUSES TO SHED DESIRED LIGHT.

Priests Making Use of Sanitary Precautions to Stir Up Hatred in the People—Private M'Gee, 'Hanged-Messenger' Not Appointed Archbishop.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

MANILA, April 2.—[By Manila Cable.] At today's session of the trial by court-martial of Maj. Littleton W. T. Waller of the Marine Corps on the charge of killing natives of the island of Samar without trial, Private McGee of the Marine Corps testified that twelve men were shot, eleven on one day and one on the next day.

When called upon to clear up certain points of testimony, McGee refused to answer, on the ground that it might incriminate him.

The court will await the arrival here of Gen. Jacob H. Smith, in command of the island of Samar, before hearing any more witnesses.

PRIESTS MAKE MISCHIEF.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

MANILA, April 2.—The Health Board, since the establishment of the detention camp, has been having much difficulty in finding the whereabouts of cases of cholera. As soon as the members of a household find a case they either send the sick person out of the house or they themselves.

Maj. Maus, the insular health commissioner, has written to the bishop, directing the priests to inform the public of the danger of cholera, and that only cases of cholera have been discovered, and that the sanitary precautions are only taken to annoy the people.

Maj. Maus has made a great number of post-mortem examinations, and found that they were all of the malignant Asiatic type of cholera.

Up to this point, the cholera has been reported, and seventy-three deaths from the disease had occurred.

HANGED FOR MURDER.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

MANILA, April 2.—Private M'Gee of the Twenty-seventh Infantry was hanged today for the murder of Sgt. Moreland in April, 1901.

NO APPOINTMENT MADE.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

GREEN RAY (Wia) April 2.—An rumor of the appointment of Bishop Mesmer of Green Bay as Archbishop of Manila has been set at rest by a telegram from Mr. Batelli, received today by the bishop. The telegram told him that no appointment yet made and none will be made for the present.

URGE ACTION ON CURRENCY.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

MANILA, April 2.—At a meeting tonight of the Chamber of Commerce, at which all the members were present, it was decided to send a cablegram to President Roosevelt, urging Congress to take immediate action on the currency question here, which owing to the present depreciation of silver and the ratio of exchange of \$2.5 Mexican for \$1 in gold, fixed by the United States Philippine Commission for the currency quarter, has caused an immense loss of business and a great increase in the price of necessities.

Many articles now cost 30 per cent. more than they did last December.

FUNSTONIAN WISDOM.

CRIMES OF FILIPINOS.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Disparaging all criticisms which his recent speeches in the East have provoked, Gen. Frederick Funston, in an address delivered before the Ohio Society of California tonight, not only repeated all he said in Boston and New York regarding the Philippine situation, but used vigorous language in elaborating his views on the subject. Here are some of the strong things from the speech:

"After the first three or four months of fighting, the Filipinos forsook all civilized methods of fighting and began a guerrilla warfare of a sort unparalleled in history."

"They killed directly or by slow torture nearly 4000 of their own countrymen during 1900 and 1901, because they would not contribute money to support the insurgent cause."

"I know of nearly 400 cases in my own district in which natives were buried alive, and many of these were women and children."

"Personally, I own a good deal to Don Emilio Aguinaldo, but I want to say that he ordered the killing of Gen. Luna, his ablest lieutenant, in cold blood, and that he told me so. I want to say that American soldiers have been burned and tortured, mutilated and buried alive by these people."

"The Filipinos are absolutely incapable of self-government today, and I do not think the next generation of the race will be."

ENGLISH DEFENSE OF ALTIGELD.

LONDON, April 2.—In a letter published in the Times this morning, Sir. Hon. Leonard Henry Courtney warmly defends ex-Gov. Altigeld against the recent attacks contained in the dispatches of the Times, and in that paper's editorial columns. Courtney denies that Altigeld was either an anarchist or a Socialist, and says that, on the contrary, he was a hard and dry individualist of the type of the late Charles Bradlaugh.

WANT GARIBALDI FOR LEADER.

VIENNA, April 2.—The Morgen Zeitung declares that a number of Albanian magnates have invited Gen. Ricciotti Garibaldi, one of the sons of the famous Italian patriot, to land in Albania, and raise the standard of revolt.

SHARP FIGHT WITH BOERS.

Rear Guard Action Near Boschmanskop.

Details of Casualties Not Yet Received.

Burgers Came Near Cutting to Pieces the Second Dragoon Guards.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

LONDON, April 2.—[By Atlantic Cable.] Kitchener in a dispatch from Pretoria, dated this evening, announced that the Second Dragoon Guards fought a sharp rear-guard action near Boschmanskop during the evening of March 31. Four officers are known to have been wounded. No further details of the casualties have been received.

The column commander, Col. Lawley, detached the Dragoons with the object of surprising a Boer laager, reported to have been located three miles from Boschmanskop. The Dragoons found the Boers strongly posted and the burgers were subsequently largely reinforced, with the result that the Dragoons had to fight a hard rear-guard action in order to regain the main column. The heavy firing called up Col. Lawley and his troops, who drove off the Boers. The latter's loss is reported to have been heavy.

LOST CONTROL OF TRAIN.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

PRETORIA, April 2.—Details of the train wreck show that after leaving the station the engine lost control of the train on the down grade, and for three miles it went at the rate of eighty miles an hour. The engine jumped the rails at a sharp curve, with five trucks filled with soldiers. A fire broke out, and the engine and boiler of the engine exploded. The engineer and fireman were killed. Six of the injured soldiers have since died.

SERVICE OVER RHODES.

CAPE TOWN, April 2.—A private service for the family and friends was held over the remains of Cecil Rhodes at Grootecruur last evening. The body was brought here at midnight last night and deposited in the vestibule of the Parliament building. The coffin is draped with a tattered Union Jack which belonged to Rhodes, and which he regarded with particular veneration, and with a tattered flag of the British Chartered South Africa Company which went through the fight at Mafeking. On these flags rest the cap and gown which the deceased wore when he was in the service of the Cape policemen are grouped in the corridors of the chamber as a guard over the remains. A beautiful wreath of white flowers and greenery was placed at the head of the bier.

Rudyard Kipling will take part in the funeral procession.

SHOT NATIVES LIKE RABBIT.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

LONDON, April 2.—The Morning Leader publishes the alleged story of the crimes which led to the court-martial and the execution of the British officers in South Africa, which is now exciting keen indignation in Australia.

The newspaper asserts that several officers of this particular irregular regiment shot and killed natives, and that they are even suspected of murdering men of their own command, against whom they had grudges.

The incident which led to their court-martial was the cold-blooded "execution" by those officers of ten Boers who were journeying to Pieterburg with the object of surrendering. It was supposed these Boers had £20,000 with them. Accused by capture, the Australians stopped the Boers, tried them by court-martial and ordered all to be shot. This was done by a squad of the soldiers, after some of the non-commissioned officers had refused to carry out the death sentence. The officers then ransacked the Boer wagons and were disgusted upon finding that the £20,000 was in Transvaal bank money.

Continuing, the Morning Leader says a German missionary, a few miles distant from the scene of "execution" heard of the affair. Lord Haecox, one of the Australians concerned, fearing he would divulge his information, shot the missionary dead. This shooting eventually led to a complaint by the German Consul to Lord Kitchener, who proceeded to court-martial the Australians.

HEARD SIDES WITH BOERS.

BRITISH CAMP IN LOUISIANA.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

CHICAGO, April 2.—A special from New Orleans says that Gov. Board of Louisiana has reported to the State Department at Washington that in his opinion, the British government is maintaining a military camp within the territory of the United States.

The camp in question is the one located a mile below this city for the trans-shipment of horses and mules to South Africa, there to be used by British soldiers in the war against the Boers.

Several weeks ago, Gen. Pierson, the Boer leader, visited this city, and held a conference with the Louisiana State officials. He created no little comment by his public declaration that he was ready to lead a force of armed men to attack the camp. He was denied permission to do this.

MINING EXPERTS DEAD.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 2.—E. S. Newman, Jr., a mining expert of El Paso, Tex., died this morning at the Union station on an incoming Rock Island train, of pneumonia.

He was 30 years of age. The body will be taken to Texas.

RESTAURANTS.

MUSIC AFTER THEATRE AND DURING DINNER.

AT THE DEL MONTE.

MAIN DINING ROOM—THIRD STREET.

350 PRIZES.

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PITH OF NEWS FROM THE MIDDLE WEST.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

CHICAGO, April 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Continued northwest winds and lowering skies kept the mercury between 34 and 40 deg. today. No change in conditions is promised by the Weather Bureau. Temperatures at 7 a.m.: New York, Washington and St. Louis, 35; Boston, 40; Chicago, 42; Minneapolis, 28; Cincinnati, 34.

MARRIAGE AND ENGAGEMENT.

THE MARRIAGE OF Miss Emma Drouin Kirk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milton W. Kirk to John McEwen, Jr., was celebrated today. A society engagement not yet formally announced is that of Miss Alice Higginbotham, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harlow N. Higginbotham, to Joseph Medill Patterson, son of Robert W. Patterson.

GOLESTY HAS DISAPPEARED.

Jasper Golesty, who became engaged while crossing the Atlantic, and whose brother and guardian ordered his arrest, seems to have disappeared. He was supposed to have left New York for Elkhart, Ill., but has not arrived there. It was reported that he was in Chicago today, on his way to Springfield to "square things" with his brother, but inquiry at the hotels failed to locate him.

CAPT. HOSFORD RETURNS.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

DURHAM (Iowa), April 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Capt. Hosford, whose absence from Dubuque has been much commented upon, returned last night. He says he was in Kentucky, where he was taken sick. The Walter estate, of which he had the management, was reported to be worth \$500,000. Hosford's indebtedness is stated at \$50,000. Attachments have been taken out by the Citizens' State Bank against any property he may have.

REV. ODELL DEAD.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

JOLIET (Ill.), April 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Rev. D. D. Odell, chaplain of the Third Illinois Regiment, died this morning at the Silver Cross Hospital as the result of an operation for bowel complication. He was 48 years old.

WAS THE JUROR DRUGGED?

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

ST. PETERS (Minn.), April 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] While Andrew Tanke and his wife were being tried for the alleged murder of the latter's husband, Anton Kachel, a juror, became sick and died. It is now alleged that drugs were administered to the juror, and the authorities are investigating.

OBITUARY.

Stephen Reilly.

LONDON, April 2.—Stephen Reilly, head of the well-known mercantile firm of that name, is dead.

George S. Sawyer.

RENO, April 2.—George S. Sawyer, a lawyer from Lincoln county, was found dead in his bed at the Clarendo Hotel, this morning.

George Senf.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—George Senf, the dean of telegraph operators on the Pacific Coast, is dead. For twenty-four years he had been in service at the key. Up to Monday last week, he was on duty as chief receiver at his desk in the main office in the

JANESVILLE (Wia) April 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] As a result of a

Grand Excursion...

HALF FARE RATES TO ALL POINTS IN THE

GREAT SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

TUESDAY, APRIL 8th.

For Tickets and Information Call at 610 SOUTH BROADWAY.

A. E. MIOT, Manager.

Snowy Mantle of Bloom...

Rests on 6,000,000 trees in the Santa Clara Valley and San Jose during the

Blossom Festival, April 5 to 15. Los Gatos, Saratoga, Campbell, San Jose and Palo Alto join in festivity.

For programme call at Information Bureau, 307 West Third Street, 223 West

Fourth Street, or Southern Pacific office for beautiful folder issued by the Santa

Clara Valley Improvement Club, San Jose, California.

FOR SALE—Santa Clara and San Joaquin Valley lands, farms, vineyards, orchards and city property.

Write us what you want, and it will be in our catalogue for you.

Winters, Winters & Montgomery, 317 BRYAN BUILDING, LOS ANGELES.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL—

A PANORAMIC COMPOSITE

Of California's charms and scenic beauty.

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7088 US BRICK WEATHERED CEMENT 20

SALE or exchange-Delicacy, restaur-
and grocery, close in. See Taylor, 105
ay.

Cerrillos the entire People's ticket
 elected.

TEL. 180. Ship Everywhere.
MOTT MARKET.

Give it any right over other legislation which is pressing for attention.

The decision as to the postponement of consideration of the bill was virtually reached today by the Republican Steering Committee of the Senate, of which Senator Allison is chairman. Six members of the committee are known to be opposed to holding up the consideration of the bill in any form ahead of the Philippine Civil Government Bill, the Cuban Rectification Bill, the Rivers and Harbors Bill and various other measures of almost equal importance, to say nothing of numerous supply bills that, of course, will have the right way over all other measures. The consensus of the best-informed opinion at present is that the whole matter will have to go over to the next Congress.

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.
REGULAR SESSION.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
WASHINGTON, April 2.—Senate. When routine business had been concluded in the Senate, today, consideration of bills on the calendar was begun, and the following, among others, were passed:

1. Authorizing the appointment of John Russell Bartlett as a rear-admiral on the retired list of the navy; authorizing the Secretary of War to deliver pieces of ordnance to the Indian war veterans; to extend the time for presentation of claims for reimbursement of Governors of States and Territories for expenses incurred by them in aiding the United States army and navy to an army in the war with Spain to January 1, 1903.

2. Consideration was resumed of the Osmoegarine Bill, Mr. Bailey of Texas, continuing his speech began yesterday. He maintained that the testimony of scientific experts, who had testified that oleo was not deleterious, but wholesome and healthful, and to a decision of the United States Supreme Court holding to the same effect.

3. BAILEY ABRADING CREAMERIES. (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
WASHINGTON, April 2.—Mr. Bailey conceded the right of Congress to enact the proposed bill as a revenue measure, and every Senator who supported the measure to raise revenue was entirely within his conscience and his oath of office, but if any Senator should vote for it to suppress the oleomargarine industry, he would "do violence to his sense of duty and to his obligations of office."

He declared the purpose of the bill was not to raise revenue, and in support of his assertion quoted the statements of the principal proponents of the pending measure.

"I undertake to say," said he, "that there is not a man in this chamber who either intends or expects to raise revenue by this measure."

He maintained that the proposed bill contained a palpable and even a wicked violation of the Constitution in the placing of a tax on an article manufactured and sold within a State. He sharply arraigned the creameries and cheese factories of the country, the former of which, he said, was the real backer of the legislation proposed. He could understand, he said, the Republican policy of protection of industries, but this new policy to legislate for the destruction of industry was entirely incomprehensible to him. In the pending measure, Mr. Bailey said, in conclusion, the majority of Congress was endeavoring to settle a contention among competing manufacturers.

Mr. Depew of New York followed Mr. Bailey in support of the bill. He said he had never heard a speech which he so freely and so completely disapproved of as that of Mr. Bailey. He had been taught that competition was the life of trade, but competition ought to be honest. If a merchant deceived his customers by falsifying on them a fraud, he believed that man ought to be treated by law, because every man, when he purchased an article, had a right to get what he paid for.

In the course of his brief speech, Mr. Depew, referring to an illusion made by Bailey suggesting that the girl had been put in a wrong position before in the United States.

"I am for at the moment," interrupted Mr. Bailey, "a recent occurrence in the life of the Senator from New York, I would not have made the allusion. [Laughter.]

"And but for that occurrence," he continued, "I should have said a younger man to come to the defense of the American girl, and to the defense of the youth and beauty [great laughter] which astonished me when he made that remark. If I had been disappointed in love, or if the sex I had treated him in some way that would lead to remarks about it like that, I should have understood him. But no one can meet the Senator, no one can see him socially or in his grave and dignified position, no one can see his photograph on Pennsylvania avenue without recognizing that the Senator is a man of high character, and that he is a man of high character. [Laughter.]

At the conclusion of Mr. Depew's remarks, Mr. Bailey and Mr. Spooner became involved in a colloquy as to some legal phases of the bill.

"Will the Senator from Wisconsin say," inquired Mr. Bailey, "that the object of the bill is to raise revenue?"

"I say that," replied Mr. Spooner, "to raise revenue," replied Mr. Spooner. "In other words, I say that in the exercise of the discretion of revenue the paramount object," inquired Mr. Stewart of Nevada.

"It is the primary object," replied Mr. Spooner.

"But not the paramount object," persisted the Nevada Senator.

An amusing colloquy then followed between the two Senators as to the meaning of the words "paramount" and "primary."

The Senate, at 4:55 o'clock p.m., went into executive session, and at 5:10 o'clock p.m. adjourned.

HOUSE PROCEEDINGS.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
WASHINGTON, April 2.—HOUSE.—The House today proceeded with the consideration of the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill.

The items relating to national parks led to some discussion, during which Mr. Parker of New Jersey raised a point of order that this subject was properly under the jurisdiction of the Military Affairs Committee. The point of order was sustained, whereupon Mr. Cannon offered the following resolution, applying to the appropriations for the national commissions, and it was adopted.

"No portion of the foregoing sums for national parks shall be used during the fiscal year 1903 for the payment of more than one commissioner for service in connection with each of said parks under the direction of the Secretary of War, nor shall more than 10 per cent. of the sums for either of said parks be expended for the salaries of clerks or for other employees."

MONEY FOR SUITS.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
WASHINGTON, April 2.—The appropriation for the defense of suits before

CANADIANS STEAL A
BOUNDARY MARK.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, April 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Alaska boundary controversy has assumed a new phase, which may develop into a much more serious state of affairs between Great Britain and the United States. Reports have reached the State Department that the monument erected by Russia to mark the boundary between Alaska, which, until 1867, was a Russian possession, and adjacent British territory, has been arbitrarily removed by Canadian officials of a surveying expedition, and in view of this, Secretary Hay, by direction of the President, has ordered personal investigation to be made by a commission of American officers to ascertain the truth of the sensational information. Capt. Wilds P. Richardson of the Eighth Infantry, U. S. Army, and Lieut. George Thornton Emmons, U. S. Navy, retired, have been appointed as members of the commission.

According to information received here, Richard Fraser, civil engineer in the employ of the Canadian government, is the head of the party accused of having removed the boundary. The State Department officials are very reticent in regard to the accusation, and declined today to tell the names of the commissioners. They would not express any opinion as to the truth of the report, and were apparently annoyed over the fact that it had become known outside official circles.

The location of the Russian-British boundary monuments is of the most vital importance to the United States in the controversy. To find them means that the boundary lines of the territory purchased by this government from Russia will be determined. For many years this government has been attempting to find the monuments. Russia insists they were actually erected, and that they mark the true Alaska. Great Britain and Canada claim that, according to the terms of the Alaska cession treaty between Russia and the United States, the southern boundary between Alaska and the British Northwest Territory is a line thirty miles from the coast, but not following the water indentations. This government contends that the thirty miles must be measured from the shore line of the indentations.

Under this *modus vivendi*, Great Britain has no tidewater outlet from the Klondike, but despite this a British customhouse has been established at Skagway, an American town and on the American side of the provisional line laid down by the *modus*. The danger of a conflict at Skagway is therefore very great.

The Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, which was increased on motion of Mr. Cannon from \$60,000 to \$112,000. With-out further amendment, the bill was passed. The House then resumed consideration of the Senate bill to promote the efficiency of the revenue-cutting service, which was interrupted when the Sundry Civil Bill was taken up.

Mr. Butler of New York, Mr. Adamson of Georgia and Mr. Bellamy of North Carolina favored the bill. Mr. Loud of California said he was opposed when the law was enacted to the retirement of naval and army officers who had been antagonized it.

After some further debate by Mr. Crumpacker of Indiana against the bill, and Messrs. Lester, Ryan and Goldfoyle of New York in favor of it, the House, at 4:55 o'clock p.m., adjourned.

HAY AGAINST CHRISTMAS.

SECRETARY TO GIVE TESTIMONY. (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
WASHINGTON, April 2.—After the concluding Chairman Daisell of the special committee to investigate Capt. Christmas's charge in connection with the transfer of the Hawaiian Islands, Secretary Hay has indicated to the committee his intention to appear in person before it as a witness. He probably will go to the Capitol tomorrow.

PURCHASE OF PRIOR LANDS.

HOMESTEAD ACT TO APPLY. (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
WASHINGTON, April 2.—The provision for the purchase of the prior lands in the Philippines was under consideration by the House Committee on Insular Affairs today in connection with the Philippine Civil Government Bill, which is nearing completion. The bill provides for acquiring the lands at a fair valuation, to be assessed by a board. The lands are to be opened to homestead entry under the laws somewhat similar to the system in this country. Much opinion developed on this section, and the matter was not disposed of finally.

IRRIGATION BILL.

PRESIDENT TALKS IT OVER. (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
WASHINGTON, April 2.—The President today devoted some time to a conference on the subject of irrigation, and more particularly to the details of the bill pending in Congress, providing for national aid for irrigation. The conference was held at the request of Representative Mondell, who has the bill in charge in the House. Among those present were Representatives Newlands, Tongue, Turrell, Sutherland, Mondell and Metcalf. As a result of the conference, it is

NO OFFER
AFTER TODAY

Century Club Sits
Brother Fitz.

Rumor That Neill
Get a Fight.

Spalding Resigns from
National League—Oakland
Racing—Shooting.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—It is reported that unless Bob F. Spalding accepts the \$25,000 offer of the Los Angeles Twentieth Century Club, the club managers will negotiate off and match Al Neill for the contract, which will be \$250,000 to the loser. The date of the match will be arranged.

Nearly Five Hundred
Enter Grand Handicap.

Will Probably Take the
To Shoot It Off.

All the Scratch Thirty-two Yard
Made a Record of a Straight Kill
First Round—Mrs. Johnston in
Form.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 2.—The American Handicap, the first of the Interstate Associations' annual tournaments, was held at the River Park today. There were entries for this Blue Ribbon event from all over the country, and the list of entries that it is believed will take the rest of the week to fill out. It is expected there will be a new record for the highest score in the history of the game. The following to give life to the birds, killed:

Ed Purdon of New York, missed the first shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the second shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the third shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the fourth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the fifth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the sixth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the seventh shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the eighth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the ninth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the tenth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the eleventh shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the twelfth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the thirteenth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the fourteenth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the fifteenth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the sixteenth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the seventeenth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the eighteenth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the nineteenth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the twentieth shot; C. W. 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Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-twentieth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-twenty-first shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-twenty-second shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-twenty-third shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-twenty-fourth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-twenty-fifth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-twenty-sixth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-twenty-seventh shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-twenty-eighth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-twenty-ninth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-thirtieth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-thirty-first shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-thirty-second shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-thirty-third shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-thirty-fourth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-thirty-fifth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-thirty-sixth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-thirty-seventh shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-thirty-eighth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-thirty-ninth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-fortieth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-forty-first shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-forty-second shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-forty-third shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the four hundred-forty-fourth shot; C. W. Wood, of Kansas, missed the

THE RIBBON UNION.

Francis Murphy's Plan to Help the Bridge Builders to Stay Where He Has Put Them.

Francis Murphy has won over four thousand men to sign the pledge during his stay in this city. He is about to organize a Gospel Temperance Ribbon Union to help them to "stay where they are."

It is probable that the first steps toward the organization will be taken on Sunday. The idea is to get the bridge builders together to lend one another moral support.

Last night Mr. Murphy held a meeting in the Boyle Heights Methodist church. It was crowded to the doors and 150 men took the pledge.

There was a man who has just been let out of the hospital, where he has been treated for an enthusiastic "snack." He wanted to "sign" and thought that a public declaration would help him.

Several men said they had come to the church for the express purpose of signing the pledge.

The great temperance advocate has the town started now, and the old boys are coming into the fold of the second.

They talk it over with their families and friends outside, and come all signed to sign.

KEEP A-MOGGIN'!

When you're feelin' blue an' glum, Keep a-moggin'!

When you haven't but a crumb, Keep a-moggin'!

When you pluck but thorns for flow'rs, Keep a-moggin'!

When the cloud of darkness lowers, Keep a-moggin'!

When you're feelin' blue an' glum, Keep a-moggin'!

When you haven't but a crumb, Keep a-moggin'!

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When the cloud of darkness lowers, Keep a-moggin'!

It's The Tone of The Tune

That finger. Therefore, the secret of piano satisfaction lies in the tone. The tone of—

THE VOSE PIANO

It is made to linger. Half a century of study, research and skill unite in the production of the lingering tone that comes from the Vose today.

Southern California Music Co., 214 WEST THIRD STREET, Broadway Building



Exclusive Optician.

A million dollars worth of eye sight may be ruined by an incompetent optician. Since 1885 the Marshutz Optical Company has been recognized by men and women who realize the necessity of absolute perfection in fitting and fitting glasses, and the only way to be absolutely safe is to go to the

Marshutz Optical Co. 133 SPRING ST.

Would you buy ready-made Photograph to fit your face?

It's just as impractical to buy a ready-made glass to fit your eyes.

DR. TAYLOR, eye specialist, has his personal attention to fitting the eyes in our Optical Department and the glasses are made to your order. WE GUARANTEE THEM TO FIT YOU. EXAMINATION FREE. Come in and have your glasses straightened and cleaned free.

Montgomery Bros. JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS, THIRD SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES. CUT THIS OUT.

MORE ROOM IN ARMORY FOR POSTOFFICE.

TROOP D WILL VACATE GROUND FLOOR SOON.

Enormous Postal Business of Los Angeles for March—Double That of Other Cities of the Same Size—News of Sub-stations.

The receipts of the Los Angeles post-office for the month just passed reached the enormous total of \$34,816.67, making the total for this year to date March, 1902, \$227,163.88, a phenomenal increase over last year of \$44,997. The increase of the one month of March, 1902, over March, 1901, is \$44,914.04, or 24 per cent. A fair example of the tremendous business done by the Los Angeles postoffice may be had by comparing its receipts with those of the office in St. Joseph, Mo., a city considered to be a prosperous one, with just 500 more inhabitants than Los Angeles according to census. The comparison shows that the figures of the Los Angeles office just double those of St. Joseph.

The local postoffice department, which has a crowded working space, is in a fair way soon to become possessed of more of the Armory building. Troop D of the National Guard, which occupies the large room on the ground floor, which the postoffice people covet, will move out if suitable accommodations can be found elsewhere, and Capt. Fredericks is now looking about town for a new location, where troop drill can be conducted. When this room is secured the departments of the postoffice will be entirely changed about, and new features added.

On account of the moving of Station C from North Main street into the Yucca Block on the Franklin-street side, sub-station No. 4 will be removed from the People's Store to the grocery store of C. R. McEwen, No. 2102 West Seventh street, opposite Westlake Park, creating new postal facilities for the residents of that district.

Below is a statement of the business transacted in the postoffice department of the Broadway Department Store (No. 2, Los Angeles) for the twelve months ending March 31, 1902:

Month	Money	Envelopes	Total
Jan.	\$16-4	2,721,22	\$2,737.66
Feb.	18-4	3,222,12	3,240.56
Mar.	22-4	3,222,12	3,240.56
Apr.	28-4	3,222,12	3,240.56
May	28-4	3,222,12	3,240.56
June	28-4	3,222,12	3,240.56
July	28-4	3,222,12	3,240.56
Aug.	28-4	3,222,12	3,240.56
Sept.	28-4	3,222,12	3,240.56
Oct.	28-4	3,222,12	3,240.56
Nov.	28-4	3,222,12	3,240.56
Dec.	28-4	3,222,12	3,240.56
Total	\$160-4	37,222,12	\$37,238.56

SOUTH PASADENA'S QUANDARY.

But Few of the Candidates for City Offices Have Complied with Requirements of Law Regarding Nominations.

South Pasadena will hold a municipal election on the 14th inst., and, although the short time ago it looked as though the officers over at our hands would be elected, several have failed to go to the polls and fill them. This, of course, would reflect on the South Pasadena's interest in public affairs, and would tend to make the election a farce.

But, of all these candidates, who have filed their nomination papers with the City Clerk, it now develops that there are few who have fully complied with the requirements of the law regarding nominations.

This law requires that each candidate must name in his nominating papers a Finance Committee to handle the election, and that the committee must be composed of three members, one of whom must be a resident of the city.

It is said that City Attorney Porter is inclined to think the irregularity in the nominating papers of the candidates is such that the election should be postponed, and that the official acts of such persons, if elected, would be illegal, and there you are.

As South Pasadena is receiving the attention of men of large capital, and is growing, and will be asked to grant various privileges of much value, the question of the latter view claim that nothing should be done which might in any way jeopardize the city's interests.

There appears to be no disposition to question the ability or integrity of the candidates who failed to fill all the required papers; the only ground being taken that they would be holding office illegally, if elected.

WOMEN'S CLUB.

The Ruskin Art Club devoted yesterday morning to a study of book and newspaper illustration. Mrs. W. C. Sullivan, first vice-president, occupied the chair, and Mrs. N. P. Conner and Miss Emily Wing led the work.

Wing spoke on "The Evolution of the Book," illustrating her address by copies of the famous frescoes of the walls of the National Library in Washington. Mrs. Conner gave a most interesting and suggestive account of the history of the book, and the course of it, to the club in its possession a large number of artists' proofs, contributed by the process of reproduction, line and wash drawings in the making of half-tones as shown in the work of local engravers and current magazines.

Santa Monica Coterie. A meeting of the Santa Monica Coterie was held yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. George B. Deane. The subject was the subject discussed.

Reverend Woman's Club. A meeting of the general assembly of the Reverend Woman's Club was held Tuesday afternoon at Odd Fellows' Hall. Mrs. Holmes presiding. Mrs. Deane and Mrs. Butler were elected delegates to the meeting of the National Federation of the Women's Club of Los Angeles next month. An interesting program was provided by the club. Mrs. Van Slyke read a paper on "The Value of the Bible for the Home." Mrs. May Evans read a paper on "How Can Our Children Be

"Perfume manufacturers make dollars out of scents."

Black andWhite.

The new black and white effects in Men's Suits and Overcoats are in high favor in the East and, as usual, we are first to show any extended variety of these new things in Los Angeles.

These goods are handsome in appearance, good wearing and very reasonable in price. Single or double-breasted suits \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00. Can you scent the money-savings of our prices?



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CARD PRIZES

New line of novelties for prizes—whist, euchre or hearts. Large variety—inexpensive—exclusive.

H. F. Vollmer & Co. 321 and Broadway.



A wash-day help that relieves the drudgery, an every-day help that makes the home work lighter and everything cleaner, a white and pure soap for laundry and general household use.

Grocers sell it. AMERICAN SOAP CO. Los Angeles, California.

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J. W. ROBINSON CO.

BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE.

239 South Broadway, Opposite City Hall, Los Angeles

It is evident that a perfect fitting corset is more essential this season, in order to get the best effects from a gown, than ever before. We believe that the best results will be secured by having a

Royal Worcester Corset

carefully fitted by our experienced corsetieres. We carry in stock more than 200 styles and among them there is a style to fit every figure. Royal Worcester corsets give to the figure graceful lines of beauty without harmful or needless pressure at any point.

These corsets are shown in three distinct lines at prices ranging from \$2.00 to \$14.00. We add a few words of description.

Bon-Ton. The Bon-Ton covers a wide range of prices. It comes in jean, batiste, satin, coutil and brocade silk, and is cut and lined with the French lacing back. The price runs from \$2.50 to \$7.50, according to materials used.

Dowager. The Dowager is a corset made especially for women of full form, being planned on lines which give great comfort and improve the contour to a remarkable degree. Price \$2.00.

Sapphire. The Sapphire is practically a handmade corset; pure whalebone is used throughout and it is the peer of any corset made. Price varies with material, from \$3.00 to \$14.00.

Girdles. Tape girdles are suitable for shirt waists and for general summer wear. We show a very complete line made with the straight front and in a wide variety of pleasing effects. Price from \$1.00 to \$3.50.

Two Special Sales. Laces. This morning we place on sale 5000 yards of Point de Paris, Cluny and Arabian lace, worth 25c to 50c the yard at only 15c the yard.

Silks. A very special sale of silks will begin Saturday morning. You should read the details in the Friday papers. See the display in the south window.

H. JEVNE

Highest Quality Butter.

People who are particular about the butter that is served on their table should use our Jevne Brand. Fresh every day from the creamery, the finest table butter you can buy. Just as sweet and good one day as another, so you'll know what to expect every time you order Jevne Butter. Even if you don't trade with us regularly, you'll find best butter satisfaction at Jevne's.

Smoke Jevne's Fine Cigars. 208-210 S. Spring St.—Wilcox Building.

Glenwood and St. Clair Ranges

National Blue Flame Oil Stoves Insurance Gasoline Stoves

JAMES W. HELLMAN, 161 N. Spring St.

N. B. Blackstone Co.

Reliable Goods. Popular Prices. Telephone Main 259. DRY GOODS Spring and Third Sts.

Women's Tailored Suits

Advanced Styles for Spring and Summer Wear.

There's a generously complete showing of smart-looking, stylish, tailor gowns here today for your inspection. Every popular material, weave and color. Smooth or rough finished chevrons, canvas cloths, homespun, venetians, covert, etamines and broadcloths. Styles representing the best ideas of the foremost tailors of New York and Europe. Elegantly modeled garments, strictly high-grade in every particular. Prices range all the way from \$8.00 each on up to \$100.00 and higher and every suit, whether the lowest or highest price, is as carefully made and finished as expert tailors can do it.

Suits for \$8.00. Made of nice black Venetian cloth. Eton coat with stitched yoke in the back, collar of moire velour, coat silk serge lined, skirt cut with full flare. Bonnet, lined with the best percaleine, trimmed in bands of stitched moire velour; suits complete, \$8.00.

Suits for \$10.00. Made of Venetian cloth, entire Eton jacket and skirt to the blouse lined percaleine, full flare blouse headed with narrow bands of moire silk, jacket silk serge lined; tans, grays and reds; each \$10.00.

Another Style for \$10.00. Navy blue or black broadcloth, with jaunty Eton jacket lined with the best silk serge, skirt cut after the latest fashion, wide flare; moire gown finished in bands of black moire velour; each \$10.00.

Misses' Tailored Suits. Of Venetian cloth, pretty Eton jackets made with white moire vest, full flare skirt elaborately finished in bands of black moire silk. They are shown in blue and browns at \$12.50 each.

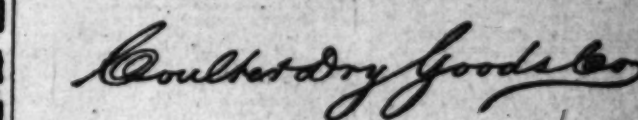
Suits for \$12.00. Made of handsome basket and canvas cloth, Eton jacket lined with taffeta, beautiful hanging full flare skirt, entire costume trimmed in stitched satin bands; Oxford, medium grays and tans; each \$12.00.

Another Style for \$12.00. Homespun suits in Oxford and blue grays. Eton jacket with white moire velour collar and vest, silk lined jacket, latest cut skirt, suit finished with stitching; a splendid suit for \$12.00.

Suits for \$15.00. Made of fine French broadcloth, blouse jackets with pearly, black or white moire vests and black moire bands, splendid silk skirt, new full flare; each \$15.00.

TRUSSES Elastic Hosiery Made to Fit W. W. SWEENEY, 611 South Broadway, (Opposite from Fourth St.)

McCall's Patterns and Fashion Sheets.



Thursday, April 3.—It is the goods behind the advertising that give satisfaction. It's the satisfied customers that come back again. It's those customers that have been coming back again and again for over 30 years that make this business what it is today.

\$2.35

A Remarkable Shirt Waist Sale

It isn't often that you have a chance at the very cream of waistdom so much under price right at the beginning of a great season. The circumstances are peculiar; explanation hardly necessary as long as you can get the waists. All the latest fads and fancies including Gibson and Christy effects. The materials are white lawns, organdies and pure Irish linsens in white, mercerized zephyrs in colored stripes, plain colors in mercerized chambrays, exquisite new linen effects, novelties in black and white, beautiful embroidered goods and many other styles. You'll certainly buy two or three instead of one when you see how cheap they are.

1/3 Off

58 New Sample Suits came Yesterday

The best lot we've shown yet. Good cloth suits handsomely tailored for as little as \$9.95; beautiful silk costumes at \$45.00 with all prices in between. No two suits alike; hardly any two the same price; sizes 32, 34, 36 only. Many handsome effects for misses in the line. The materials are broadcloths, covetts, venetians, chevrons, homespun, canvases, peau de sole and moire silks. Every suit is high class, beautifully made and a third under what you'd pay regular. We expect to sell half the lot today. Come early this morning if you want first choice.

25c

Special Lot Protection Collars.

Three hundred dainty embroidered protection turnover collars, just such sorts as you'd pay 50 cents for and never question the price. Colored linsens in rose, green and biscuit embroidered in black Japanese floss. Light blue, lavender, green and biscuit embroidered in white floss, 15 styles in plain white and white embroidered in black, green, pink or blue.

Pongees

Another Cotton Beauty for waists

The very latest and the very swiftest shirt waist fabric shown this season—handsome as any silk. Plain colors in pink, light blue and natural pongee, beautiful lace effect stripes in white, black and white, and white and colors on grounds of rose, pink, light

THE PUBL

EDMUND OF THE DAY.

Edmund Pierce stated yesterday in favor of finding out what proportion of the people would like the water collectors retained. Much work has been manifested in the Main-street location for the office.

Mr. Wolfkill declares that the same "use his property for other public market purposes, and is threatened.

Mr. Wolfkill has rejected the bid of the Pawley Jail Company for the new County Jail at \$20,000, offer of C. J. Ketchum, that he can do the same work for \$10,000. The same is to be re-advertised for new

will of Miss Agnes Billie has sustained by Judge Shaw.

AT THE CITY HALL.

ATION OF WATER

OFFICE DISCUSED.

DISSATISFACTION WITH THE

LOCATION ON MAIN.

Edmund Pierce suggests that Payers Be Asked Whether They the Collectors Retained. Public an Elephant as Costly as Sew.

all, the offices of the water department be located in the old National Bank building. Such opposition has arisen that the city is now considering another plan proposed by a more popular proposition to determine by the vote of the water-rate payers whether or not to retain a central office to retain the collectors. The cost of collectors would be about \$5 cents in each rate payer. It is

the advocacy of the bank has been the subject of a petition signed by the union of the building trades of the public, still maintaining his stand in the matter. But the city assessor, he is not satisfied that the office of the collectors would fit into the plan of the city fathers.

Last Monday, when the plan to build a new building was very properly introduced in the Council, the city fathers have been doing and thinking. The city fathers are up in arms over the city's activities, and they are not hesitated to communicate to the Councilman. Remember, the city fathers are there to throw sand to see in the plan to benefit the street-railway company, the city fathers are living in East Los Angeles in Heights wished to pay his share of the city's expenses. The office a little nearer he would not benefit him. He would like to leave the city and then walk the additional distance to the business center or pay the fare.

When Pierce alleges that the city fathers pay most of the water bill, the city fathers are really come to town to buy hard-ware and the city fathers. They wish the city fathers to pay the water bill. The city fathers are establishments a majority of the city fathers are the city fathers on their way to the city fathers. The water tax they would have to pay the city fathers a distance to reach their destination.

When living in other sections of the city the location would be even of the city fathers. The city fathers of Los Angeles and Pacific Electric railway companies lines do pass over the city fathers. The city fathers the car at Temple Block.

Some of some of the Councilmen have been the city fathers. The city fathers within two years because of the city, and that a city fathers. The city fathers an obstruction. Because of the city fathers of the City Fathers asked the city fathers. The city fathers declare is favor of retaining the city fathers.

[illegible]

for the privilege of property that was of no little value to the city. He has declared war is a stony pathway ahead of Fathers who declared that market lease is a good income.

the opposition of McLean, Baker and Lauder, the lease market site would have been two weeks ago. The Ice and New Company had agreed to the property never dreaming of the Councilmen could opt for the transfer of the white elite Third street and Central street and the company and without their host. It took

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SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

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AT THE CITY HALL.

OFFICE DISCUSSED.

SATISFACTION WITH THE LOCATION ON MAIN.

Pierce Asks Whether The Collectors Retained—Public Elephant as Costly as Ever.

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THE CITY IN BRIEF.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Howard on "The Rubaiyat."

Prof. Burt Estes Howard of Stanford University will lecture tomorrow night in Blanchard Hall on "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

Visited Schools.

R. C. McElmyn, City Superintendent of Schools at Oakland, Cal., spent yesterday in the Los Angeles schools with Superintendent Housh. The visit was informal.

Girl Sent to Jail.

Adeline Edmundo, the girl who was convicted of stealing silk skirts and waists from a room of the lodging-house where she stayed, was sentenced yesterday by Justice Morgan to ninety days in jail.

Look Out for Kodak.

Waldo J. Morse of Illinois, an old-time newspaper man and correspondent, is visiting in Los Angeles. For forty of his sixty years he has followed country newspaper work; has never before been outside the State of Illinois, and never had his photograph taken.

A Herald Change.

The Los Angeles Herald, having failed to get good results from its union crew, is now having its Sunday magazine section printed in the non-union office of George Rice & Sons. A great improvement in the appearance of the paper is expected, now that the work is being done by non-union printers.

"Good Spec."

Dr. T. B. Moran yesterday purchased of Henry T. Newell, through the agency of W. A. Caldwell, 3615 feet on the northeast corner of Hill and Second streets, with a twenty-room, two-story frame rooming-house and a twelve-room frame house, for \$10,000, and has since been offered \$25,000 for the property.

Election and Tea-drinking.

The annual meeting of the Women's Guild of Epiphany parish was held Tuesday afternoon. Reports were received from the various chapters, and the parish chapter elected officers as follows: Chairman, Mrs. Miles Dodd; secretary, Mrs. J. P. Moe; treasurer, Mrs. W. T. Fillmore. At the close of business tea was served.

Alleged Deserter.

R. M. Gula was arrested yesterday on a charge of being a deserter from the United States Army. He is alleged to have left an Arizona post without leave, and on a charge of desertion. The officer commanding that post can be communicated with. Gula went through the campaign in Cuba, and was also in the Philippines.

Long in Hiding.

J. L. Eaton, for whom the police had been looking over two months, was arrested yesterday on a charge of petty larceny, and has confessed. Early in February he stole two watches and \$14 from the room of F. A. Guthrie. Later he returned the watches, but kept the money. Then he left the city and went to Redlands, where he was in hiding.

Residence Burned.

The residence of C. J. Nasser, No. 528 Banning street, was practically destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon. The members of the family were absent, and no one was hurt. The loss is about \$600, fully insured. Fire was discovered at 7:30 o'clock last night in the residence of F. T. Streeter, No. 522 East Twenty-ninth street, and caused a loss of \$25.

"Hints for Mothers."

The Casco-street Child Study Circle held its monthly session at the school yesterday afternoon, with an attendance of thirty patrons of the school. Dr. Nannie Dunsmuir gave an address, "Hints for Mothers," which was followed by a helpful general discussion. Miss Edna Barton gave two guitar recitations, and Mrs. S. Shields sang ballads. Refreshments were served. This circle has voted to join the "National Congress of Mothers."

Will Tour Europe.

Dr. J. H. Davidson of the City Board of Health, C. A. Canfield, the Bakerfield oil magnate, and Mrs. Canfield, constitute a select party that will start for Europe on the 10th inst. They will go directly to New York City. The trip across the Atlantic will be made on the steamship "Deutschland" of the Hamburg-American line, upon which Prince Henry of Prussia came to America on his recent visit. From Cherbourg the party will go to Paris and the Riviera. Before returning, England, Ireland and Scotland will be visited. It is the intention of the party to remain abroad about three months.

Inspecting City Schools.

A party of city officials, composed of Superintendent James A. Pashay of the school department, President W. J. Washburn and G. M. Giffen of the Board of Education, and Councilmen Walker, Allen and McLain, yesterday made an inspection of the city schools. The Board of Education has a special committee was appointed to investigate conditions. Whether any of the Councilmen would lead to change their minds by what they saw yesterday can not be ascertained last night.

San Jacinto Settlers.

The men who have settled on the choicest of the San Jacinto forest-serve land, thrown upon April 1, and intend to claim it from those who rushed to the land office here to make entry, were expected in yesterday to make their filings, but none appeared. They probably intend to strengthen their claims by remaining on the land for a while, and make such improvements as are necessary to become settlers before they put their rights to test, as the law allows three months from time of settlement in which to file. When they make their entries the contest for the land will begin, and may be a hot one.

Detectives Appointed.

As a result of the recent action of the City Council, making an appropriation for three additional members of the detective force, Officer Talamantes, Rich and Hugh Dixon have been appointed detectives. Talamantes and Rich have been working in the detective department for two years, but Dixon has been patrolling a beat. It was understood when the ordinance was passed that John Shields would be one of the men promoted, but owing to political pressure exerted against him, he was "thrown down." One member of the City Council who voted for the ordinance with the assurance from Chief Elton that Shields was to be appointed, has already prepared an ordinance repealing that giving the increase of pay to the three men, and may present it at the next meeting of the Council.

Dog Poisoned Abroad.

Dog poisoning in a ruthless degree is reported from many sections of the city, and is said to be especially prevalent on West Ninth street, where a number of canines have met an untimely death from the administration of strychnine or other poison. One of the latest victims of the poisoner is a valuable Scotch collie that was locked in the yard of its owner on Ninth street, near Albany. Chicken thieves have been active in the same neighborhood, and it is supposed they are interested in getting the dogs out of the way in order that there may be no obstacles in their path. A little watchfulness on the part of dog owners,

ers, it is thought, would lead to the detection of the miscreant who is dealing out the deadly poisons.

Dead Boys Identified.

In a letter to The Times Chief of Police James H. White of El Paso, Tex., states that the two boys killed by a train at Teleta, Tex., were identified. One was Ben Anderson of Denver, and the other, whose name is not given, left bereaved parents at Abilene, Tex. The survivor, Fred Winchester, was sent to his home in Georgia. It was feared that one of the victims was Earl Graves of Los Angeles, and several letters of inquiry from here were received by the Texas officers.

Transplant the Palms.

A suggestion for the beautifying of Griffith Park at nominal expense to the city is made by H. J. Lowry, whose idea is that the many fine palm trees removed from the growing business district will be donated to the city by the owners. Instead of cutting down the palms, Mr. Lowry suggests that the chain gang be employed in transplanting them to the big park. Many of the palms have been growing for numberless years, and have attained a size and beauty too great to be sacrificed, when they can be transplanted at trifling cost. In five years, says Mr. Lowry, Griffith Park would in this manner become an unexcelled beauty spot.

BREVITIES.

Removal Notice—Dr. Fletcher G. Sanborn, physician and surgeon, formerly located at 423 1/2 South Spring street, will occupy his new offices, rooms 1-2-3, Ralph Building, 514 S. Spring street, on April 1. Phone Joseph 781.

Free Tallyho—Meets all trains at San Pedro, showing the harbor and city. Everybody invited.

Mr. J. C. Smythe will find a letter for him at The Times editorial room.

Hotel Green, Pasadena, will remain open until May 10.

Ohio Society, Blanchard Hall, April 5. Dr. Bayless, removed 349 S. Hill.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union telegraph office for Mrs. J. R. Lewis, Mrs. E. A. Long, E. A. Dunlop, Mr. P. Makno, Mr. G. C. Eberhart, Frank Weimer, J. P. Michel, Rev. T. J. McLaughlin, Eddie Tabbert, R. B. Hame, W. B. Wiltshire, Mr. A. L. Dearman, W. H. Clark.

RAILROAD NOTES.

C. D. Dunann, general passenger agent of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company and allied lines, is in town, having come up from San Diego, where he left President Farrell of the system. Mr. Dunann says that the rates from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara have been readjusted, as well as those to San Diego. The round-trip fare to Santa Barbara, tickets good for thirty days, is \$4.50. From time to time special rates may be expected.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company has recently had turned off at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, a fine new steamer, the "Cascadia," which will go with the excursion passenger business to Alaska, for which she is especially built. Her upper deck is divided with a observation saloon, capable of holding eighty to one hundred persons. For June 14 and 25, and July 12 and 24 four excursions are billed at \$100 for the round trip from San Francisco, the time to be twelve days. The "inside" course will be followed, and the steamer will touch at many points of interest, particularly Juneau, with the greatest glacier, Skagway, with a trip over the White Pass by rail, the Muir Glacier and Sitka.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Following are the marriage licenses issued yesterday from the office of the County Clerk:

John H. Kimball, aged 31, a native of New Hampshire and a resident of Sebastopol, Sonoma county, and Estelle A. Robinson, aged 28, a native of Iowa and a resident of Los Angeles.

George O. Duddar, aged 28, a native of Illinois, and Della M. Bell, aged 26, a native of Indiana; both residents of Covina.

Walter C. Cooke, aged 24, a native of Ohio and a resident of Los Angeles, and Charlotte E. Campbell, aged 20, a native of California and a resident of Oakland.

George L. Scott, aged 22, a native of Kansas and a resident of Gardena, and Laura M. Isaac, aged 18, a native of Arizona and a resident of Arlington, Riverside county.

Manuel Ferris, aged 24, a native of California, and Lucy Sanchez, aged 20, a native of California; both residents of Los Angeles.

Max L. Gordon, aged 21, a native of England, and Kizzie Moore, aged 17, a native of Indiana; both residents of Los Angeles.

Albert Rickels, aged 47, a native of England and a resident of Lordburg, and Marie A. Scoville, aged 47, a native of Illinois and a resident of Birchtree, Mo.

Horace H. Appel, aged 39, a native of Arizona, and Alta St. Cyr Bennet, aged 25, a native of Illinois; both residents of Los Angeles.

Orwin S. Pinckney, aged 22, a native of Illinois, and Laura E. Howard, aged 20, a native of California; both residents of Long Beach.

Ernest L. Robinson, aged 31, a native of Minnesota, and Blaney Lola M. Blaney, aged 25, a native of Indiana; both residents of Los Angeles.

DEATH RECORD.

DAVIS—At the residence of Johnstone Jones, No. 539 Court street, at 7 a. m., April 2, Miss Catherine Ann Davis, aged 71 years, aunt of Mrs. Johnstone Jones, and also of Capt. John O. Miller of Bakerfield. Deceased was a native of Wilmington, Del.

Bring your Watch here

The most expert watch repairers in Los Angeles are here. Each watch is repaired by one who is expert on that particular movement. Our watch repair business is so large that we are enabled to employ special experts. All work guaranteed.

Watches Cleaned 75c
New Main Spring 50c
New Case Spring 50c
New Roller Jewel 50c

Geneva Watch & Optical Co.
205 S. BROADWAY.

Peerless Brand



The most popular because the best made for the price paid.

Port, Sherry, Angelica,
75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 Gal.
So. Cal. Wine Co.
220 W. Fourth St.
PHONE 3333

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WASH WAISTS.

New ones come in every day. The broad shoulder, the fitted waist, the some of the latest styles. We show the prettiest line of white lawn waists in town—all styles at all prices. Our colored waists are made up of the newest shadings and in the best styles. The styles of all our waists are exclusive.

Poster Board

5c a Sheet

All kinds art boards and papers, up-to-date score cards and counters, for social functions.

Sanborn, Vail & Co.,
357 S. Broadway.

W.C. CUMMINGS

FOOT FORM SHOES
MAKER
WEARER
DIRECT.

Best Shoes Without Number.

Certainly a good shoe should be the very ideal of style, quality, and appearance. Our windows exhibit an endless array of styles and yet after all they give but a hint of the vast variety carried by the Cummings store. All the best styles you find anywhere are here but in addition are the exclusive designs and styles that have made the Cummings store so necessary to good dressers.

Always tired, appetite lagging, languid, restless or sleepless—malt—Canadian Malt Extract—that's the remedy. 15c a bottle; \$1.75 a dozen.

BOSWELL & NOYES, Third and Broadway.

SHIRT WAISTS TO ORDER

MAISON NOUVELLE
737 S. BROADWAY
MISS A. CLARKE

L. T. Martin, Furniture and Rug Store

RUGS \$1 and UP.
Old Dressers \$10 to \$20
Old Chairs, C. Seats, \$1 and up
All goods guaranteed as represented.

WHEEL CHAIRS SOLD or RENTED.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE
BEECHAM'S PILLS.
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
Sold every where in boxes, 10c and 25c.

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MAISON NOUVELLE
737 S. BROADWAY
MISS A. CLARKE

Girls Spring Hats

We show more really pretty and girlish styles than any Millinery house in Los Angeles. Our variety includes many cute little ideas for girls and Misses that you can see no place else. Bring your little girl in any day and see how well we can please you.

Wonder Millinery,
219 South Spring St.

Blankets, INDIAN Blankets, At Lowest Prices, at

CAMPBELL'S CURIO STORE,
Mexican Drawnwork and Zaratras.
329 S. Sprng St.

TREATING THE SCALP

Our method of treating the scalp begins by removing the cause of disease. Healthy hair must depend on a healthy scalp. If the roots of the hair are vigorous, growth and beauty necessarily follow. The Bennett System has been proved successful in the most severe cases of dandruff, falling out of the hair, itchy scalp, and all the multifarious ailments of the scalp. Pleased to have you call.

BENNETT Toilet Parlors,
Cor. Fifth and Spring.

ONLY \$2.50

Per Tooth. Teeth without a Plate GUARANTEED.

Domestic

Makes Satisfied Customers
Cleaver's Laundry,
814-818 S. Main. Tel. M. 1350

Trunk Bargains.

28-in., was \$8.50, now \$6.40
30-in., was \$9.00, now \$7.25
These are the best values. Repaired and overhauled.
D. D. Whitney & Sons,
313-33 SPRING STREET.

PURITAS

Distilled Water is absolutely pure. You're sure of what you're drinking when you have it on your table. For 5c a glass.

Jacoby Bros.

331-333-335 South Broadway.
Spring Opening Commences 10 a. m. Today—Public Invited.

Opening Reception

At 7:30 Tonight.

Beautiful, Costly Gifts--Free

One of the special attractions tonight will be the distribution of the following costly gifts. The awards will be made in such a way that every one attending the reception will have an equal opportunity of receiving a gift.

The choice of any \$50.00 Ladies' Suit, Raglan or Silk Skirt will be given from our Ladies Suit and Cloak Department.

A Dress Pattern of the finest foulard silk, with all trimmings, bindings and necessary materials for making up, will be given free from our new Dry Goods Department.

The choice of any \$20.00 Men's Suit will be given free from our Men's Clothing Department.

The choice of any \$15.00 Youth's Suit will be given free from our Youth's Clothing Department.

The choice of any \$6.50 Boy's Suit will be given free from our Boys' Clothing Department.

A Melody of Twinkling Lights

Wonderful Decorations, Subtle Music

The big store will sparkle from roof to ground with thousands of electric lights. Magnificent arches decked with golden poppies will make it a fairy land of beauty. There will be nooks and corners of mysterious, enchanting prettiness. Each floor will have its special effects. Nothing so grand and costly was ever attempted in the West. An orchestra of sixteen pieces will render the latest popular airs.

Every one is cordially invited to come and have a good time. Nothing on sale. Plenty of room. 7:30 tonight opening hour.

The Renowned Dermatologist,

Mrs. Gertrude Graham of Chicago will begin lectures and consultation at our store Saturday, April 5. Mrs. Graham permanently removes and cures blemishes of the skin, such as freckles, pimples, blackheads, moles, superfluous hair and smallpox pitting. Mrs. Graham will gladly consult with any one afflicted with skin troubles. We are giving daily demonstrations of Mrs. Graham's Cucumbers and Elder Flower Cream, showing its value for creating a perfect complexion. An application given free to every lady.

Weaver-Jackson Hair Co.
442 SOUTH BROADWAY.
Near Los Angeles Lighting Co.

Only Two Days More

Store closes Saturday night for good and all, what stock remains will be shipped to my San Francisco store—selling at cost here rather than pack and ship the goods.

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes at Cost at Godin's. Only Two Days More.

L. W. Godin, Mgr.
441 South Broadway.

An Argument

In favor of taller-made clothing for summer. In winter you wear your overcoat much of the time. There's no matter so much if you suit isn't exactly perfect in every detail. In summer your suit is always open to criticism. You continually come in contact with people—at the summer resorts and different places of amusement. A thousand people will see your summer suit for every one that sees your winter suit. You want to look your best. Everybody does. There's but one option. That's to get your suit made here. SUITS \$20 UP.

BAUER & KROHN, Tailors.
125-126 S. Spring st. and 116 1/2 Main st.

Making Any Investments?

We claim the new 5 per cent. Gold Bonds of the Equitable Life Assurance Society "strongest in the world," to be the best safe investment on the market. Be honest with yourself and come in and investigate, or write and we will tell you all about them.

A. N. JONES, General Agent.
Phone Main 910. 414 Wilcox Block.

Trunk Bargains.

28-in., was \$8.50, now \$6.40
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These are the best values. Repaired and overhauled.
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PURITAS Distilled Water is absolutely pure. You're sure of what you're drinking when you have it on your table. For 5c a glass.

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WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

COMPLETE
PAGES.

APRIL 13, 1902.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$1.50
SINGLE COPY....3 CENTS

SHALL IT BE "BOSS" RULE OR A RULE BY THE PEOPLE?



The Delegates Must Decide.

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE is an established success. It is complete in itself, being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing a strong Californian color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; the Development of the Southwest; Current Literature; Timely Editorials; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body; Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdote and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Pining Line; Animal Stories; Pen Pictures Sketched Far A-field; and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price. For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy. \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

LET US BE HONORABLE.

DURING the past week the subject of the exclusion of Chinese from the United States has been under consideration in both branches of Congress. There has scarcely been a matter of more importance before our national Legislature during its present session. This importance arises largely from the fact that the subject involves moral as well as material considerations. Most matters which are the subject of legislation involve political, commercial, financial or other material conditions, rather than moral problems. In our present Chinese problem, however, there is a moral element which, when justly weighed, predominates over any other. The solution of this problem involves first of all the obligation not to violate either the letter or the spirit of the treaty signed by the United States and China in 1894. After this comes the protection of our industrial and commercial interests, so far as possible without injustice or oppression.

During the past few years—since the beginning of the war with Spain—the United States has manifested a moral quality of such elevated character as to command the admiration of the world. The disinterested manner in which this country went to the rescue of the oppressed people of Cuba, and the firm stand of our government in behalf of the rights of the Chinese when threatened by aggressive and rapacious foreigners after the fall of Peking have won for us a place at the front of the moral forces of the world. This position among the nations is of vast value—of greater value than to possess a great army and a great navy—and we cannot afford, to do anything which will taint the reputation we have gained. It will not do therefore to allow material considerations so to dull our sensibilities that we do not appreciate fully the moral phase of the problem. We would subject ourselves to humiliation and just reproach before the nations of the world if we were to violate even the spirit of the solemn compact made in good faith with China and faithfully maintained by that nation. Justice and magnanimity, not selfishness, must continue to be the motive by which we are actuated.

Hon. John W. Foster, former Secretary of State, a man whose long and familiar acquaintance with Chinese affairs and whose thorough knowledge not only of international law, but the history of our diplomatic relations with China, make him as well qualified, perhaps, as any living man to judge of the merits of the exclusion measures now before Congress, points out in the so-called "Pacific States Bill" what appear to be numerous plain violations of the treaty of 1894. And yet Congress, especially the House of Representatives, seems to regard these violations with indifference! Evidently there is need of an awakening of the Congressional conscience in this as in some other matters.

It would be well for our representatives in Congress to consider carefully whether, in their zeal to protect this country from a surplus of Chinese, there is not danger of going so far as to bring about an even more serious evil in the closing of the "open door" to our commerce. There is promise of vast opportunities for American trade in China if the pleasant relations which have prevailed of late between this country and that shall continue; but the enactment of a too drastic exclusion law will be certain to give serious offense to China and to divert to other countries trade that would

otherwise come to the United States. In international, as well as in individual affairs, "honesty is," after all, "the best policy."

OUR COMING GUESTS.

THE coming Federation of Woman's Clubs in this city can but lead to a wider national interest in the possibilities of desert homes. Woman, by the conventionalities and duties of her existence, leads a restricted life and is more won to those areas which offer the out-of-door possibilities denied by colder latitudes. The lack of knowledge of the possibilities of the irrigated deserts has turned many paths into the vast snow lands of the North, where rigors of climate and the struggles of pioneer existence have made her life necessarily one of hedged-in powers of possibilities. All the dreams of heaven in the old hymn books are a contrasting picture of those bleak lands.

"There cloudless skies are ever bright,
Thence gloomy scenes are driven;
There suns dispense unsullied light
And planets, beaming on the sight,
Illumine the fields of heaven.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers."

These lines are sung in many a church to the accompaniment of bleak storms.

Notwithstanding the literature which has been scattered broadcast, it has failed to reach vast numbers, who will gain new impressions from the coming of the multitudes of home-makers, who will tell the story of an atmosphere of crystalline clearness and pure ozone, with that authority inherent in a first-hand chronicle.

The traditions which associated the crossing of the desert with mysterious and pathetic defeat are no longer dominant in the minds of tourists. The forces of transportation have done away with the glooms of distance. The civilization which has followed in the path of agriculture, mining and commerce has had a corresponding growth in the educational and literary advance of the Far West. The pioneer commonwealth was largely represented by men of splendid ideals, and with the thought of forging the destinies of a new time there has been shown no fear of innovations which make for social betterment.

The characteristic gallantry of the State is seen in the fact that some of the most notable clubhouses for the assemblage of women illustrate the spirit of social and ethical life. The Friday Morning Club of this city, built in the picturesque mission style of the old Moorish architecture, when the padres roamed abroad in the Spanish pueblo; the Ebell, the Ruskin Art Club, the Wednesday Morning Club, the Woman's Parliamentary Club, the Monday Musical Club, and others are evidence of the co-operative spirit of the hour.

With the material advantages of the State, its great educational institutions, and its religious life, it is the aim of these clubs to contribute the best thought to the home influence and its possibilities of intellectual and ethical progress.

A loving, helpful ideal for the upbuilding of humanity cannot fail to produce many far-reaching results for good. Among the benefits which can but accrue from this coming of California's guests will be a new appreciation of the powers of the desert to furnish sun-bright homes for the new time, among the influences of cheerful nature, and where the silver lining of the cloud is rarely hidden by mephitic vapors. The grandeur of the mountains, the webs of splendor woven by the mists, are a challenge to leave old abodes in the Slough of Despond, to go out to wider experiences if necessary, with the courage of navigators and explorers, the boldest and most adventurous the world has ever seen. Many a brave-hearted Demodritus will be won to give the stimulus of hope and manly energy to this State by the picture which will be carried back by mother, wife, sister or sweetheart from the assembling of the representative delegates of the States.

From the association of bright minds may result new capability of action. In this phantasmagoric life of ours the women of the century have many lessons to learn in the dangers of the hour. To give brave words for the time of difficulty, to shoulder burdens of circumstance, to help in the building of character that the moral energy of the century shall correspond with the scientific advance and spirit of expansion, is especially the prerogative of noble womanhood.

L. F. H.

SENATOR CLARK'S JOKE.

When Senator Warren of Wyoming met Senator Clark recently in the Capitol lobby he suggested adjourning to the Senate restaurant for refreshment. Accepting the invitation, Senator Clark observed, thoughtfully:

"The derivation of the word 'restaurant' is very plain. It is derived from two Latin words, res, meaning a thing, and taurus, meaning a bull. It means, of course, a bully thing."

They both drank cold tea in sorrowful silence.—[New York Times.

BOX PARTIES ESPECIALLY.

"There's a movement on foot, I understand, to have the women check their hats and wraps when they go to the theater."

"Yes? A movement to have them check their conversation at the same time would be more satisfactory."—[Philadelphia Press.

"My husband is awfully mean."

"He is, dear?"

"Yes, he says he don't believe any stork brought me when I was a baby. He says I talk so much it must have been a parrot."—[Chicago News.

SUNSET.

Th' glorious sun moves down the west,
His mantle trails afar;
He dons a gorgeous crimson vest,
And trims it with a star.

Earth blossoms in the sunset glow,
The mounts like rubies shine,
Sun-dyed the golden waters flow,
And golden sunbeams twine—

Amid the tall, leaf-bannered trees,
The evening air is still,
Save for the whisper of the breeze,
The lone bird on the hill.

O golden west, how bright, how fair,
Above the earth ye shine,
How glorious are th' clouds ye wear,
The colors how divine.

But soon they pale, the shadows drop,
Upon the valley's breast,
While still upon the mountain top,
The paling sunbeams rest.

The deeps of air then open wide,
Night sets her gates ajar,
And thought outleaps both time and tide
And reaches worlds afar.

Upward space beckons and it flies,
Forever onward still,
The Vast is round it, boundless skies
Which countless systems fill.

But we must pause, there is a line
Past which thought may not fly,
God fills it and it is the realm
Of His infinity.

What lies beyond the farthest verge
Of earth, and sun and star,
We may not know from out that space,
Time doth our footsteps bar.

But when we fling the mortal off,
To higher life do rise,
There'll be no paths of darkness then,
'Twixt us and Paradise.

ELIZA A. OT

April 7, 1902.

HIS BODY FOR COOKIES.

Facing the gallows and impressed with the fact that it was his last day on earth, Henry Mills, the Emma burglar condemned to hang at Raleigh February 22, had his fill of ginger cakes.

The negro Mills, with a white accomplice, Gates, had been convicted of complicity in a particularly ugly crime and they were being held in the jail at Asheville, N. C., until it was time for them to go to Raleigh, where the hanging was to take place in form.

Mills had been visited by ministers with advice and consolation until their reminders of his boyhood recalled to him an early and unsatisfied desire for ginger cakes.

An Asheville physician, impressed with the proportions of Mills, offered to buy his body after hangman had finished his work. Mills, still yearning for the ginger cakes, closed the bargain for \$10 in which was paid over on the spot.

Mills was taken to Raleigh with Gates and all arrangements for the hanging were going forward. Mills laid in a supply of ginger cakes, which made ample deficit in his \$10, but for once he had eaten and it was a matter of indifference to him how soon rest of the programme was carried out.

Mills and Gates were awakened early the morning of Washington's birthday told that in honor of the first President and because of extenuating circumstances in their punishment was commuted to life service in lieu of death. Mills grinned broadly and said he sincerely regretted having eaten all his ginger cakes the day before. The doctor who provided the feast is still waiting for the body of the negro who was not hanging. [Chicago Tribune.

MAKING HIM USEFUL.

"What has become of that poet that ran away and married the daughter of old Porkenard, the lionaire meat man?"

"Why, Porkenard took him into the firm and made him work ten hours a day writing rhymes for their car advertisements."—[Baltimore American.

HER ERROR.

"What an awful-looking villain the prisoner is!"

pered a lady in the Police Court to her husband should be afraid even to stand near him!"

"Hush!" warned her husband. "The prisoner has been brought in yet. That's his lawyer."—[London Bits.

HOW SHE KNEW.

Mrs. DeStyle: Did you notice that lovely baby passed?

Mrs. LeGrande: Yes; I think it's mine.

Mrs. DeStyle: Is it possible?

Mrs. LeGrande: Yes, I'm sure it is. I read the nurse.—[Chicago News.

RECOGNITION AT LAST.

"You are the most hateful, detestable, abominable I have ever met!" exclaimed the indignant

"You fill me with gratitude, madam," replied gloomy traveler, whose disagreeable manner

fended her. "I have been a stage villain for years, and yours is the first kind word I have

—[Chicago Tribune.

Tobacco in the Philippines. By F. G. Carpenter.

THE NARCOTIC WEED.

HOW THE CROP IS RAISED AND PREPARED FOR THE MARKETS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

TAKE a smoke with me this morning while we look into one of the biggest industries of the Philippine Islands. We shall suppose ourselves in Manila, and we need not be afraid of leading others astray by using the weed. This is no Sunday-school country. Here the men smoke like chimneys and the women go about with cigarettes in their mouths. The boys begin to puff nicotine before they can talk, and girls of 8, 10 and 12 puff for their daily allowance of black cigarettes.

Look out there on the street! See the girls riding by in that cart. They are smoking cigars! Those boys on their way to school are puffing away, and there on the opposite side of the street is a child playing marbles, with a cigarette balanced over each ear.

These Filipinos smoke everywhere, and no one thinks of asking permission. They puff between their courses at meals. Your hostess offers you a smoke as soon as you enter the house, and if you invite her she will probably join you. The priests smoke on the streets, the ladies smoke in their parlors, and there is not a government office in which the clerks, both native and Americans, do not smoke while at work. It is the same in the banks, in the stores, and, in fact, everywhere.

The Cheapest Cigars of the World.

What kind of a cigar will you take? Here is one

year. It has enormous factories, employing thousands of hands, and it is said to have the most expert cigar-makers of the world. The best of these are girls. Our Filipino cousins have long, slender fingers, which they use with a swiftness and skill which our best cigar rollers have not. They roll all cigars by hand, and the greatest care is taken in making and classifying the finer grades.

Let us visit one of the large cigar factories. We find them all over Manila. They are situated even in the heart of the city, and one of the biggest is just next door to the leading hotel. The building is one of three stories, with oyster-shell windows and with floors which could be used for making pianos, the wood is so fine. The factory covers three or four acres. It has many large rooms, some of which are 300 feet long. These rooms are filled with workmen. The factory employs 3000 hands, and the most of the 3000 are of the feminine gender.

We enter the building and walk up the stairs. The rich smell of the tobacco floats down, and a titillating dust comes into our nostrils. We pass through a wide door and find ourselves right in the midst of an acre of women. About one thousand Filipinos of all ages are sitting about us handling tobacco with their long yellow fingers. They are dressed in white and their dark faces shine out over the snowy handkerchiefs they have pinned around their shoulders. All wear décolleté dresses, and those who have thrown off their neck covering on account of the heat, look as if dressed for a ball. Here and there a dress has been pulled to one side and a mahogany shoulder shines out. All are in their bare

ing from light brown to almost black. The tobacco is not so heavy as our American article. It contains less nicotine and is less stimulating. "It compares," says an old American smoker, "with our leaf as beer does with whisky. When the American wants a smoke he wants something he can feel, and I doubt if our people will ever care to use the mild cigars of the Philippine Islands."

The Tobacco Lands of the Philippines.

The best Philippine tobacco comes from the island of Luzon and the very choicest from the valley of the Rio Grande River, in the northeastern end of that island. The Rio Grande River is a large stream, navigable for small boats for many miles. Its valley north and south is over one hundred miles long, with a width of from five to twenty miles. The river is subject to annual floods, during which quantities of rich soil are brought down from the mountains and spread over the valley. This fertilizes it as the Nile does Egypt and gives it a soil which can be used for tobacco culture year after year without other fertilization. There are four large provinces in this valley, in which little else than tobacco and Indian corn are grown.

In addition to this territory, there is a strip of land in Northwestern Luzon which has many plantations. The tobacco there is not so good nor is it raised in such quantities. Many of the farmers are Igorrote Indians. There are also other small plantations in the other islands of the archipelago. Panay raises quite a good deal, and portions are grown in Mindoro, Marinduque and Mindanao. Outside Luzon the most of the crop is consumed at home, very little being exported.

How the Tobacco is Grown.

The tobacco of the Philippines is grown in small patches, although one of the Manila tobacco companies has one plantation on which are several thousand hands. The average tobacco farm consists of but a few acres, and its owner produces but three or four bales of tobacco a year. The seed is first sown in beds, just as in the United States. After the plants have well sprouted they are set out about two or three feet apart; so close, indeed, that, it is said, there are sometimes 10,000 tobacco plants to one acre. The planting is done late in the fall, and by March and April the leaves are ready for harvest. The crop must be kept weeded and every morning the plants must be gone over for worms. This work is done entirely by women and girls. The tobacco leaves are cured in sheds and then allowed to ferment, and then dried in the air.

When ready for market they are put up in bundles of 100 leaves each, tied with strings of rattan. Forty such bundles make a bale, so that there are just 4000 leaves to the bale. The bales are wrapped in mats of banana leaves and tied with rattan. In this shape they are floated down the Rio Grande or other rivers in covered boats to the seaports, whence they go by steamer to Manila. The chief tobacco port of Luzon is Aparri, at the mouth of the Rio Grande River.

There are a number of tobacco companies here of large capital, which handle both leaf tobacco and cigars and cigarettes. The business is about equally divided between the Spaniards and Germans, with the Spaniards in the lead. The several companies have their branch houses in the Cagayan valley. They send out agents, who buy of the farmers and ship the crops to Manila. Some of the companies are large, one having a capital of \$15,000,000 gold. It employs altogether in the neighborhood of 10,000 hands, and has steamers of its own to carry its tobacco from the plantations to Manila. It has great warehouses there, where the leaf is packed for shipment, and also cigar and cigarette factories. It annually produces about 100,000,000 cigars and about half a billion cigarettes, in addition to some millions of pounds of cut tobacco.

Baling for Export.

I visited one of the warehouses of this company and watched the process of sorting the tobacco and baling it for export. The packages are opened as soon as they come in, and the leaves carefully sorted and graded, being kept as far as possible in the original bundles. After sorting, they are laid one on top of another in the shape of a bale about four feet long and two feet square. This bale is wrapped in matting made of banana leaves and then pressed.

The pressing is done by a screw worked on the principle of a letter press. The screw is moved around by a score of Chinese, who push upon levers attached to a wheel in which the screw is fastened. After the bale has been pressed to the desired dimensions, it is again bound with strips of rattan and marked for shipment to Europe.

The work of handling the tobacco is done very cheaply and not as carefully as it should be. The labor is everywhere so cheap that if the United States should remove its tariff on tobacco it will be sent by the shipload to our markets.

Philippines vs. United States and Cuba.

In that case there would be at once an immense increase in the tobacco area. I am told there are vast tracts of wild land in the islands that might be used for tobacco raising. Much of this belongs to the government, and it will probably soon be offered for sale. Under the present conditions there is no reason for alarm, for the market for Philippine tobacco is already fixed.

The most of the product now goes to Europe and the greater part to Spain. Of the leaf exports in 1897 Europe took in round numbers 24,000,000 pounds; England, 5,600,000; Singapore and India, 973,000; China and Japan, 274,000, and Australia, 3200 pounds. We took cigars only, of which we imported that year 2,500,000 as against Europe's 30,000,000, Great Britain's 21,000,000, and Asia's 95,000,000. Cuba's tobacco crop exceeds that of the Philip-



wrapped in tin foil. That cigar in the United States would sell for 25 cents. It is the most expensive thing of the kind in the islands, and it costs \$4 per hundred, or just 4 cents apiece. Think of getting a quarter cigar for less than a nickel! That is the price at which they sell here, and I venture you can buy a good smoke in Manila for less money than anywhere else in the world. Cigars equal to our nickel cigars are sold for 1 cent in silver or half a cent gold. Our "ten-centers" would bring less than 2 cents in Manila, and a fair cigar can be had for a cent. Our soldiers usually buy their cigars by the hundred, and but few of them, including the officers, pay more than 1 cent a smoke.

Cigarettes are fully as cheap. They are put up in packages of thirty, and the lowest-priced package sells for a cent. The very best is worth 4 cents American, so that seven of the best "cigars" cost you only 1 cent.

The Filipino cigarettes are manufactured almost exclusively for the native trade. Many are hand-made, one factory turning out 24,000,000 cigarettes every week, or so many that within a month it could give a smoke to every man, woman and child in our country and have 20,000,000 to spare.

The Filipino tobacco is darker than ours and the cigarette tobacco is almost black. It is a pure tobacco and not doctored with sweets and flavoring extracts, so that it is said it can be smoked with less injury to the nerves. The cigarettes of both countries are of the same size and shape, save that only one end of the Filipino cigarette is open, the white paper at the other end being turned in. You always light the closed end.

Manila exports about two hundred million cigars every

feet and we can see the shapely ankles and the up-turned soles and toes of those who are working about us. They are sitting at long tables not quite a foot high. Some are on stools, but most have their legs bent under them; others so sit that their knees rise above the tables, in what seems to us a most uncomfortable way.

They work rapidly. Notice this pretty maid at the right. She picks up a leaf of tobacco from that pile before her. She spreads it out upon the table and pounds it with a stone to make it lie flat. To this leaf she adds another, then another, and so on until she has enough for a long black cigar. She now rolls this rapidly around in her delicate fingers, and then, putting it between her pearly white teeth, she bites off its end, kissing the cigar, as it were, before she lays it away. That should be a smoke for a King and that is how the girls make cigars in Manila.

You must not think, however, that all of the cigar-makers are beautiful nor that all have sweet lips or pearly white teeth. Among them we see many gray-haired old women, with fangs as black as the tobacco they bite, and some, we shudder to notice, chew the betel at intervals during their work.

The Wages Are Low.

The most of the cigars are made by the piece, the best women earning as much as \$3 per week, while the ordinary girl does very well if she can make 25 cents a day. In other rooms of this factory the workers are men and boys. The women are the more skillful, and the best of the cigars are made by them.

The Philippine cigars are of six different grades, rang-

pinos by many millions pounds. It produces twice as much tobacco annually as the export of the Philippine leaf, but its exports of cigars are about the same, each closely approximating 200,000,000 per year.

Our own tobacco crop is the biggest of all the world. It amounts to more than 400,000,000 pounds, or about four-fifths as much as the tobacco crop of all Europe! Our tobacco is very cheap, and is desirable for mixing with and fortifying the European leaf. It may be that a combination of it with the Philippine leaf will produce excellent results.

The Philippine leaf is darker than our American tobacco. This is especially so with the cigarettes, which are as black as burnt coffee.

The people of the Far East like the Manila cigars. They are the favorite smoke of the swells of China, Japan and India, not only on account of their quality, but also of their cheapness.

Spain's Tobacco Monopoly.

The Philippine Islands have not been developed along the lines of tobacco culture largely because of the government monopoly, which prevailed here until about twenty years ago. For 100 years prior to that time tobacco planting and tobacco selling were entirely in the hands of the Spanish government. The people of the Rio Grande Valley were compelled to plant tobacco on penalty of losing their lands. Every unmarried man had to set out 4000 plants every year, and he who had a wife was expected to raise at least 8000 plants. The government practically owned the lands, and any land that was not in tobacco for three years in succession was liable to pass out of the hands of the man who lived upon it.

The government regulated just how the tobacco should be raised and cured. It prohibited the planters from selling to any one but the government officials, and it fixed its own prices, which were 50 per cent. less than those paid in 1883, when the monopoly was abolished. The planter could not even smoke his own tobacco except in certain places and at certain times. His house was subject to search for concealed leaves, and the officials sometimes even searched the persons of his family, including his wife and daughters, on the pretense of preventing smuggling. Insults committed on this pretext frequently caused the death of the officials.

The laws provided just where the tobacco should be raised and how it should be handled at Manila. The government had five large factories, in which 20,000 men and women were employed. It required 400 officials to manage the tobacco bureau, and the income from the monopoly was about \$5,000,000 a year. At the last the government began to pay the planters in treasury notes instead of cash. These sold for only 50 cents on the dollar. They caused great misery and finally brought about such opposition that the monopoly was abolished. This was on the 31st of December, 1882. Since then the business has been in the hands of private parties, but it has always been more or less hampered with tariff and other restrictions, and has not had the opportunity for development which it should have under our government.

Washington, D. C.

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A STUDY OF SNAKES.

By a Special Contributor.

A snake, it matters little what his lineage may be, is generally and almost universally identified with the most offensive and worst reputed of his kind. By most of humanity he is regarded with repulsion and fear as the lowest and most odious in the list of creation. And why? Simply through hereditary prejudice, based upon many generations entertaining a false fear founded upon stories of mythological origin, probably emphasized by the biblical version of the serpent in the Garden of Eden. Thus we have an entire sub-order represented to an immense majority of people in a single creature (the offspring of an abortive mind,) generally and honestly believed to be utterly devoid of good and possessed of all evil. In reality, there are in the United States but a very few poisonous snakes in comparison to the numbers of innocent varieties, the bite of these being far less liable of dangerous infection through the inoculation of poisonous germs than is the bite of our domestic pets. In consequence of this long-fostered false prejudice (for it is little more) there are few people, very few, who can view with the least admiration, even in captivity, the graceful undulations and impetuous agility of a snake, the wonderful and exquisitely perfect dermal covering, with its odd patterns and beautiful and rare colors, nor would they deign to consider the wonderful anatomy which these most graceful creatures possess. An individual who can look upon a serpent with an unprejudiced eye and allow it the consideration of an unbiased mind is indeed rarely to be met with. Children have been brought up from their infancy through time immemorial to fear, loathe and destroy any and all snakes, and this unmerciful persecution is not now confined to snakes alone, but is extended to all creatures having the least likeness to them. Our innocuous ophidians are the most unmercifully persecuted of all nature's creatures, for upon investigation, or upon accepting the information of those who have investigated, it is shown that they are among the most harmless and beneficial of the lower creatures.

Some of the snakes of the United States are venomous and dangerous, to be sure, and much more dangerous to those who are entirely unacquainted with them, and unable to discern between these and harmless species, the latter being less retiring in their habits and many times outnumbering the former are thereby brought far more into evidence and accordingly suffer tenfold as ruthless, exterminating persecution in consequence of their relatives' bad reputation.

He is a snake, and being such, his fate seems inevitable except (occasional and unusual luck for him) when

the observer fails to summon the courage necessary for an attack upon such a terrible adversary.

The greatest enemies of the poisonous snakes, other than man, are the many varieties of harmless colubroids, which feed in a great part upon others of their kind, and very often upon the dangerous toxic varieties, not to say anything of the countless numbers of the most destructive rodents. These colubroids, which, as before stated, very greatly outnumbering the viperine forms, destroy both the scourge and the pest, thereby performing a double beneficence, which has remained through lack of observation and consideration for hundreds of years almost entirely unappreciated by most people, as is demonstrated in the continuation of that unabating slaughter without discrimination.

To one who knows them, even the poisonous snakes are far from being entirely bad, although we cannot uphold them, for they can and will not be allowed to exist when a menace to the well-being of humanity, but his humble cousin, of course, shall have to pay the death penalty when his fastidiousness becomes so pronounced that he must resort to the delicacies of the farmyard, such as eggs and young fowls. Yet, the husbandman should not so begrudge him these occasional dainties, when taking into consideration the saving for him by these same snakes, through their destruction of vermin, such as weasels, rats, gophers, mice and others, which raid his hen coop and destroy his trees, fruit, vegetables and cereals. Even so, we will allow that the death penalty is justifiable (but quite inconsistent,) though why go out of our way, to destroy a harmless beneficial creature? Many people, if on a pleasure trip in the country, or mountains, are kept in a continual state of nervous excitement in fear of seeing a snake, which, as it glides away, is equally as fearful of them as they may be of it. With such a feeling, much that might be enjoyed and admired, is lost through this humoring of a misformed idea.

This greatly exaggerated fear and false prejudice may, to a surprising extent, be overcome through a slight knowledge of their habits and the distinguishing features by which toxic and innocuous species may be recognized.

The beneficent and the beautiful in nature so often appeal too little to the appreciation, and lack the consideration allowed the baser destructive element.

Most people are capable of distinguishing, to some extent, between poisonous, harmless, destructive and beneficial insects and other creatures, and usually it has not cost them an exhaustive study. Such a knowledge of serpents might be acquired through a little careful observation, a slight tax of memory, and a very considerable degree of prejudice repudiated—this latter being really the first and by far the most essential requisite.

It is not intended to advocate herpetology (the study of snakes,) in a scientific sense to a general public, but a slight knowledge of this or any other branch of natural history cannot fail to be instructive, entertaining and useful.

VIRGIL W. OWEN.

POOR OLD DORG.

Lean, unkempt, half-starved;

He followed me home one night.

Bereft of the tail a butcher had carved,

The mongrel was truly a sight.

Poor

Old

Dorg.

Alert, hump-backed, green-eyed,

Our cat met the gaze of the guest,

And flew to embrace him, regardless of pride—

I leave you to fill out the rest.

Poor

Old

Dorg.

Mud tracks on carpet and floor;

My wife gave a piteous moan.

"The hideous beast. Here. Out of this door.

Bread? No. Give him a stone."

Poor

Old

Dorg.

Alone, outcast, distressed;

He crawled to the barn nearly dead.

The horse gave a kick to the canine oppressed,

Which was mean and very ill-bred.

Poor

Old

Dorg.

At least he could drink at the brook;

But a bullfrog in velvet suit,

Aroused a disturbance, when changing to look,

By roaring, "You Brute. Oh, you Brute."

Poor

Old

Dorg.

To the moon, then, he made his complaints,

But a window was raised, and a flash

Denied all appeal, to the moon or the saints;

Thus ending his woes with a crash.

Poor

Old

Dorg.

UNOHOO.

Tombstone, Ariz.

A NEW ANESTHETIC.

Acaine is the name of an interesting product which is destined to oust cocaine, morphine, chloral, antipyrine and other anesthetics.

A little pinch dropped into a gnawing tooth instantly banishes pain.

Acaine's properties were recently reported to the French Academy of Medicine by Dr. Chauvel and are based on divers experiments.

Acaine has the great advantage of not being toxic. —[Paris Cable New York Herald.

KATOOMBA.

A BLUE MOUNTAIN PLEASURE RESORT
FAMOUS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.

From a Special Correspondent.

SYDNEY (N. S. W.) March 1.—The name of Katoomba has become familiar throughout Australasia, and in the minds of visitors, not only from all parts of the Australian commonwealth, but also from overseas countries, it instinctively suggests ideas of the Blue Mountains, the scenic glory of New South Wales, and whenever allusion is made to the world-renowned range the name of Katoomba is instantly conjured up, and, truth to say, it is a place which, once seen, is not readily forgotten. Although forming only one of the links in the chain of Blue Mountain pleasure resorts, it possesses an individuality of its own, a charm which is too often found wanting elsewhere, and those who are in search of a salubrious climate and lovely surroundings might go further and fare worse. It is easily accessible by rail from Sydney, distant some sixty or seventy miles, and forms the romantic center of a highly-picturesque district. The railway station is 3349 feet above sea level, the atmosphere being remarkably clear and pure, and delightful excursions may be made in almost every direction.

The nearest points of interest are the Lurline and Leura Falls, formed by the united waters of a couple of streams falling over masses of precipitous rock into the valley 1800 feet below. The point where the streams unite is known as the Meeting of the Waters, although in nowise suggestive of Moore's beautiful poem, and as they splash down the rocks on their way to the Leura Falls they are called the Lurline Falls. To the right of the falls a long line of lofty cliffs extends southward a considerable distance, then it turns westerly, leaving a projective point, and forming a deep bay, in the center of which are the Katoomba Falls. These may be seen from different points of view, each of which differs from the others, the finest being that procured from an opening near the Orphan Rock, a curiously-shaped, isolated mass of stone—a kind of natural obelisk, hundreds of feet in height. To reach the rocky promontory overlooking the falls and Kanimbula Valley, into which the restless torrent descends, the creek which feeds the falls is crossed, and soon afterward, standing on the ridge of the cliffs, a magnificent prospect becomes revealed, the far-reaching Kanimbula Valley, with its numerous mounds, thickly covered with timber, "rising like waves in a deep sea," losing itself in the distant bluish haze. "Afar off, on the opposite side, groups of rocks resembling some old baronial castle are seen, their heads mantled with a wreath of white fleecy clouds, and, deep below, in the center of the valley, the course of a creek is clearly marked, its waters, as they flow onward, being hidden by a thick growth of brushwood." The cascade is broken in places, and in others appears a mass of feathery spray, reflecting rainbow tints as the million particles catch the rays of the noontide sun.

The temptation to make a descent into the valley is generally irresistible. Fortunately, it can be accomplished with little or no difficulty, there being a well-defined track to the foot of the falls. While making the descent a fine view of the valley is obtained, and at one point, "through an opening in a thick growth of ferns and umbrageous trees, the water, resembling a beautiful bridal veil, is seen tumbling down upon the dark depths of rock below." On reaching the bottom the track passes between the base of the Orphan Rock and the walls of the cliff from which it has become detached, and continues in a westerly direction toward the mouth of the coal mine, one of the most romantically situated in the world, the entrance being in the face of the cliff, the coal being conveyed by a steep tramway to the top of the cliff, and thence to the railway.

West of the coal mine and the bluff the cliffs suddenly jut out a considerable distance into the valley, forming a long, narrow promontory, known as the Neck of Land, partially separating the Kanimbula and Jamieson valleys; and terminating in the Lone Mountain. Portions of the ridge are not more than sixty feet in width, so that the visitor has on either side of him a fine view of each valley; but as the ridge approaches its terminating point it widens rapidly, and has the appearance of a separate eminence; hence the designation "Lone Mountain." Farther on is an immense mass of time-worn rock, known as the Solitary Mountain. It is connected with the Lone Mountain by a smaller ridge, one feature of which is a rock called the Ruined Castle. Returning from the Neck of Land, in the direction of the railway, Boar's Head Point is passed to the left, and, farther on, Gracie's Hill to the right. The former is a curiously-shaped mass of rock; and from the latter portions of the Jamieson Valley can be seen.

From Gracie's Hill a track to the left leads across some swampy land to Birdie's Dell, a beautiful spot, the central feature of which is a fairy-like cascade, fancifully designated the Silver Spray Waterfall. From a point known as the Ladies' Rock a well-defined track leads to Nellie's Glen, a romantic gorge in the mountain side, the walls being hollowed into fantastically-shaped caves, crowded with luxuriant ferns and mosses, the beauty of the surroundings being enhanced by the Ethel Fall, a lovely cascade formed by the union of two mountain streams. There is a remarkable echo here, the word shouted being distinctly repeated three times. There are numerous other points of interest for those who have a few days' leisure, every information and facility being afforded by the hotel proprietors, who thoroughly appreciate the importance of making the stay of their customers as pleasant as possible. The route from Katoomba to the world-famous Jenolan Caves is one of the most picturesque imaginable, and affords delightful pedestrian exercise during the colder months of the year, and if the visitor is fond of shooting he will find some work for his rifle.

JOHN PLUMMER.

TEXCOCO.

SCENES IN AN OLD-YOUNG TOWN NEAR THE CITY OF MEXICO.

By a Special Contributor.

THIS attractive town, about twenty-five miles from the City of Mexico, is well worth visiting for its historical associations. In reality Texcoco is as old as the capital, but it wears its centuries lightly and believes in whitewash and modern improvements, so its antiquity is not apparent.

The orange trees are young that line the principal thoroughfare, extending from the railway station to the alameda; so are the trees in the alameda, which serves also as market, not a common arrangement in a place of this size. The market booths are either side of the outer walk and overflow into the paths leading to the fountain in the center, besides a double row under the adjacent portales.

It was a gay scene one Sunday morning that I have in mind particularly. Pretty Indian girls were selecting silver earrings, wrinkled hags crouched by great jars of tamales with a pile of cabbage leaves to use as wrapping paper, swarthy moscos were buying sombreros, which they put on over the old ones; brown babies rolled in the sun among the heaps of mangoes and bananas; servants with baskets were driving hard bargains in vegetables, with an eye to a margin for themselves; gossips chattered blithely as they balanced their brimming pitchers on the fountain rim; one whole walk was spread with rush sleeping mats; a beautiful Indian girl, with a skin like rose satin, made a pretty color study behind a great heap of yellow pumpkin blossoms.

Yet the picturesque and the pathetic are hopelessly confused in Mexico. A horde of gaunt, famished curs ran about among the booths, their noses to the ground, searching hungrily for any scrap of refuse. They seemed to belong to no one and they never so much as cast a beseeching glance at persons who were eating; they evidently had no experience in being fed by human hands. A low-browed, heavy-set man, with a great black leather lash, did nothing but steal upon the poor brutes and send the whip curling about their bruised, emaciated bodies. He bore himself with the consciousness of duty well performed, and no one else of high or low degree paid the slightest heed. I regret to say that it is all too common in Mexico to see animals brutally treated. A society for the prevention of such cruelty simply would not know where to begin, there are so many abuses to reform.

Gladly did I turn away from the market to explore the beautiful old church of San Francisco, at the corner of the plaza, with its ruinous monastery and a still older church, small, square, and plain, in the same inclosure.

Somewhere in this pile the bones of Cortes rested for a time. I asked the priest to point out the exact spot, but he answered apologetically that I must excuse him, as he had only lived there two years and so could not inform me. He was a young prelate, almost boyish, and I would not have thought that his residence could date back to 1629, the year when the conqueror's remains were taken away from Texcoco; I only meant that he might have heard about it, but there are some things that it does not seem worth while to try to explain in Mexico, so I gave it up, left the church by a side door, and found myself in the patio of the old monastery, a delightful ancient courtyard, surrounded by a two-story corridor, with crumbling arches which the sun duplicated in brilliant patches on the uneven brick floor.

I was just wishing for a guide, when a little Indian about 8 years old appeared from nowhere in particular. Great melting brown eyes looked up from beneath the brim of his torn sombrero, his smile revealed the whitest of pearly teeth; he wore a white cotton blouse, with the ends knotted in front and baggy white trousers with one leg gathered above his bare, brown knee, the other falling to the ankle. Yes, he knew the place well, and the priest's housekeeper would give him the keys. His name? He was Angelo and my servant. So Angelo conducted me through what seemed miles of echoing corridors, unlocked empty cells where one high, small window led the gaze to heaven instead of earth. We climbed tortuous stairways to roofs and bell towers commanding wide vistas of mountain and plain, with the trim, well-kept little town at our feet, and finally returned to the courtyard of the monastery. Angelo handed me my umbrella and bag, and stood by with modest, downcast glance, awaiting his small fee. I opened the bag to pay him, and discovered—that it contained only 6 cents, instead of about a dollar in small change. That was too much for a Yankee schoolma'am. I pounced on the imp and felt him all over, with the result that certain lumps on his anatomy yielded up my confiscated property. I left him whimpering that his mother gave it to him, while those beautiful brown eyes were brimming with tears of injured innocence.

I visited some other churches, old and stately without, but disappointing within because freshly "renovated." The progressive spirit of the town had involved even the wooden saints, which were so new that the varnish was fairly sticky. I fell to pondering on the recent exodus of old saints and their probable fate. The life of a wooden saint in a Mexican church would seem an existence of utter peace and security, but it is not without its dangers and responsibilities. As he acquires a faded, dusty, venerable appearance which attracts the prayer of the humble, credulous Indians, it behooves him to work a few miracles, and his future is secure. But if (as would be extremely natural for a Mexican saint,) he considers that there is no hurry about miracles, and allows himself to drift into unprofitable shabbiness, he will find himself relegated to inglorious ease in the sacristy, some

dismal day, or he may be turned out of the church altogether. I tell this as a warning to all idle saints.

Cortes used Texcoco as his base of operations against the Aztec capital. Here his flat-bottomed boats, constructed in Tlaxcala, were launched—the exact location at the edge of a cove is marked by a stone monument—and here he dwelt for a time during an enforced exile from the City of Mexico. Surely he must have stood sometimes at this spot, so associated with the toil, stress, danger, and hardship of his supreme achievement, and reflected bitterly on the ingratitude and poor memory of kings.

Three miles from Texcoco is a hill called Tetzcotzingo. As we scramble up the rocky ascent we can make out some remains of terraced walks; higher still we come upon a curious little basin hollowed from the solid rock, evidently a reservoir designed to water the terraces below with a stream brought from distant hills by grades and aqueducts, some portions of which still exist. We drop down to rest on the rocks among the cactus, and look away over the brush-grown slope to the towers of the churches in Texcoco, rising from among the square white houses, and to the shining waters of the lake beyond. It is nearly 500 years since Netzahualcoyotl laid out these terraces and built and planted on this hillside for his pleasure. He banished the desert, but see how the desert has claimed its own again. Yet neither this desert nor the waste of time has obliterated the outlines of his wonderful personality—this hero-chief of Texcoco, who won back against heavy odds his inheritance lost the generation before and, in his ripe, more peaceful days, was statesman, philosopher and poet. But greatest of all was he in this, that he turned away from the horrible religion of human sacrifices to stone idols and, nearly a century before the conquest, worshiped the unknown God of whom no images could be made.

AMANDA MATHEWS.

"FIGHTING BOB'S" NAME.

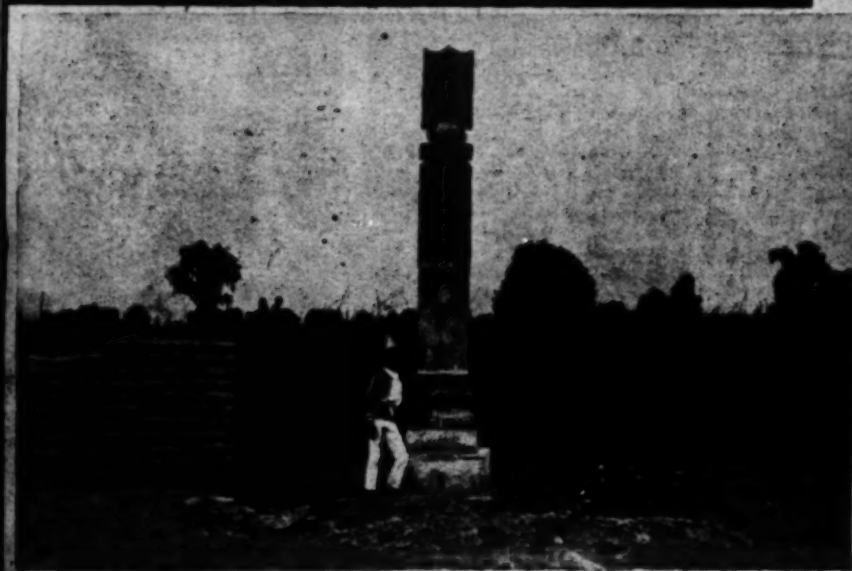
Most persons have an idea that Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans acquired his nickname of "Fighting Bob" from some gallant service in the navy. A naval officer who was a cadet at Annapolis when Evans became a cadet tells this story of how he came to be thus christened: "Along in 1859 and 1860 there was a saloonkeeper named Robert D. Evans, who continually got drunk. Every time this happened, and it was several times a week, five or six policemen had to be called to carry the drunken chap to jail, and he was dubbed 'Fighting Bob.' So the minute a cadet appeared bearing the name of R. D. Evans, the nickname was applied to him. Brother officers of the rear admiral say that he got the luckiest nickname on record."—[Kansas City Journal.]

AT THE LITERARY CLUB.

"With me," said the author, "genius is a raging fever!" "See a doctor at once," said his friend, "and I'll pay for the prescription—kill or cure!"—[Atlanta Constitution.]



Tetzcotzingo Hill



Puente de los Bergantines Texcoco



Ruins of Queen's Bath on Tetzcotzingo

DANISH WEST INDIES.

FACTS ABOUT THE ISLANDS UNCLE SAMUEL IS BUYING.

From a Special Correspondent.

ST. THOMAS (Danish West Indies) March 29.—By acquiring St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix, the three islands which constitute the Danish West Indies, we add about 130 square miles to our growing colonial possessions, get a corner on the bay-rum market, and increase our colored population by some 30,000 more black dependents. If this were all there was to the transaction, it would seem we need not care whether that august body, called the Landsting, away over there in Denmark, ratified the deal or not. But there is a greater significance to the transfer than the mere intrinsic value of the property involved. When we get St. Thomas we get the half-way-house between Europe and South America. It is here the ships plying in that trade put in for coal to feed their hungry engines. Hardly a day passes but one or more of these great carriers of a mighty commerce calls at this port. There are ships going South American way with dry goods from Leeds, Manchester and Birmingham. There are others on the back track with coffee from Brazil and hides from Argentine and beef from Montevideo. Also it is the transfer station for the great Hamburg line—headquarters for the German merchant; a center from which he is radiating with unflagging energy and marked success. The men-of-war of all nations drop here their anchors. Planted squarely on the line which separates the Atlantic Ocean from the Caribbean Sea, it is, strategically speaking, the gateway between the north and south. So it is a not-half-bad idea to have Old Glory hoisted at this vantage point on one of the world's most important highways.

Uncle Sam's Scouts.

During the late war with Spain our southernmost naval station was at Key West, and, not knowing what might be the attitude of some of the powers who held the entire northern boundary of the Caribbean, our statesmen experienced some rather nervous moments in contemplating possible contingencies. As soon as this "recent unpleasantness" was terminated, the United States government began crowding down this way. Every now and then a vigilant, uncommunicative official from Washington would happen along, looking over the field, and after him came detachments of United States marines. They are in Cuba, on both sides of the passage east of Porto Rico, on Crab Island and on Culebra. While it is not his policy to tell about all the things he is doing, as well as his reasons therefor, to a man up a tree it looks as if your crafty Uncle Samuel is fixing his fences so that when the next international rumpus is kicked up in this section, he will have the other fellow on the anxious seat.

The Three Islands.

The island of St. Thomas is about thirteen miles long and three miles wide. It rises out of the water with an abruptness that gives it an exaggerated appearance of

height. Its country population is so sparse and its mountains are so precipitous that there is very little travel through the interior. But its harbor is one of the finest in the world and its life is altogether dependent upon the shipping.

St. John is three miles east of St. Thomas. It is a mere rock supporting less than a thousand people. It formerly had several valuable sugar estates, but when slavery was abolished most of the blacks made their way to St. Thomas to earn their living on the water front. Small boats are its only means of communication with the other islands. Only two steamers have called there in eleven years. One of these was a Dutch man-of-war which ran aground. The whistle of this boat scared the natives so badly that many of them took to their heels. As a precautionary measure against the possible depopulation of the island, visits from other large vessels have not been encouraged.

Santa Cruz, forty miles from St. Thomas, is the largest of the group. It is twenty-three miles long and six miles wide. It has a port on each end connected by a daily stage coach line. It is different from St. Thomas and St. John in that nearly all of its area is suitable for agriculture. It has nearly a hundred sugar estates and produces large quantities of different kinds of tropical fruits.

A Bone of Contention.

During the past, these islands have been a bone of contention over which the various powers have quarreled and fought. The Englishman, the Frenchman, the Spaniard and the Dutchman have all had a try at them, and, they have, in turn, proved to be a millstone about the neck of each. When the flaxen-haired, ruddy-hued Dane is told to pack his trunk he will rejoice. He wants to go back to Denmark. To his credit it must be said that his administration has been an honest one. Under his rule law and order have prevailed, but there has been very little progress. The young men have had to go away from home to look for work, and they have nearly all gone into United States territory. They have seen Porto Rico wake up under the touch of American energy, and their account of it has caused a desire among the people at home to come under the same enlivening influence. Of course there are exceptions; for instance, take the man who has been granted a monopoly on the drug business in St. Thomas for 100 years, to whom the mere mention of a change is as gall and wormwood; or the Hamburg Steamship Company, which opposes so strenuously the transfer that, to prevent it, it offers to pay the entire expense of maintaining the government—a sum amounting to upward of \$900,000 per annum. Also you will find many citizens of various nationalities, who, while admitting that under existing conditions affairs are running at a very low tide, with no possibility of improvement unless there is a change of administration, will tell you that they are content to let well enough alone; that their taxes are small and their property safe, and they would rather have the peaceful, lethargic quiet of Danish rule, than the bustling, nerve-destroying activity that seems to follow everywhere the tireless, restless American. This sentiment is probably the result of tender feet inherited from an ancestry which wore wooden shoes.

Hopes of the Colored People.

The colored people—who constitute about 85 per cent. of the entire population—are very enthusiastic about the

prospect of American rule. They have an exaggerated idea of the privileges and advantages that will come them by the change. At present very few of them vote. The Danish colonial law regulating the right of franchise is very specific. It says:

"The franchise, or right of voting, is vested in every man of unblemished character, who has the right of nativity or who has resided in the Danish West Indies for five years, who has attained the age of 21 years, who has not been legally deprived of the management of his property, and who either owns a property in the municipality that is calculated likely to yield a yearly rent of at least \$75 in St. Croix and St. John, or of at least \$150 in St. Thomas, or in the preceding year has had a clear annual income of \$500. He must, however, have resided at least two years in the municipality, and six months within the elective district in which he sojourns at the time the election takes place, and his name must be on the list of persons entitled to vote."

This law is so sweeping in its effect that only a hundred of the 12,000 inhabitants of St. Thomas are qualified, and the elections are very tame affairs. The light-weight political orator, who poses as the voluntary champion of the down-trodden masses and deluges the land with his florid, spread-eagle oratory whenever we have an election in the United States, is conspicuous by his absence in this country. There are no spoils to reward his eloquence, consequently he has no eye for the needs of his suffering countrymen, nor ear for the voice calling in the wilderness.

Welcome for All.

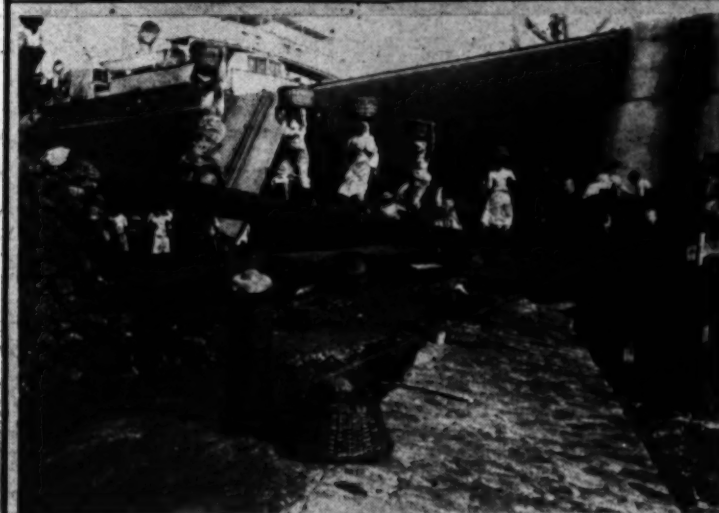
St. Thomas is an interesting place. When a ship pokes its nose into the mouth of the harbor the greater portion of the populace floods immediately to the water front. It may be a grim, ferocious-looking ironclad of the German navy, a bulging French merchantman, or a trim pleasure craft from the United States, but no matter what flag it flies, the visitor is sure of a welcome. In St. Thomas derives its scanty living from the passing craft, and the arrival of any vessel is the signal for rejoicing and a general outpouring. If it is coal that is wanted, a long line of half-naked colored women are soon crowding the gang planks. They carry the fuel on their heads in large baskets and sing and laugh and shout as they work. The coal pours steadily into the hold as the line swings round and round and the task is completed in an incredibly short length of time. The women receive a penny a basket for their labor and earn enough in five or six hours to keep the wolf from the door until the next vessel puts in its appearance. The men are employed in transferring freight, and the passenger who ventures ashore is besieged by an army of small boys who are willing to pilot him about the place for the consideration of a few cents. The town appreciates the fact that its living must come from the outside and it is well organized to get it.

"The Season."

The period from November to March is "the season" in St. Thomas. During this time the shopkeeper reaps his harvest from the tourist, and His Excellency, the Governor, spends the greater portion of his salary in entertaining the distinguished guests who call upon him. The round of entertainments, inspired by the visits of the various warships, constitute a period of gayety which keeps the social element in a whirl of excitement. If the stranger is not allowed to sit with the elect at these cere-



♦ GENERAL VIEW OF CITY AND HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS ♦



♦ COALING A SHIP IN ST. THOMAS ♦



♦ STREET SCENE IN ST. THOMAS ♦

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monious functions, he may find ample entertainment in visiting the various places of interest with which the community abounds. Chief among these attractions is the ancient castle of the infamous Bluebeard, than whom, it is averred, there never lived a more cruel, mercenary, or ungodly tyrant. From his lofty stronghold he was wont to scan the sea for passing prey, and, being in league with the devil, was the invariable portion of all who chanced to pass that way. In his efforts to discover the secrets of eternal life, this inhuman monster brewed the blood of maidens and held high orgy with the evil spirits. It is told that the ghosts of those he so ruthlessly murdered frequent still his long-abandoned haunt, appearing in the uncanny watches of the night and stalking through the gloom with noiseless tread in their ceaseless search for vengeance. For an American quarter the eloquent native will tell this story in a manner calculated to give the unsophisticated tourist the shivers for weeks to come.

The idea of American control of these islands is not of recent origin. The proposition was up for consideration in 1867, but Alaska was purchased that year and our forefathers thought that was sufficient speculation in real estate for them to indulge in at one time. Considering the fact that these islands have been a drain upon the resources of every country that has owned them, the powers are laughing in their sleeves at what they consider a gold-brick purchase. We may have the last laugh, as we did in the case of Alaska. Time alone will tell.

FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

COLLARS AND CHARACTER.

In the frequent proclamation of the man by his apparel, a man's shirt collar takes a very decided part. A man does not clothe his neck with a collar of a particular shape merely because that particular shape suits the conformation of his neck. You see men with long necks who affect collars turned down to their shoulder blades. You also see men of apoplectic diathesis, and with no necks at all to speak of, who strangle themselves in tight all-rounders. Why should the one cultivate an uncalled-for décolleté appearance, and the other exhibit an equally uncalled-for "collared head?" It is their individual way of proclaiming themselves, I take it. You could hardly imagine Mr. Balfour, for instance, in an all-rounder; and Mr. Chamberlain would be unrecognizable in the latest phase of neckwear known as the "Toby" collar. This is an adaptation for children of a larger growth, of the more expansive collar you see displayed over the jacket of a lower form boy. It is much in favor, I observe, with undergraduate youth, and may be taken to proclaim them. M. Rostand and a certain school of French playwrights affect the collar of their grandfathers, who turned down its points over the cascade of a tremendous black satin cravat. For advertisement purposes the Rostand collar may be recommended, no doubt, but it is difficult to conceive that any one would mount it for any other purpose. Still, the ways of collar wearers are not always to be thus explained. At least, when you behold a man seated opposite you at dinner in a collar with the points carefully arranged so as to catch the angle of his jaw whenever he moves his head a hair's breadth out of the straight line, and to bring tears into his eyes, should he happen to disremember, you can hardly suppose that he wears that collar for the purpose of proclaiming himself of weak mind.—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

HISTORY OF THE EARTH.

Prof. Chamberlain of the University of Chicago concludes that the nebular hypothesis of Laplace needs to be replaced or greatly modified. The parent body out of which the earth was evolved had only a limited amount of matter; only a very small proportion of this matter, near the exterior, was possessed of high energy of motion; the central portion had necessarily only low energy. The earth in its early history may be conceived to have been a small body growing gradually by the infall of material from without, and lacking in its early stages an atmosphere. Gradually the accretion of atmosphere permitted the gathering of water vapor and the oceans were in time formed. From this time forward the oceans protected the infalling matter, for decomposition takes place more slowly under water than under free exposure to air. This process continued gave rise to areas of higher specific gravity, and thus the superior specific gravity of regions lying under oceans is explained. From a very early stage volcanic action arose from the excessive generation of heat in the interior through self-compression. Volcanic action affects certain substances more than others and the present distribution of volcanic products is to be explained on these lines. If the temperature of the earth's interior is sufficiently accounted for by compression, then the temperature developed by the infall of matter may have been available for the sustenance of life from a very remote epoch, and the opposing time estimates of geologists and of biologists may be reconciled in this way.—[New York Sun.]

A COMPOSITION ON MAN.

In a school here the children were asked to write an original composition. Here is part of what a little girl wrote:

"Man was made before woman.
"When God looked at Adam He said: 'I think I can do better if I try again,' and he made Eve.
"Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap.
"My papa is so nice that I think he was a little girl when he was a little boy."—[Little Chronicle]

QUALIFIED.

Gas Magnate (to consumer): We understand that you have succeeded in beating the company out of your last month's gas bill by manipulating the meter. The office of president of this corporation at present being vacant, we have sent for you in order to tender you the position. You are evidently the man for the place.
—[Chicago News.]

PROF. LOEB'S WORK.

A REVIEW OF HIS INVESTIGATIONS AS TO LIFE'S SECRET.

By a Special Contributor.

THE fact that Prof. Jacques Loeb, head of the biological department at Chicago University, has reproduced the manifestation of physical life in certain chemical actions and has demonstrated that the source of nerve and muscle stimulus is electrical, means more than was at first realized when the announcement of his discovery was made a few weeks ago. Dr. Loeb did not reveal all of the results of his experiments at that time, neither did he stop his labors when he accomplished the first success. He is not yet willing to lay any claim to having discovered the great secret of what life is, how it begins and why it ends, but he has left it to those who have seen the results of his recent experiments to draw the conclusion that he has arrived very close to the most astounding discovery of the century. Certain it is that a new physiology has been born, and a new pharmacology as well. We shall have to revise our text-books and our systems of treating with drugs.

"There will soon be announced," said Dr. Loeb to the writer a few days ago, "an account of the discovery that enzymes (the elemental forces of life), which do not nominally exist in the human frame, may be actually created. Not by me is this announcement to be made," he added. "The work has been done by another scientist, and I cannot talk about the matter yet. You see, there are others working on these great problems."

Can life be created at will of man? Can a scientist show how to avoid death? Is there a reasonable way of lengthening life? These are questions which everyone asks. Formerly the answer would have been "Impossible!" Now the man in the street is saying, "Possibly," and the biologists who have been watching Dr. Loeb's work are ready to say, "Probably."

At any rate, that is the conclusion to which a study of Dr. Loeb's experiments inevitably leads. Here is a scientist who has already, in a sense, created life. He has taken unfertilized sea urchin eggs, from which, until they are brought into contact with the sperm, no life can develop, and he has, by means of chemical solutions, been able to develop those so that they are living organisms the same as though they had been developed in the ordinary manner. With other solutions, salts and chlorides, and other unfertilized eggs he has accomplished similar results. Other scientists have verified these conclusions by experiments of their own; the result is a matter of scientific history now, and what is called "artificial parthenogenesis" is a fact no longer to be questioned.

Dr. Loeb has gone further than this, however—further than any previous biologist. He has determined that the living organism is protoplasm in a liquid state; that death comes when the protoplasm passes into a more or less solid condition, and that life itself depends on the electrical charges of the protoplasmal particles. It was shown some time ago that poisons acted on the nerves in just this manner—the colloidal substance of which the nerves are composed began to solidify under the action of poison. Here we see the application of the new pharmacology. It is no longer necessary to administer medicines blindly. The exact effect of every drug, every chemical, can be ascertained without difficulty. The body, in illness or health, must be in a certain chemical state, which will be shown by the new methods of diagnosis. Granted that this latter may be accomplished, and it seems now that it will be, it is easy to see how the proper chemicals, or medicines, bearing the proper charges of electricity in themselves, may be used to restore the body to its normal condition. The scientists will have shown us a way to control physical life. This is probably very near to what Prof. Loeb meant when he said that he wished to understand life, to take it in his hands and play with it as he chose.

On what, then, does life depend?

"The present theory," says Dr. Loeb, "is that an electric charge keeps our protoplasm in a liquid condition so as to prevent coagulation. Life depends on the liquid condition of certain parts of our protoplasm; death comes with the coagulation of these parts; and the forces which make the manifestations of life possible are first of all the electric charges of the particles of this protoplasm."

If electricity is at the source of living energy, man's digestive apparatus is to be regarded as a heat producing mechanism. His stomach is a dynamo and his nerves are the connecting media—the telegraph wires—for communication between the different parts of the body and the storage battery in his cranium. His heart is a big, muscular pump, which beats rhythmically, because of the electrical charges produced by chemical changes going on in the body. His lungs are a set of bellows, which suck in oxygen and expel carbonic acid gas for a similar reason. The cranial storage battery is the seat of a mechanical intelligence, which directs the actions of its surface extremities and maintains an electrical equilibrium in the body. We have, then, in ourselves, each an air and liquid pump, a storage battery and a set of wires, all operated by electricity created by chemical changes.

The body has a certain constant charge of electricity when in a normal condition, just as the earth is said to maintain a certain balance electrically, and illness or death comes with a variation of this electrical state. This is, indeed, a new physiology.

The simplest form of life is the single-celled organism—the sea urchin is a good example. It was with this form that Dr. Loeb carried on most of his important experiments at Woods Holl, Mass., and in the Marine Observatory in Naples, Italy. Experiments of this sort were fundamentally important, for all life is simply protoplasm in some form or other. If Dr. Loeb could determine what caused the movements of the little mass

of protoplasm which composes the sea urchin, he could then determine with certainty the causes of the functions of life in many complex cells of living matter.

Few have probably stopped to think what this theory means in its relation to our former beliefs in life, its spiritual creation, its origin and its end. Dr. Loeb has done that which has been puzzling the scientists for a century past—he has linked the inanimate world with the animate.

"Will it not be more difficult," I asked, "to harmonize this conception of life with our present religious beliefs than it was for Darwin's theory of evolution to be finally accepted by the Christian world?"

"I don't want to discuss that," replied Dr. Loeb. "All I can say is that for a long time I puzzled over the forces which rule in the realm of the animate and then I came to the conclusion that these forces were the same as those which ruled the inanimate."

After the theory came the experiments. The biologist reduced conscious life to a material basis by creating conscious life. To be sure, this creation has as yet been done very crudely, but the significance of the result is no less important. Now that he has accomplished the prolonging of the life of the simple-celled sea urchin, and more than that, the creation of life in these forms, he has brought the scientists and the churchmen face to face with the eternal why. The door of the mystery house of creation will probably remain closed to them.

The greatest difficulty of the biologists is to explain the chemical character of life. Much of the phenomena of life can be reproduced in the chemist's laboratory, but, thus far, only at such a high temperature that actual life is impossible. No one could explain why the functions of the body could be carried on at the low temperature at which they now operate.

"For example," says Dr. Loeb, "oxidation, a fundamental principle of life, takes place at a low temperature in the body. The air is inhaled by the lungs and the oxygen taken up by the blood in a very simple manner, but if the chemist attempts to reproduce this, he requires a tremendous heat."

Heretofore, the scientists have been in the habit of attributing this difference in temperatures at which the same chemical changes are brought about in the body and without it, to some mysterious principle or element of life. They called this element the enzyme, a term, says Dr. Loeb, which covers up our present ignorance.

It has been Dr. Loeb's chief labor to discover a way to control the enzymes, and in this study he produced many of nature's processes. He made a platinum in solution or in a very finely-powdered form digest fat the same way as it is digested by the stomach and glands. Likewise the action of bacteria in putrefaction was reproduced by the powdered platinum, and many other living functions were accomplished. Indeed, Dr. Loeb did what his predecessors had failed to do—he initiated much of the most secret life phenomena at the same temperature as that of the body. This is the heart of the wonderful success he has had.

"Our living matter has at least one common quality with solutions of platinum," says Dr. Loeb, "namely, that they are colloidal solutions, that is, liquid substances. I should say that perhaps one of the most important features of the physical construction of living matter is this, that half of our living matter must be in a liquid state, and this liquid state is of the character of colloid solution with the same forces as are in the platinum colloids. What are these forces?"

"Experiments have been made showing the effect of an electrical current in water in which were living cells. These cells, bearing negative charges, move toward the positive electrode. When they come in contact with it they lose their charges of electricity and die. The same thing happens practically with platinum solution. The negatively-charged particles move toward the positive pole, and when they come in contact with it the platinum sinks to the bottom of the jar. It is because of the electric charges that particles of heavy specific gravity like platinum can remain in solution. The particles of any solution treated in this way move toward the poles, and when the electrically-charged particles reach their opposite poles they give up their charges and we have the process of coagulation. This in the living world is death.

"Our life depends upon the electrical condition of our protoplasm. Death is the process of coagulation. So it seems that the chief forces which render these manifestations of life depend upon the electrical condition of our protoplasm and that the force which makes life possible is primarily the electric charge. It would be very one-sided to think that from the electrical point of view all manifestations of life could be explained. In this we must remember that changes in temperature might bring about coagulation. Our study now is the forces which exist in the liquid part of protoplasm."

Are we any nearer the great mystery? Man may create conscious life, play with it, prolong it by chemical or electrical means, and yet, what is it that, back of all, breathes into the organism the consciousness of life itself?

HERBERT WALLACE.

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THE PRESSURE OF LIGHT.

M. Lebedew of Moscow has experimentally demonstrated that the pressure of light agrees with the theoretical determinations of Clerk-Maxwell. Maxwell's theory declares that the combined effects of the electrostatic and electrokinetic tensions give as a resultant a pressure in the direction of the propagation of the wave. He announced that the concentrated rays of an electric lamp falling on a metallic disk delicately suspended in a vacuum might produce an appreciable mechanical effect. The radiometer of Crookes is a device which arose from this suggestion, though its motion is chiefly due to heat. M. Lebedew has eliminated the effect of heat and measured the effect of the light from an arc lamp, and finds, in this very delicate experiment, results that agree within 10 per cent. of Maxwell's theoretical amounts. They show that the pressure is directly proportional to the energy of the light and entirely independent of its color.—[New York Sun.]

FAMOUS OLD CHAIRS.

TRADITION RELATING TO ENGLISH ROYAL RELICS.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, rests the two coronation chairs of England. One is the old chair, with its curious traditions, and upon which every monarch of England has been crowned since the time of Edward I. The other is the so-called new one, although it was made in 1689. The latter was made for Queen Mary, wife of William III, and was modeled after the pattern of the old one. It was last used by Queen Adelaide in 1831, but at the coming coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, it will be used by the Queen, while King Edward will be crowned upon the chair that covers the famous old Stone of Destiny.

The tradition that follows this chair, or rather the stone over which it is built, is a curious one, and makes the chair the most remarkable piece of furniture in the world. Under the seat of the old chair and forming a part of it, is a battered piece of dullish red sandstone, measuring 26 inches long, by 16 inches wide, and 11 inches thick. It is clamped with iron clamps into the

Baruch, or Brek, and a beautiful Hebrew Princess named Tea Tephi, and a stone called "Lia Fall," the "Stone of Destiny."

They placed the stone on the sacred hill of Tara, where it was used at the marriage ceremony of the Princess Tea Tephi. For, be it known, that she was a beautiful Princess, and soon won the heart of King Eochaird II, the Heremon, or Horseman, of Ulster, who willingly agreed to abandon the worship of Baal, and moreover accept the Decalogue and build schools for the Ollams, or teachers. If this charming Princess would become his Queen. She yielded to his appeals and, at her coronation, which took place on the hill of Tara, she was seated upon the stone "Lia Fall" and crowned Queen of Ireland in 587, B. C.

There is a tradition that in Ireland, during the coronation ceremonies, when the kings were seated upon the Stone of Destiny, the stone groaned aloud if the claimant were of royal blood, and remained silent if he were a pretender.

The kings of Ireland were crowned upon this stone as late as A. D. 457, when the stone was removed to Dunstaffnage Castle in Scotland by Feargus More, where it was used for the same purpose.

In A. D. 840 King Kenneth II had it removed to the monastery of Scone, in commemoration of the last battle that was fought there by the Picts. Hence it became the Stone of Scone and Scone became the "sedes principalis" of Scotland until the time of King Edward I in 1297, who, having subdued Scotland, seized the precious relic and carried it as a trophy in triumph to England and placed it in Westminster Abbey.

The oldest writer who tells the legends of the royal stone is William of Rishanger, in A. D. 1292. He describes the coronation of King John Balliol at Scone as follows: "John of Balliol is solemnly crowned at the following feast of St. Andrews, having been placed on the royal stone, which Jacob had placed under his head whilst he was journeying from Beersheba."

Another writer, Joseph Robertson of Edinburgh, says: "It is sufficiently certain that from the beginning of our historical record, about the year 1100, the Scottish kings were inaugurated at Scone by being placed in the royal chair of stone." The geological description of the coronation stone as given by Prof. A. C. Ramsay, is as follows: "The coronation stone consists of a dull reddish or pur-

carries back our thoughts to races and customs now most extinct; a link which unites the throne of England to the traditions of Tara and Iona, and connects the charm of our complex civilization with the fierce mother earth—the rocks and stones of savage nature."

King Edward I, having brought the "Stone of Scone" to England, had a magnificent oak chair made to suit it. The chair was beautifully carved and richly decorated with false jewels, and was further embellished with painting, the artist being the famous Master Walter, one of the artists of the Painted Chamber in Westminster Palace. Today the chair is old and battered. Jewels are gone, the carvings broken, and the painting mere blotches of muddled color. Yet at each coronation, this chair, with its covering of cloth of gold, is moved into the sacristy and the sovereign of England is crowned upon it.

The only occasion upon which it has left the abbey was when Oliver Cromwell was installed in it as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall. At the Treaty of Hampton, the victorious Scots demanded the restoration of Jacob's Stone, together with the regalia and crowns of Scotland. This was consented to by Isaac and Mortimer in the reign of Edward II. The people of London allowed the commissioners to take the regalia and crown jewels, but when they attempted to remove the stone from Westminster Abbey, the people rose in mass and resisted. The excitement and tumult was so great that the stone was left undisturbed in the abbey while the magnificent jewels and rich regalia were taken away undisputed.

H. R. P. FORBES

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

[This poem has just been accepted by King Edward.]

Only a seagull, but a living thing—
A wild, free bird, radiant with love of life,
Full of affection for fair liberty!
Clinging to freedom with tenacity.
A soft gray bird, with dark and lustrous eyes,
Within whose depths the light of instinct shines.
This fair creation of great Nature's hand
Is claimed by fashion to adorn (?) that gear,
Or twisted and misshapen fantasy
Of woman's art, which she has called a hat.
Ye Girls! When will such barbarism die?
O Queen! Speak out and say it must not be.
O King! Safeguard the birds of Britain's isle.
O Parliament of men! Protect their lives,
And save them from the clutch of Fashion's claws.

Once I came on a scene of cruel pain.
A scene the fruit of Fashion's selfishness.
Scudding before the wind in my small skiff,
I entered a lone bay, girt round by rocks.
The home of the wild sea birds. Here I found
Fashion's purveyors busily at work.
Dead birds were floating on the pale-green sea
And birds with broken legs and wings sent screams
Of agony upon the sunlit air.
They pierced me to the heart. On every side
Hell was at work, and demons, slaughtering,
Brought down their victims like a shower of hail.
They struck the water ne'er to rise again;
And all around was blood and misery.
Where hitherto fair Peace had spread her wings.
One poor bird passed me seeking to escape.
A broken wing was dragging by its side,
And both its lustrous eyes were shot away.
Leaving two sightless cavities instead,
From which a stream of red blood flowed apace.
Where could it go to, broken-winged and blind?
Death by starvation was the only fate
Awaiting it if it should get away.
Alas! its fate was one which many shared.
Who managed to evade the pick-up. Round
I turned my skiff, and left the scene of pain,
Which I, alas! had not the power to change;
And yet its memory can never fade,
For it was photographed indelibly
By the deep horror which possessed my soul,
And all this torture, all this misery.
What for? Why, to disgrace a woman's hat.
—[Florence Dixie in London Mail.]

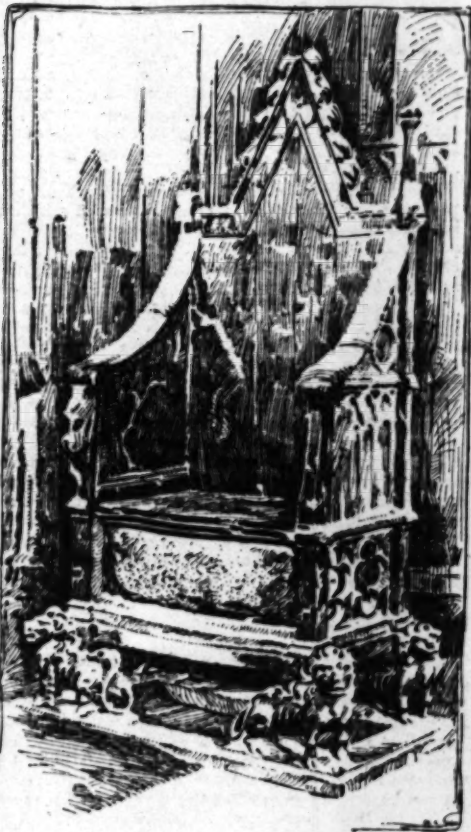
STRANGE NOTICES.

Some correspondents have been making public curious notices which have come to their own knowledge. Among them are the following, which need little comment:

"I kill myself every Tuesday and Friday."
"Take notice when this board is out of site the river is dangerous."
"Widow with large family wants washing by the week."
"Ladies and gents sold and healed; ladies 1s. 6d.; gents 2s. 6d."
"This is the old shop just come from above."
"A large stock of ladies' hose, pure cashmere, to be cleared at 8½d. per pair. They won't last long at this price."
"Abominable belts made to order."
"Sailor's vitals cooked here."
"Why go further and be gulled elsewhere? Step inside."
"Closed for the day owing to funeral of proprietor's wife, and who will carry on as usual tomorrow morning."—[Tit-Bits.]

CAN A MAN SAVE HIS OWN SHIP?

A problem in shipping law has been raised at Yarmouth, where the owner of a trawler has presented a claim to an insurance club for saving his own vessel. Four hands went ashore, leaving only two young hands aboard. When they tried to return the ebb tide prevented them reaching the vessel, and they had to land at the beach. The owner, going down to her, and finding her in what he considered a position of risk, got a man to assist him, and together they brought the trawler back into the harbor. He holds that the insurers should compensate him for saving his own trawler.—[London Globe.]



CORONATION CHAIR.

bottom of the old oak chair, and is a sorry emblem of the power of the Scottish princes, who cherished the stone because of its sacred associations. It is variously called "the Stone of Destiny," "Jacob's Pillow," "Lia Fall," the "Stone of Scone," and the "Coronation Stone." Tradition regarding it dates back to the time of Jacob and Jeremiah. Many persons firmly believe the tradition that identifies this stone as the one upon which the patriarch Jacob rested his head, at Bethel, when he dreamed of the ladder to heaven and the angels ascending and descending upon it is narrated in Genesis xxviii, 21, 22, when he vowed that "if God kept him in the way he was to go, that stone should be God's house." Afterward the stone was converted into a pillar of witness, so the tradition goes, and as it is to be the seal of witness when the pledges God gave Jacob are fulfilled, Jacob carefully preserved the stone, and bequeathed it as an heirloom to his son Joseph.

The stone was known to be in the temple at the time of the Babylonish captivity, 580 B. C. It was "the Eben Sctia" or chief corner-stone of the temple in the sense of testifying to the Jehovah.

Jeremiah, the prophet, was a royal high priest in the temple at this time; hence he knew the value of the stone and became possessed of it and took it with him when he departed for Egypt, where he went, accompanied by his scribe, Baruch, and a remnant of the house of Judah, including King Zedekiah's daughter.

In those days the Phoenicians were great traders and they well knew the way to Great Britain and Ireland. Jeremiah took passage in a trading vessel bound for Ireland, but off the shores of Spain his boat became disabled. The King of Spain, hearing that the ship was richly laden, seized it and appropriated the cargo. He took possession of the sacred stone, but when the ship was repaired and properly caulked, the King of Spain relented and then Jeremiah and Baruch succeeded in regaining the stone, made off with it to the ship and escaped to Ireland.

Irish historians make mention of the arrival, about this time, of a remarkable individual, a prophet and teacher of God, named Ollam Falla, who was, the story goes, no other than the prophet Jeremiah. The annotator says that Ollam Falla had with him a scribe named



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

plish sandstone, with a few small embedded pebbles; one of these is of quartz, and two others of a dark material, the nature of which I was unable to ascertain. They may be Lidian stone. The rock is calcareous, and is of the kind that masons would call 'freestone.' Chisel marks are visible on one or more of its sides. A little mortar was in the sockets in which the iron rings lie, apparently not of very ancient date. To my eye the stone appears as if it had originally been prepared for building purposes, but had never been used."

There was formerly a piece of wood or metal attached to the stone, on which was inscribed the following prophetic couplet:

"If fate go right, where'er this stone be found,
The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be found."
Or as Sir Walter Scott translated it:
"Unless the Fates be faultless grown,
Or prophet's voice be vain,
Where'er is found this sacred stone,
The wanderer's race shall reign."

"It was one of those secular predictions," says Dean Stanley, "of which the fulfillment cannot be questioned. Whether the prophecy was actually inscribed on the stone, may be doubted, though this seems to be implied, and on the lower side is still visible a groove which may have contained it; but the fact that it was circulated and believed as early as the fourteenth century is certain." Dean Stanley further says: "The stone is the one primeval monument which binds together the whole empire. The iron rings, the battered surface, the crack which has all but rent its solid mass asunder, bear witness to its long migration. It is thus imbedded in the heart of the English monarchy—an element of poetic, patriarchal heathen times, which, like Araunah's rocky threshing-floor in the midst of the Temple of Solomon,

SOLOMON'S KLONDIKE.

A FAMOUS EXPLORER TELLS OF HIS VISIT TO THE LAND OF OPHIR.

From a Special Correspondent.

LONDON, April 2.—Dr. Carl Peters, the fierce, resolute little explorer whom Germany has to thank today for most of her East African possessions, is getting ready to go back again to the scene of the battles, triumphs, defeats and discoveries that have made his life for the last eighteen years more exciting than a romance.

He returned from his latest journey in East Africa a few months ago with new proofs of a theory that has been put forward by himself and others—a theory that is of uncommonly popular interest, for it directly concerns the Bible.

Many attempts to interview the tempestuous doctor have been made since he arrived in London, but he has been so busy writing another book and rushing about to dinners that he had no time to talk until this week when by good fortune I got an afternoon with him.

The doctor is a small, fiery man with bristling mustaches and the same sort of cold light-blue eye that distinguishes Kitchener. He has the air of knowing what he wants and of being unable to see any reason why he should not hew his way straight to the goal. According to his own story, that is exactly what he did in South Africa when he first sallied forth in 1884 on his own account, without any particular authority from the German government and spotted all over with German flags a vast region of Central Africa. The natives sometimes got the worst of it, but, as Dr. Peters said yesterday, "those natives hadn't attended the Geneva convention, and if they with 20,000 armed men didn't always follow the exact etiquette of warfare, I with thirty-five armed men couldn't be too particular either."

Bismarck did not altogether approve of the enterprise of this Cecil Rhodes of Germany, but on the other hand, the young Emperor made a personal friend of him and appointed him Imperial High Commissioner of the Kilmantjaro district. The doctor went back to Germany for a time and was a great figure in the Reichstag, where he was supposed to be the personal representative of Emperor William. His opponents drummed up against him some old charges of cruelties to natives, and when they finally got him censured, the doctor shook the dust of the Fatherland from off his feet and came over to live among his old-time enemies, the English, afterward starting off again for Africa to see what he could pick up on his own account.

Little Has Been Said About It.

The battles of his previous trips have covered him over with scars, but this expedition was fairly peaceful, yet it seems to have been one of the most interesting of the lot, although practically nothing has been said about it.

"This time," said Dr. Peters, "I have brought back what I believe to be final proofs that the district between the Zambesi and Sabi, stretching from the Indian Ocean almost as far back as Bechuanaland and including part of Portuguese East Africa and most of Rhodesia, was King Solomon's Klondike. It was likewise the Klondike of the Queen of Sheba and before her day had contributed to the wealth of Egypt. Yet with whole nations getting gold from this wonderful 750,000 square miles in greater or less quantities for 4000 years, apparently only the surface of it has been touched. They could not go below the water level, yet in some of the mines, at least, the farther down you go the richer they get. It is the richest country the world ever knew and I fully believe that its future is to be greater than its past."

It is a wonderful story that has been pieced out step by step. You have to go to it just as Sherlock Holmes did, says the explorer. He got the clue in the first place, other explorers shed new light on it, now the doctor believes he is going to clinch the thing forever, with the facts turned up in this latest expedition. The nature of these proofs as unfolded in the doctor's Park Lane den yesterday would make them rather uninteresting if presented here, but the conclusion is of popular interest. Incidentally, it shows that Arabia, which used to have the reputation of being fairly paved with gold, was a gigantic fraud.

Ethical Land of Ophir.

"So there is no doubt," continued Dr. Peters, after tenderly displaying some of his new proofs, "that this land is none other than the Land of Ophir of the Bible, and also that it was to this country and not to Somaliland, as has been supposed before, that the Egyptians sent an expedition a few years before Moses was born. Their inscriptions tell a good deal about it and speak of their getting copper, among other things, but they couldn't have got copper in Somaliland. The called the country Punt, and there are so many signs that Punt and Ophir are the same that the matter is hardly open to question now. I had supposed at first that this Land of Ophir was discovered by the Egyptians, but now I believe it was in the possession of the Punic tribes when the Egyptians went down there to levy tribute and afterward apparently to establish colonies. It looks to me as if the Egyptians had gone up the Zambesi River and that later on King Solomon approached the district from Sofala, though I can't prove this."

"Long after the Egyptian invasion, the Queen of Sheba, whose country is what we now call Yemen in Arabia, was the mistress of the whole east coast of Africa. Her Sabaeans had annexed this Land of Ophir and made it a tributary colony, and thence came all the great wealth that she had, and that made the gold of Arabia, so much talked about. As a matter of fact, there wasn't any gold in Arabia, except what the Arabian traders brought over from Ophir."

"When the Queen went up overland to see King Solo-

mon, apparently, most of the gifts she took with her came from this treasure land of hers. Now, from my own rendering from the Hebrew and from the outside facts, I should say that there is a lapse of time between the tenth and eleventh verses of the tenth chapter of First Kings, for it appears that it was the Queen of Sheba who told Solomon and his naval ally, Hiram, about the Land of Ophir, and that she provided them with pilots to lead them to this land. One reason for her doing this may have been that she had to keep fighting the natives all the time in order to hold the colony.

Got \$156,000,000 One Trip.

"One can guess at the tremendous amount of gold Solomon and Hiram got from these mines from the estimate based on Bible figures, that on one trip alone they took \$156,000,000, estimating the value by weight by the present ratio. And apparently they made an expedition every three years 'bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes and'—not 'peacocks,' as it says in the King James version, but guinea fowl. All of these things were to be found in the Zambesi country, and not in Arabia or any of the other places where the Land of Ophir was supposed to be."

Anyone can see for himself, in the book of Kings, how Solomon plunged into luxury after he had discovered these gold fields. Apparently, the Jews and Phoenicians kept this gold trade as long as the Jewish empire stood. After them, the Sabaeans kept on working the fields until overrun by the Mohammedans, but since them, not much gold has been taken out. Dr. Peters says the amount of life supported by the fields can be judged from the fact that 75,000 ancient gold workings have been found in this marvelous district, and 500 ruins of cities



DR. CARL PETERS.

and temples, some of them on the Zambesi, dating back as far as 2000 B.C. Dr. Peters believes that the natives of the district show distinct traces of the ancient invasions. The Hottentots, he says, are probably half-castes of the Egyptians and Bushmen, and that the Makalunga came from the Sabaeans and the Bantu tribe, whereas the Zulus are pure Bantu.

"With all this working," said Dr. Peters, "I believe that this territory, which takes in Mashonaland, parts of Matabeleland, Manica, Inyanga, and the whole of the Makombe country, will prove to be by far the richest gold land on the planet. I have also found there silver, copper, white mica, diamonds, almost any mineral, in fact. The ancients had the better of us, though, in one way, for they had slaves. We have to pay for labor."

The explorer says he is going back to continue his exploration of the last three years, to take up new gold mines which he has located, and look after some diamond, tin and copper fields on which he has his eye, and then proceed from Rhodesia in a westerly direction in order to make a study of the Bushmen and the Hottentots. This next expedition will probably last about two years.

Carried His Life in His Hand.

Although the doctor is still on the good side of fifty, and is the son of a Lutheran clergyman, too, he has seen about as much fighting as any man who is not a professional soldier. He has commanded twenty-three combats with natives in Africa, always at the head of his escort, and was the first to beat the savage Masai tribes on the high plateaux east of Lake Victoria. In a night attack on a fortification of the Gallas on the Upper Tana, when he commanded the German Emin Pasha relief expedition in 1889, he was laid low by an assegai, but succeeded in dispersing the tribe. His death was reported and officially confirmed in the German Reichstag, a fact which enables the explorer to possess a big volume of obituaries of himself, which he says he reads whenever he feels blue and wants a little cheering up. He pulled through from that fight in time to get into another with the Massais in the same year. They rushed his expedition in a high forest and managed to corner

the doctor alone. He had shot down seven men and just missed an eighth, who was aiming an assegai at him at a distance of three feet, when a boy attached to the expedition, sent a charge of lead into the native's face. On a number of other occasions he has just managed to escape by the skin of his teeth as it were, besides having been shipwrecked twice and having had to swim for his life on one occasion.

Battle With a Lion.

"I came uncommonly near being killed by a lion on this last trip," said the explorer when pressed for adventures. "When we were in camp near the Lupata, the natives rushed in greatly excited and said that three lions had got into their kraal and knocked out a few of the natives and—worse yet, so I judged from their report—several pigs. It was a mile and a half away, and I went over with some of my expedition. I stationed myself beside a tree and some of the natives went to beat the lions out of the bush. Soon a magnificent animal leaped forth in my direction. I fired and missed, and before I could get a second shot, the lion turned like a flash toward me. He knocked down four natives in his path with one blow of his paw, and in an instant he was on the man who stood beside me, gripping his shoulder and shaking him with great roars. I fired a second bullet into the beast's ribs, rather high, for fear of hitting the man beneath. The lion dropped his victim and turned on me, and for an instant, we stood there eyeing each other, while, beyond, I could see the man who had the rest of my cartridges, running away as fast as he could go. I turned my rifle over ready to fight for my life with the butt when, much to my relief, the wounded lion crawled off into the twelve-foot grass beyond, stopping on his way to deprive a native of the upper part of his thigh with one blow of the paw. The lion was afterward found dead in the bush."

"There is wonderful hunting in that country. Rhinoceros and crocodile are plenty in the Zambesi, and in the valley are elephants, buffaloes and zebras, with a wonderful profusion of birds, guinea fowls, ducks, geese, snipe, flamingoes, pelicans in thousands. In the forest district of the southern Macombe country are lions, leopards, hyenas and jackals, who make traveling dangerous."

CURTIS BROWN.

ONLY ONE WAY IS RIGHT.

"My boy," said Uncle Hiram, once, while giving me advice,

"The saw that doesn't wobble is the one that cuts the ice.

The saw that close applies itself, within its narrow groove,

Will soon or late fulfill its work by keeping on the move. When halfway through, temptation may beset it, like as not,

To leave the place that seemeth hard and seek a thinner spot;

But shifting saws will learn, at length, when failure they invite,

There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!"

"And bear in mind, my boy, through life, if tempted tasks to shirk,

Success is but a second crop, the aftermath of Work.

A lubricator tried and true is Perseverance Oil,

And Fortune's smile is rarely won except by honest toil.

A safe cross-cut to Fame or Wealth has never yet been found,

The men upon the heights today are those who've gone around

The longest way, inspired by the sayin', somewhat trite: There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right."

—[Roy Farrell Green, in Success.

I knew my Uncle Hiram had achievement's summit reached;

I knew him as an honest man who practiced what he preached—

And so I paid the lesson heed, and rapt attention gave,

When, in an added afterthought, he said: "My boy, be brave!"

Act well your part; tenaciously to one straight course adhere;

Though men declare you're in a rut—work on, and never fear;

You'll realize, when you, at length, have reached achievement's height;

There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!"

—[Roy Farrell Green, in Success.

WHEN LATIN WAS USEFUL.

The daily newspapers have presented the public with so full a record of the facts of Lord Dufferin's life that it is not necessary to do more here than give one picture of the man as he lived. This concerns his visit to Iceland, which took place in the year 1859, when, chartering a yacht, he made the voyage to Ultima Thule, which is related in his wonderful book, "Letters from High Latitudes." Going twenty-five years later over the same ground, the present writer found the memory of Lord Dufferin still vivid in the minds of the Icelanders. He had made himself specially agreeable to that simple and hearty people. While on the coast he was able to communicate with them by the use of English, French or German, but when his investigations carried him far inland among the Jokuls of the great desert, which stretches almost from north to south, the difficulty of intercourse became at length very great. This finally reached its climax when at a village north of Thingvellir, the ancient Mount of Laws of Iceland, the villagers, headed by their priest, wished to present an address to their distinguished guest, but knew no modern language except their own. "Speak in Latin," said Lord Dufferin. The priest did so, and in Latin, Lord Dufferin replied, and the priest interpreted to the people and everybody was happy and content.—[Household Words.

APICULTURE.

THE HONEY BUSINESS AND HOW IT IS CONDUCTED IN CALIFORNIA.

By a Special Contributor.

AS IN the case of nearly everything else in California, much of the success or failure of the annual honey crop depends upon the season's rainfall. In a few limited sections, where large fields of alfalfa—subject to irrigation—or other honey-producing plants (such as beans in Ventura county)—are largely grown, there the production of marketable honey resolves itself into about the same proportion as the growing of an orange or lemon crop in irrigable districts. But California produces more honey than any other State in the Union. Greece leads the world in both average production and average consumption of this article, statistics for the past ten years showing that on an average, each and every colony of bees in that country has

world in which the prospective product is more uncertain than this. In fact, the crop is never absolutely safe until it is in the cans ready for shipment.

There are 2000 beekeepers in Southern California, owning not far from one hundred and forty thousand colonies of bees. In Los Angeles county alone are 30,000 swarms in captivity, while from Ventura county north to the British line, there are an unknown number of small beekeepers, the product of whose hives is insignificant, and whose honey seldom reaches the market owing to its poor quality.

In Siskiyou, the most northerly county of this State, twelve tons is considered a good annual yield of honey from 2000 hives of bees. In Southern California, the same number will produce, in an average year, 100 pounds per colony, or 100 tons for the lot. It is surprising in this connection to note that, while Washington, Oregon, Utah, Arizona and Colorado combined produce only about three hundred cars of honey per year, the big and far-eastern State of New York stands next to California as a honey State. We, as a State, produce over five hundred cars in an ordinarily good year, of which Southern California produces 200.

California's honey, especially comb honey, is admittedly the finest produced in America. The bees of

generally eat more syrup than they do honey, the much more of the latter is consumed now than ten or even five years ago.

A good average wholesale price for extracted honey 5 cents per pound, and 8 or 10 cents for comb honey, depends on the degree of clearness of the honey, and flavor, while, as in many other branches, reputation plays a great part in sales. There is an increasing demand for honey products among confectioners and bakers, but the comparatively low price of sugar has forbidden any increase of trade in this direction. A carload of California extracted honey sold to an eastern confectioner recently for 4 1/4 cents per pound. Beeswax is just now worth from 25 to 30 cents a pound, usually about 27. Its principal use is in making of "foundation" or "starters" to be placed in empty frames, so that the bees will build their comb straight. The foundation comes in large sheets, and is run through a machine which covers both sides of the sheet with little hexagonal dents or holes, about sixty-fourth of an inch deep. On this, as a base, the little workers build up their six-sided cells, always making them true and straight when guided by the means. This building of hexagonal cells, the only way by the use of which any space can be entirely filled, is one of the wonders of nature, and I have often thought with a little boy friend of mine, "How did the bees learn to build it so?" But this is not by any means the most interesting phenomenon to be observed in the life of the bee, and there is probably no other animal (or insect) industry which shows the results of care or neglect so quickly than the keeping of bees. As most persons know, there are three sexes among bees—queens, drones (males) and workers (neuters). Of the first-named, one dwells in each hive. When there are more than one, the bees "swarm." Now, it requires 4500 average bees to weigh one pound, and as a healthy colony should weigh (without hive or comb) from ten to twenty pounds, it is evident that there are not far from 50,000 individuals in a colony. Of these, the great majority are workers, a very few are drones, and, as has been said, one is the queen. The queen's fecundity is marvellous, surpassing even that of the ant-queen, and, during the season of honey flow, she deposits 2000 eggs per day. This is necessary to keep pace with the awful mortality prevalent among the workers, whose average life during the summer season is eight weeks at most, and a little more at other times. The life of a drone is uncertain; that of a queen not more than three years when her usefulness becomes impaired and she either dies or is killed by the watchful beekeeper.

Perhaps the largest single apiary in the United States, if not in the world, is that of J. F. McIntyre, located in the hills near Sespe, Ventura county, Cal. There are 500 colonies in this one yard, about four times as large a number as eastern bee men think can be kept profitably at one point. There are many owners of greater number of bees than this in California. Emerson Bros., for instance, have nearly a thousand hives divided among three or four apiaries near Fullerton, Orange county.

Mr. McIntyre's main product is honey made from the black sage, California's most productive wild-honey plant. Mr. Mendleson, another big beekeeper, is also Ventura county man, his largest apiary being near City. He produces large quantities of fancy comb honey—made both from the wild sages of the mountains and from the bean fields of the lower parts of the county. A Mr. Harbison, who brought the first bees to California around the Horn, in 1849, is a resident of San Diego county at present, while Dr. Gallup, whose inventions and improvements in beekeepers' supplies are used all over the world, is living quietly at San Anna.

Bees and beekeepers are not strangers to our desert. On my recent trip into the Death Valley region, I saw numbers of wild bees near the springs and quite a number of well-kept colonies in clean, but old-fashioned hives at one of the ranches where we stopped. Most of their honey came from a big alfalfa lot below the house and was of a pale-straw color, unlike the limpid whiteness of our local mountain honey. A canard has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that machine has at last been invented which makes a comb, fills it with glucose, or honey—as the case may be—and seals it over with wax. Although the absurdity of such a report is apparent, so much damage has been done to the beemen of the eastern States that a thoroughly reliable firm of honey dealers has posted a reward of \$1000 for an authentic piece of manufacturing comb honey.

Hitherto there has been a lack of unity, not only among the apiculturists of the United States in general, but among the two thousand or so engaged in the same pursuit in Southern California as well, but just at present the ample prospects of an excellent year seem to be bringing them all closer together. As a result, plans are on foot for the building up of an organization to be known as the Southern California Honey Producers' Association. In fact, the Secretary of State at Sacramento has already granted them a charter.

HARRY H. DUNN.

AGE OF THE BRASS BAND.

"As antiquities go nowadays, the brass band is a very ancient institution. That is to say, its inventor died in 1844 at the age of 80. There were horns before Adolph Sax, to be sure, but not such horns as we have now, so they could not play every tune in every key. They could not even play a scale in any key. The very first band entirely of brass was organized in 1835, and I doubt any of the instruments then used could be played up to modern musicians without special practice. It is 119 years back to 1783, when a full regimental band, the British army consisted of two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons. It must have sounded even funnier than Tennyson's famous combination of 'flute, violin and bassoon.'

Note that the modern bands of forty-two pieces have half as many oboes and bassoons as the ancient band of eight pieces, seven times as many clarinets and ten times as many horns, to say nothing of the saxophones which are part clarinet and part horn."—[Harvey Swerland in *Almanac*.]



A Californian Apiarist and His Fancy Honey-Comb



Apiary of W.H. Mendleson, Ventura

produced one hundred pounds of honey for each and every season; beyond this, the average consumption of honey in Greece is fifty pounds per individual per year. In England only one-half pound per individual is eaten, while in the United States each one of us is supposed to eat one pound. Residents of almost all the Mediterranean countries are large honey-eaters, probably owing to the prevalence of wild bees in those countries.

A good season in Southern California will yield five tons of honey to every 100 colonies of bees, provided they are well located and cared for. Northern California amounts to but little from the apiarist's standpoint, owing to the prevalence of cold rains and heavy fogs; hence, the principal apiaries and most advanced students of this industry are found in the thirteen southern counties embraced by The Times in its recent delineation of what constitutes "Southern California." A prominent beekeeper of Los Angeles gives me, as his bona-fide estimate of this section's production for the coming season, 250 carloads. Yet there is no industry in the

Switzerland make the finest honey in the world. They are scattered among the petty land owners of the little mountain republic to the number of 510 colonies to every thousand people. Their production of honey is low, however—only thirty pounds to the colony annually, while, according to government statistics, each "freedom-loving Swiss" gets away with thirty-six pounds of honey during the same length of time. The Swiss government has been looking into the honey industry at home, and has issued some very interesting reports upon the keeping of bees as a money-making proposition. The Department of Agriculture at Washington is also beginning to notice the advances which have been made along this line during the past decade.

If this year proves a successful one, it will be the first time in a quarter of a century when one good year was followed by another. Last year was a fairly productive season for the beekeepers, though by no means up to 1896, when Southern California alone shipped out 500 carloads. Such shipment is, of course, in excess of the home consumption. The people of the Pacific Coast

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RACHEL ADAMS.

A STORY FROM THE TIME OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

By a Special Contributor.

IT WAS shortly after the battle of Princeton, in the year 1777, and Washington and his band of patriots had made themselves safe in the rugged hills of New Jersey.

Nearly a score of miles from where the American army lay, secure and jubilant over its recent brilliant victories, on a wooded ridge that overlooked a fertile valley, stood the unpretentious cottage of Mrs. Adams. She was the widow of Joseph Adams, a valiant patriot, who had given up his life for independence early in the struggle. Here the Widow Adams and her daughter, Rachel, a lovely girl of 18, with dark eyes and cheeks like the wild rose, lived alone, depending for a livelihood on the few tillable acres that they owned below the ridge.

No firmer, more loyal patriots lived in the colonies than Mrs. Adams and Rachel, and although they felt their bereavement deeply, their courage was of too high an order to yield to despair, or make them condemn the cause which had taken away their protector.

Charles Rigdon, whose father's well-cultivated lands lay just across the little river from Mrs. Adams's cottage, would gladly have done all in his power to alleviate the troubles of Rachel and her mother. Young Rigdon and Rachel had grown up together from childhood. Later, this early friendship of the boy and girl had ripened into a warmer feeling on the side of the young man. Rachel, however, could not reciprocate his passion. He urged his attentions upon her, but with no success. Indeed, he annoyed her not a little, and only the esteem in which she held their childhood's kindly feeling prevented her from dismissing him in such a way that he would not be likely to return. In those times friends meant a great deal to two lonely women, and Rachel disliked heartily to hurt Charles Rigdon's feelings. The time came sooner than she wished, however, when she was forced to speak very plainly to him.

The gray gloaming of a cheerless winter evening was falling over the ridge. The wind piped weirdly down the woody slope. Rachel Adams, enveloped in an old plaid shawl, was penning her chickens up for the night. Suddenly a young man rode up the slope and reined in before the little rock poultry shed.

Springing to the ground, he approached Rachel and tried to throw an arm around her waist, as she leaned forward to adjust the door. With flashing eyes she drew back.

"How dare you take such a liberty with me, Mr. Rigdon!" she cried, a sting of anger in her tones.

The young man's face flushed, and his voice shook with the force of his passion. "Is it possible, Rachel, that I have made a mistake in the regard with which I was pleased to believe you favored me?"

"If you believed my feelings for you were other than merely friendly, you have, indeed, made a mistake," she answered, slowly retreating from him as he advanced. "Some one else has come between us," he declared, his eyes flashing with a gleam of jealousy.

The girl was silent, but the rich crimson that flooded her cheeks told him someone else held the supreme place in her heart. He had feared this; but had been hoping to get ahead of his patriotic rival.

"It's that Lieut. Woodard, with his constant trailing about the colonies after his fanatical leader, Washington, that has won you," he cried hotly.

The girl drew herself up proudly, and answered as warmly:

"Gen. Washington and Lieut. Woodard are brave, noble men, far too good to have their names even spoken by a Tory sympathizer."

Charles Rigdon winced visibly under the force of her retort. By a great effort he controlled his rising anger, and in a changed tone, said, entreatingly: "Rachel, let us not quarrel. Be my wife, won't you?"

"No, Charles. My father fought and died a patriot. His child will never marry a man whose sympathies are not in accord with principles which he upheld," she answered firmly.

"Your mind is tainted with this foolish patriot business," Rigdon said, with a darkening brow. "You love one who runs after these misguided Whigs. I'll find a way to pay him up with compound interest for winning you from me, and humble your haughty spirit, too, Rachel Adams!"

He looked into her beautiful face one second, then, with an exclamation of anger, vaulted into his saddle and rode away down the ridge.

Lieut. Harry Woodard, an officer in the colonial service, was a brave, handsome young fellow, whose gentle, manly qualities endeared him to all who knew him intimately. Left an orphan when very young, he had been raised by his grandparents, who lived about seven miles distant from the Adams's cottage. It had been Harry Woodard's mission to bring Rachel and her mother the sad tidings of the fall of Mr. Adams. It had almost crushed them, but the young officer's kindness and gentle consideration during that event and the trying period which followed had quite won the motherly esteem of the widow and the heart of the daughter.

Almost a week went by in which Charles Rigdon did not once put in an appearance. But Rachel, occupied in knitting warm stockings to send to Washington's loyal soldiers, did not miss him. Since the struggle for independence had actively begun, the two families had somewhat drifted apart. Charles was the only member who had tried to maintain the old relations of friendship. Rachel did not regard his threat as anything serious, and had nearly forgotten their stormy parting. She was sorry to have offended Charles, but she was secretly glad to be rid of his annoying attentions.

A chill, stormy day was drawing to a close. Rachel

stood at the window of their little kitchen and watched the scattering descent of snowflakes. She was thinking of the patriot army up in the hills, and wondering if there was plenty of food and clothing for all.

Suddenly four horsemen galloped up and drew rein at the little rack of fodder where the cow was feeding. The girl saw at a glance that they were British soldiers, and her heart swelled with vexation. Hitching their horses where they would be as little exposed to the storm as possible, the British troopers strode boldly into the kitchen and took seats before the fireplace, where a log was burning cheerfully.

They were coarse-faced men, and their rude stares and evident lack of respect for the defenseless condition of the women made Mrs. Adams and Rachel shrink away in apprehension.

"It's beastly weather out," remarked the leader, stamping the snow and mud from his large boots on the clean hearth. "Here, pretty wench, you and the old dame fly around and get us some supper," he said, leering at Rachel. "Hurry up!" he continued; "we've work before us tonight, and we need bracing up."

With as good grace as was possible to assume, under the circumstances, the mother and daughter prepared supper for their unbidden guests. As the four soldiers seated themselves around the table, the leader said: "We'll excuse you now, ladies, as we have some private affairs to discuss."

Only too thankful to get away from the presence of the troops, Mrs. Adams and Rachel mounted a little ladder that conducted them to a small room directly over the kitchen.

Scarcely had they gained their retreat when the sound of a horseman coming up the rocky ridge-road fell on their ears. From a small window Rachel watched the newcomer dismount and come toward the cottage. There was something familiar in the man's gait, and, disguised as he was, she was not slow in identifying him.

"It's Charles Rigdon, mother," she whispered. "I fear they are brewing some vile plot."

"It may be, child."

"Mother," said the girl, "I am going down the ladder and play spy."

"If you should be discovered!"

"I shall not be. Don't worry, mother."

So saying, Rachel descended the ladder to the narrow hallway below, and noiselessly entered a little clothes closet adjoining the kitchen. The table where the British soldiers sat was just the other side of the thin partition where the girl crouched. By inclining her ear she could distinctly catch every word of their conversation.

"Good!" cried the leader. "Cornwallis would give a good deal to learn the exact plans of that old American fox. The young officer can give us all the information we want, even if we have to torture it out of him. But how did you manage the business?"

"Easy enough. I've been watching Lieut. Woodard's movements quite closely. Well, today he was visiting his grandparents on the sly. I've just come from him. In my disguise, I took him a false message from the widow here, whom I reported very ill and desirous of seeing him tonight. The lieutenant is dead in love with the girl, and promised he would come just as soon as he could break away from his grandfather, who is very feeble. He'll be here in the course of an hour and a half. Have the men take the horses into the wood and secrete them. If left at the fodder, they would surely arouse some suspicion. We must arrange things so he will walk unsuspectingly right into the trap."

Rachel Adams waited to hear no more. She crept noiselessly back up the ladder and reported to her mother what she had overheard.

"It is, indeed, a wicked plot," said Mrs. Adams. "But we are powerless to give warning."

"No, I am going to outwit Rigdon; see if I don't!" she said in an excited whisper, her eyes flashing resolutely.

"But what can you do?"

"I can go up the Morristown road, meet Lieut. Woodard, and tell him."

"But the danger of discovery, my child?"

"Mother, am I not a patriot's daughter? It is to save a noble patriot that I must go. Fear not for me."

Wrapping herself in a mantle and nubia, Rachel Adams kissed her mother, and, quietly descending the ladder, let herself out at a small back window at a remote quarter from the kitchen. The darkness of night, semi-stormy, enwrapped the woody ridge. Rachel crept silently around the cottage, and threw herself behind some dense currant bushes just in time to escape three of the troopers, who came out to remove the horses.

She followed them at a safe distance, and located the place where they secreted the horses. As soon as the soldiers returned to the cottage, she hurried forward, selected Rigdon's horse, and untied him. The horse knew her. Rigdon had often allowed her to ride him, when they were better friends. The horse was one of the best in the country, and she knew if she could get a good start, she could defy all pursuers.

Climbing into the saddle, she rode away down the ridge toward the Morristown road. The storminess of the night was increasing. The chill air made her shiver and caused her to draw her mantle closer around her. But undaunted by snow and wind, she rode on, brave in her purpose to meet and warn Lieut. Woodard of the trap laid to capture him.

At the foot of the ridge she took the road by which she knew Woodard must come to reach her mother's cottage. She was just congratulating herself on having stolen away without being discovered, when suddenly the steady stroke of horses' hoofs striking the hard, frozen road behind her, told that her flight was known and that pursuers were on her track.

Like a frightened bird, she sped along through the night and storm, the noble horse of the man whom she was outwitting never once offering to slacken his swift pace.

The sounds of her pursuers reached her more distinctly every minute, and despite the speed at which

Rigdon's matchless animal was whirling her along over the wooded road, Rachel felt sure that her enemies were gaining ground.

Another mile was rapidly passed over. The enemy was certainly nearer than before. Did Fate intend to deal cruelly with her and let those troopers overtake her? Must the man whom she loved fall into the hands of those rough soldiers who would not scruple to subject him to the most unkind treatment in order to accomplish their designs?

"He shall not be taken! On, good Brutus!" she cried, not heeding the numbness of her chilled hands.

Brutus sprang forward at the girl's command, and she felt new courage enter her breast as she was carried swiftly along past the trees whose gaunt limbs stretched across her path and almost swept her from the saddle. They were silent foes, trying to bar her progress, and her spirit rose afresh with the necessity of dodging their blows and fighting her way through.

Brutus had just carried her safely across the ford of the stream that wound its course along the ridgeside, when a horseman galloped up rapidly from an opposite direction, and reined in before her. The newcomer grasped her bridle-rein with one firm hand, while she heard the ominous click of a revolver in the other.

In her sudden terror the girl believed that she had fallen into the power of one of Rigdon's allies, stationed there to act as spy at the ford. Her brave heart had almost yielded to despair, when a familiar voice demanded:

"Who comes here?"

"Oh, Lieut. Woodard!"

"Rachel!"

The next moment her chilled, fluttering little hands were held firmly in his warm ones, while he listened to her rapid account of the occasion of her brave ride to save him.

Riding back to his grandparents' comfortable dwelling as quickly as possible, Lieut. Woodard found the three American troopers sent to him as an escort by Gen. Washington.

Leaving Rachel in his grandmother's care, the young officer and his escort had a gay time of it, chasing the British soldiers down the road and beyond Mrs. Adams's cottage.

Mrs. Adams, seated behind Lieut. Woodard, was then taken to Rachel. Rigdon was severely punished for the revenge he had planned to take. He was thrown violently from the trooper's horse that he was riding in pursuit of the girl who had fearlessly outwitted him, and was made a cripple for life.

Acting upon the urgent request of Woodard's grandparents, Mrs. Adams and Rachel made their home with them during the rest of the revolution. Lieut. Woodard was highly pleased over this arrangement, and when he retired from the Continental Army, covered with a patriot's honors, he was successful in persuading Rachel to stay in the old ridgeside home always as his happy helpmate.

AD. H. GIBSON.

VACCINATING A DOG'S EAR.

NEW YORK SOCIETY WOMEN'S PETS PROTECTED FROM SMALLPOX.

[New York Journal:] The Westminster Kennel Club dog show will exhibit 2366 "bow-wows" of the 400 next week at Madison Square Garden, and, in accord with the latest society fad, the majority of the canines will be vaccinated against smallpox, distemper and other contagious diseases to which the barkers are heir.

The number of exhibits establishes a new record for bench shows in this country. The entries include 118 pointers, 200 sporting spaniels, 159 bulldogs, 125 bull terriers, 215 Boston terriers, 136 beagles, 160 fox terriers. There are 43 old English sheep dogs, as compared with 7 a year ago.

Among the bull terriers will be William Sullivan's Booker, who has a reputation for saving lives in Broadway.

The man who has furnished the vaccination fad to New York's 400 is Dr. T. Delaney, a veterinary surgeon of No. 200 West Fifty-fourth street. Within the last few days Dr. Delaney has vaccinated nearly three hundred dogs, and his number of calls is increasing daily.

For the last seven years Dr. Delaney has been experimenting upon a theory, original with him, that a virus could be found which would make dogs immune from contagious diseases, just as human beings are protected from smallpox.

Recently he has perfected his discovery. In a number of test cases, where dogs after being vaccinated have been exposed to contagion from virulent cases of distemper and other diseases, he has not had a single failure.

It is almost an hourly occurrence for a handsome carriage to drive up in front of Dr. Delaney's office and for a society woman to alight with her high-bred pet in her arms.

The dogs are vaccinated inside their ears, so that it will be impossible for them to irritate the wound by scraping the scab that forms. The tiniest prick of a surgeon's scalpel is all that is necessary.

TWILIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

There is a widespread popular notion that twilight in the tropics is very bright and that daylight is almost immediately succeeded by night. Twilight lasts until the sun is about 18 deg. below the horizon, and even in the tropics it requires more than an hour for the sun to reach this depression. Prof. Bailey of the Harvard College observatory station at Arequipa, in Peru, has lately printed observations bearing on the point in question, as follows:

On Sunday, June 25, 1899, the sun set at 5:30 p.m. local time. At 6 he could read ordinary print with perfect ease. At 6:30 time could be told from a watch face. Until 6:55 p.m. (nearly an hour and a half after sunset) the shadow of an opaque body on a white surface was still visible. Similar observations were made at another tropical station on August 27, with like results. Coarse print could still be read forty-seven minutes after sunset.—[New York Sun.]

Stories of the Firing Line * Animal Stories.

A Story of Lincoln.

IT WAS during the rapid collapse of the Southern Confederacy that the interesting incident I am about to relate occurred, but which I have never seen in print.

I think it was on the receipt in Washington of the news of the fall of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, around which so many battles had been fought.

As the news was circulated throughout the city the people went wild with joy. Stores were closed and nearly all business, both public and private, was abandoned, and crowds gathered on the streets of the city, shouting and cheering, and individually offering congratulations to each other.

A sudden impulse seemed to spread through the excited crowds as if by magic to go to the White House and congratulate the President on the signal victory, and the happy populace wended its way in that direction, gathering as it went, whatever flags, etc., it could find along the route to enliven the occasion, and, when the immense concourse had gathered in front of the White House, it found a military band (probably the Marine band) was there.

The great crowd cheered and the band played national airs and war melodies, and the President was called for.

He at once appeared at the main entrance and stepped out to the front of the portico, looking happier than at any time during the four long years of war and strife, and addressed the countless throng before him.

He made no attempt at oratory, but talked to the assemblage in his well-known, kindly manner.

The thing most remarkable about his address was that not one word of exultation was uttered by him in that hour of triumph. On the contrary, he referred to the enemy as "Our erring brethren across the way," and closed his remarks substantially as follows:

"The band we have with us has rendered many beautiful airs, but there is one tune which has ever been a great favorite of mine that it did not play, and, by right of conquest, I think it now properly belongs to us. I refer to 'Dixie.' Will the leader of the band favor us with 'Dixie'?"

Of course, the request was complied with, and I don't believe "Dixie" has been played before or since as it was on that occasion, and when the last note had been given a mighty cheer went up from that vast concourse of happy people, which could be heard for miles around, and then and there "Dixie" was christened by the lamented Lincoln as one of our national airs and adopted by the people assembled there.

Why not go further now and have it recognized all over our country, thus paying a compliment to both Lincoln and the South?—[H. H. Twombly in Washington Times.

Bravest Act He Ever Saw.

ONE OF the bravest acts I have ever seen was at the battle of New Hope Church, Georgia, on May 27, 1864. Maj. John M. Farquhar, at present a member of the Industrial Committee appointed by President McKinley, was the man whose act seems to me worthy to be set down beside any history has ever recorded.

At that time Maj. Farquhar was provost marshal of the Third Division of the Fourth Army Corps of the Army of the Cumberland. He was detailed by Gen. Thomas J. Wood, commanding the Third Division, to carry an order to the colonel of the Thirty-second Indiana Volunteer Infantry.

He started to execute the order, but found the way so obstructed by Confederate forces that he could not get through except by making a wide detour. To do this meant defeating the plan of the commanding general.

There was little time for him to think. The dispatch was in his hands; he was responsible for its safe delivery. Failure meant defeat. Maj. Farquhar realized these things as only a soldier can.

In front of him stretched the wall of the Confederate breastworks. The long detour which assured his own personal safety meant a dangerous delay in the delivery of the order. In a moment his mind was made up. Without an instant's hesitation he urged his horse up the side of the breastworks, and under the fire of ten thousand muskets used the top for a bridge path for a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards, until he found a place where he could continue his journey without danger of being again halted or hindered.

Mental, moral and physical bravery were required to accomplish what Maj. Farquhar did. He never lost his mental balance, else he would not have been so quick to think of a way out of the difficulty. The knowledge of the responsibility placed on his shoulders made him morally brave. As for the physical danger, no man could dare more than riding over a hundred yards under fire on the top of the enemy's breastworks.

Maj. Farquhar represented a Buffalo district in Congress for several terms.

Under all circumstances he has been found quite as brave as when under the fire of ten thousand muskets in the hands of Confederate veterans.—[Col. William F. Cody in Washington Times.

Staff Officer as Sherlock Holmes.

WE WERE hot after Dewet in the Cape Colony, and there seemed to be some doubt as to whether we were on the track of the main body, or whether the wily Boer had detached a small party to lead us off his track. Every farmhouse we passed told the same story—no Boers had passed as far as the owner knew.

It was a straightforward answer given in every case,

and the fact that the farmers' forage was in every case untouched gave some sort of credence to the story. At last we came to a farm, and the staff officer rode up to the stoep and made the usual inquiry. No; no Boers had passed nor stopped at the farm. The staff officer picked up something from the ground and examined it for a moment.

"Have you any peaches?" he asked at length. Yes, the farmer had some peaches, and quickly produced some, very glad to be of service to the officer and happy to supply his needs. "Do you have a good crop of peaches every year?" was the next question. "Not such a good crop," was the reply, the farmer by no means sorry to get off the embarrassing question of the passage of Boers and on to the less dangerous topic of horticulture. "Do you eat many yourself?" was the next question. No, they were all prepared for market.

The officer thought awhile, then said to the astonished farmer, "Last night a large body of Boers came to your house and asked for food. You had none, but you entertained them as well as you could with the best you had to offer."

The farmer for a time protested his innocence, but eventually admitted that something of the sort had occurred. Asked afterward how he had arrived at the truth of the story, the staff officer pointed to some over-ripe peaches which had been bitten through and thrown away, and to a perfect litter of peach stones in front of the farmer's stoep.—[Edgar Wallace in London Mail.

The Dust Saved Washington City.

"DID I ever tell you how clouds of dust once saved Washington city from what many people believe would have been certain capture at the hands of the Confederates?" asked a member of the old Veterans' Reserve Corps, which was on duty at Fort Stevens during the war, to a crowd of companions in a downtown hotel the other day. No one in the assemblage had heard the story, and so the veteran continued:

"It was when the army of Northern Virginia was just outside the capital city. You may remember that Gen. Early, who was in command of this particular division of the Confederate forces, in writing to refute statements published in Northern papers to the effect that he could easily have marched into Washington, said: 'I knew the defenses were weak when I arrived, but my troops were so exhausted from the enforced march that a halt was absolutely necessary, and the next morning I knew by clouds of dust that reinforcements had arrived.'"

"That dust, gentlemen, was raised by a few men, not exceeding one hundred, of the Veteran Reserve Corps. The temporary commander of this company, a stout man of medium height, whose name or rank I did not learn, because he wore no blouse or insignia, placed the men in line in the rear of and between Fort Stevens and Fort Slocum. After making a short speech, in which he urged every man to do his best, he directed us to march down some distance on the grass past Fort Stevens. Once there, he told us to break ranks and right about, returning in the middle of the main road and kicking up all the dust we possibly could. We doubled on the line, marching down on the grass and coming back in the dusty road. It was a dry season, and we all had on broad-soled shoes. We made the dust fly, I tell you, and it is no wonder Gen. Early thought reinforcements by the thousands had come to the relief of the handful on duty at the forts."—[Washington Star.

ANIMAL STORIES.

His Dog Helped Him Out.

CARL E. TRAUTMAN, whose drug store is on the ground floor of an apartment house in Jersey City, was held up in his store by three men who carried revolvers. An intelligent English setter dog that attacked one of the men saved Trautman from robbery.

Trautman was behind his prescription counter, reading, when the three men entered. As he stepped behind a sales counter to attend to his supposed customers, he looked into the muzzle of a revolver.

"Throw up your hands," demanded the man behind the pistol. Trautman's hands went up with alacrity, but his mouth opened also and he yelled.

"Stop that noise," commanded the leader of the trio. Trautman was silent before the pistol. One of the other men was making his way behind the counter where the money drawer was, while the third man stood at the door on guard.

Trautman's yell had awakened his setter, and the dog bounded into the store from a rear room. The dog jumped upon the man behind the counter, as he was about to pull out the money drawer, and the dog's teeth were fastened in his trousers.

There was a struggle between the man and the dog and Trautman took advantage of the fact that the eyes of the leader of the burglars were no longer on him and he was no longer covered by the revolver. He gave a series of yells that would have done credit to a Comanche. At this the dog released his hold on the burglar and began to bark.

The tenants of the apartments upstairs were aroused and feet were heard on the stairway.

"It's all up," shouted the man at the door, as he ran out. The second man followed, rubbing that portion of his anatomy where the dog's teeth had been, while the leader remained for a few seconds, again covering Trautman with his revolver until his comrades got away. Then he ran after them.

The police were notified and the reserves turned out

and a search made through the precinct, but no trace could be found of the men.—[New York Evening Sun.

A Trained Bantam.

"PUNCH" is an intelligent, belligerent and noble bantam rooster, and he belongs to Mildred Brown. Mildred is an Armourdale (Kan.) girl, and lives with her grandfather, J. M. Enoch, on Kansas avenue. She has raised "Punch" from the time he was a fluffy chicken which could sleep in a teacup until now, full grown, he would have difficulty in roosting in a quart measure. Mildred has devoted some attention to the education of "Punch," and she is as fond of him as he is of "Judy," the little brown hen which was given him for company a few months ago. "Punch's" special accomplishments show great intelligence and careful training.

"Punch; here, Punch," Mildred calls, and the bantam trots up to her from a neighbor's flower garden or from behind the barn, followed by "Judy." He flies up and alights on Mildred's outstretched hand at her commands.

"Now, crow," she says, and away the bantam goes, straining and twisting his little body, splitting the air with his diminutive "crk-cr-k-cr-k-cr-krrr."

"Crow once more," and again he lets out his voice, while "Judy" looks up admiringly.

"Now we'll have a boxing match," says Mildred, as she places "Punch" in position at his corner of an improvised ring. "Punch's" favorite antagonist is Mildred's grandfather, and as Mr. Enoch makes passes at the little fellow he defends himself with beak and claws, pecking at the veins and cords of the hand, making passes, feints, undercuts and hooks with his feet. "Punch" never tires of this game, and he plays it with the utmost good nature.—[Kansas City Star.

Monkey Got the Jam.

A SWEET little story concerning a pet monkey and a pot of jam is vouched for by a Johns Hopkins University man now residing on McCulloch street.

It was in the country and all on a summer's day that the family monkey was seen scudding homeward literally drenched in raspberry jam. He was pursued by an irate neighbor with uplifted broom, but once safe on the home plot he swung himself lightly into the nearest tree and peacefully listened to her tale of wrong.

It seems the neighbor had some hours before been making jam, a great bowl of which sat cooling on a table beneath the trees. This the monkey spied, but had scarcely started liberally helping himself to it when he was discovered. With loud outcry and the broom the lady started toward him, when the mischievous beast, knowing his minutes were numbered, hastily overturned the bowl on the table. Then, rolling himself joyously in it several times from head to heels, he scampered beyond her reach. During the recital of her woe, and, in fact, for the remainder of the day, the monkey sat scooping the sweetmeat from his body and licking his paws with glee.—[Baltimore Sun.

Wise Old Goat.

FARMER WAINWRIGHT of Cascade has a pet goat and a pet puppy that are great friends. Together they ramble through the neighborhood during the goat's spare moments, when there are no oyster cans, door scrapers and other edibles for it to nibble.

The singular behavior of the goat Sunday afternoon attracted the attention of the farmers. It ran to and fro, bleating piteously, and seemed half distracted. Some one suggested that the animal should be followed. The goat seemed to appreciate the fact that it was understood, and led the way to the rear of the yard, where the puppy was found in a pit ten feet deep, almost in its last struggles.

The puppy was rescued and restored to the goat, which greeted it with fond caresses and bleated its thanks to the rescuers.—[Susquehanna (Pa.) Correspondence New York Sun.

The Pigeon Knocked.

AT AN early hour yesterday morning John L. Lague of Stettinius avenue, East Walnut Hills, was roused from his slumbers as was Poe by his famous "Raven," by a persistent tapping of a carrier pigeon at his chamber window. The tap had the sound of large-sized hailstones beating against the glass. The continued tapping and a flutter caused Mr. Lague to go to the window. He saw a large and beautiful carrier pigeon standing on the window ledge.

When he opened the window, the bird, without the least timidity, stepped into the room and permitted Mr. Lague to take it up in his hands without the least objection.

Upon examination, the pigeon had a small metal band round the right foot, bearing the registered mark, "T 18, 815."

The bird has the appearance of having flown a long distance, as it was very tired. The pigeon will be kept by Mr. Lague until the owner claims it, if he can be found.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

The St. Bernards at Work.

THE military authorities in Bavaria are employing specially trained dogs to carry letters and provisions to the snowed-up garrisons among the Bavarian Alps. These dogs are of the St. Bernard breed. The mountain garrisons are often snowed in three or four weeks at a time, cut off from all communication with the outside world. A regular bi-weekly post has been established, ten dogs traveling together. All provisions of a heavy kind are in store in the garrisons, but lighter delicacies are often lacking, and these, together with letters, are carried round the dogs' necks.

When the snow is frozen hard enough six dogs are hitched to a small car piled with things. The authorities on the whole are satisfied with their experiment.—[New York World.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Took the Long Shot.

AS EVIDENCE of the ruling passion of jockeys to keep their eyes open for good odds, a well-known horse owner told this story last night: "One of my jockeys," he said, "had been ailing for weeks. He had tried to doctor himself without success, and I suspected that he might be suffering from some serious stomach trouble. I told him to go to my physician in Thirty-fourth street, Dr. Blank, and see what he could do for him. I also gave him money enough for his doctor's bill. Several days later I saw him and I said: "Well, what did Dr. Blank say about your case?" "I did not go to him." "Why not?" I asked. "Well, sir, when I got to his house his sign read: "Dr. Blank, 1 to 2," and looking across the street I saw a sign, "Dr. Dash, 12 to 1," and I picked Dr. Dash for a long shot. He proved a winner, too, and I'm feeling better already."—[New York Sun.

Possibly His Hat.

J. A. SMITH, Jr., is in the habit of dining at the Gibson House restaurant, and one day during the past week came out second best in a passage at repartee with Claude, the boy who attends to the hat-rack. Mr. Smith sallied forth from the restaurant after enjoying his meal, and, as Claude handed him his top piece, he thought he would quiz the lad. "Is this my hat?" he asked. "I don't know," was the answer. "Well, then, why do you hand it to me if you don't know whether it is my hat or not?" queried Mr. Smith sharply. "Because that is the hat you handed to me when you went into the restaurant," answered Claude. The boy's answer stunned Mr. Smith, and he did some rapid-fire thinking as he left the hotel.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Dark Knight.

A LITTLE girl was trying to get her smaller brother across the rushing stream of Broadway. She had the small chap fast by one hand. His other hand clasped his ragged jacket as if for courage and support. Twice they tried to start across and twice retreated to the sidewalk. Then the girl looked about for help. She let several unpromising people pass her. Then she saw a shuffling, limping, half-witted-looking negro boy draw near. "She saw something in his face that wasn't apparent to anybody but a child. "Please, won't you help me'n my brother 'cross the street?" she asked with confidence. The negro smiled charmingly. A genuine, lovely look came over his dirty face.

"Come on, kid!" he said, seizing the small boy by the hand, and plunged ahead among the cars and horses, the two in tow in line behind him. They ran on without looking around, and he returned singing with African placidity:

"Everybody's awful good to me!"—[New York Mail and Express.

Too Kind-hearted.

THERE is one young woman in this city whose benevolent disposition received a severe shock last Sunday evening. She was at church and sat directly behind a tall, well-dressed stranger, with a raveling, hanging in his collar.

Being one of those generous-hearted, whole-souled girls who grow up to be motherly old ladies, a friend to everybody in town, she thought how glad she would be if some kind-hearted girl would do as much for her father were he to go to church with a raveling hanging down his back, so when the audience rose for the first hymn she concluded to pick it off.

Carefully raising her hand, she gave a little twitch, but it was longer than she supposed, and a foot or more appeared. Setting her teeth, she gave a pull and about a yard of that horrible thread hung down his back. This was getting embarrassing, but, determined, she gave it another yank and discovered that she was unraveling his undershirt.

Her discomfort was so painful that chloroform would not have alleviated her sufferings nor a pint of powder hidden her blushes when the gentleman turned with an inquiring look to see what was tickling his neck.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

Bunco Men Buncoed.

FARMER THOMAS J. NEARN, of Shawangunk got the better of a pair of bunco men today.

The first one, representing himself as a New York business man in want of a country place, called on Nearn and offered such a liberal price for his farm that a deal was soon made.

The two were looking about the farm, and the purchaser was telling of improvements he proposed to make, when Bunco Man No. 2 put in an appearance. He was roughly dressed and professed to be a drover anxious to buy stock. He acted as if half drunk, and soon began bragging of a new game he had learned in New York last week. Then, producing some cards, he began throwing them clumsily and offering to bet that no one could pick out the "joker."

The farm buyer made several wagers and won easily, and then found it easy to persuade the farmer to try his luck. The manipulator of the cards suddenly grew skillful, and very soon the proceeds of Farmer Nearn's last milk check, about \$50, were in the drover's pockets.

With the loss of his money came the realization that he had been victimized.

"I've got some more money in the house," said Nearn, "and I'll get it and try my luck again. That dog-gasted joker can't fool me allus."

He made a quick trip to the house, and on his return pulled out, not a "roll," but revolver, which he leveled at the bunco men and told them to throw up their hands.

They saw determination in the old man's eye, and up went their hands. His first care was to relieve them of their revolvers. This done, he said:

"Now, hand over my money, and all the other cash you've got about your measly carcasses."

They handed it over.

Then he told them to "git," and they "got."

"Doing bunco men pays a durned sight better and is a heap more excitin' than farmin'," he remarked to his neighbors later.—[Middletown (N. Y.) Correspondence New York World.

Chaplain Was Wise.

WHEN Representative "Hank" Smith of Michigan was a student at Adrian College, one of his most intimate chums was a young man who afterward became a preacher. The two met the other day in the Capitol, and Mr. Smith and Rev. Charles E. Wilbur, now of Western Pennsylvania, leaned up against one of the big marble columns and indulged in reminiscences.

"Charles has just told me a story about a Congressman," quoth Mr. Smith, in the midst of their jolly confab. "It is about a member of the House who once brought his little son here to Washington with him. The youth sat by his father's side one morning when the chaplain offered prayer.

"Papa," exclaimed the boy, "why doesn't the chaplain pray for the members of the House?"

"He is too wise a man to do that, my son," was the paternal reply. "He is praying for the country."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Parson's Explanation.

ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON—he of animal-story telling and converted-name fame—was describing to a clergyman the other day some of his experiences with various animals, particularly squirrels.

"It is an astonishing fact," said Mr. Seton, "that I found, after some few tests, that I could attract squirrels, howsoever wild, by singing to them. Whenever I sang, they would come out of their holes or down from the trees, and though at first showing some timidity, sit and listen intently and apparently with enjoyment. I remember one day, however, when, after singing them various songs—rag-time and others—I tried 'Old Hundred' on them. Would you believe it, the instant they heard it they scampered off, nor could I induce them to return that day. And to this day I can't understand why."

The clergyman, a far-away look in his eye, suggested very briefly:

"Probably they were afraid you would next proceed to take up a collection."—[New York Times.

St. Peter No Negro.

THERE is a doorkeeper of the House of Representatives who was born in the Green Isle and is so proud of his native land that he never tires of telling of the famous men of the same extraction. Some of his assertions are in singular contradiction to history, and Congressmen often cajole him to converse upon this favorite theme for their amusement. One day he said that St. Peter was an Irishman.

"Well," said Benton McMillin of Tennessee, who was then in Congress, "you can bet he was not a negro. No colored man would have given that cock the chance to crow three times."—[New York Times.

A Question of Conscience.

A MAN was talking to his fellow-travelers in a Pullman smoker.

"On one occasion," he said, "I was down in the mountains of Tennessee, where everything is primitive, and on Sunday I attended a Baptist church. Much to my surprise and interest, the women were seated on one side of the house and the men on the other. I had never seen anything of the kind before, and after services were over I spoke to one of the members about it, as he was a pillar of the church and a man I knew quite well.

"We have always done it that way," he said in explanation.

"But why?" I persisted.

"So's to worship God accordin' to our own consciences, as the Constitution provides," he replied, in a matter-of-course tone.

"But sitting on opposite sides of the church doesn't make any difference with your conscience, does it?" I kept on.

"Doesn't it?" he said, with emphatic confidence in the knowledge that it did. "Well, it makes all the difference in the world. Do you mean to say that a man kin set over there alongside uv his wife, where she kin nudge him in the short ribs with her elbow every time the preacher says anything she thinks fits his case? I say, kin a man do that and worship God accordin' to his conscience? Not much, he can't, I reckon, nowhere, an' pertickler not in this neck uv woods."

"The explanation and the argument carried conviction beyond all controversy, and I had no more to say."—[Kansas City Star.

Trousers Reversed.

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN F. LACEY, of the Sixth Iowa district, tells the following:

"A funny thing happened at one of the Presidential receptions last winter. One of my constituents was doing Washington for the first time, and I was exhibiting the lions—in fact the whole menagerie, for it is not exclusively lions that are on exhibition at our high so-

ciety functions. As we circulated among the crowd we met Dr. Mary Walker—yes, she was in full evening dress—of the bifurcated variety; décolleté, too, in her low-cut vest.

"My friend, like many others visiting Washington for the first time, had been very anxious to meet her, and, indeed, I suspect he would rather have missed a peep at the President than the sight of her; for we have had twenty-five Presidents, you know, and there is only one Dr. Mary Walker. So I introduced him. Just at that moment Minister Wu approached, and, stopping to shake hands with me, was introduced to her also.

"The spinal infection was barely completed when the little doctor stepped back a pace, and, drawing her rather slight anatomy up to the uttermost semblance of dignity that she should command, with an expression of utter disapprobation upon her countenance, eyed the big Chinaman most severely for a moment.

"With a look of astonishment at this attitude, to which the popular diplomat is so little accustomed, he waited in curiosity for what was coming, for Dr. Mary's expression was portentous. At last she let him have it, with a look that might have annihilated one less a philosopher:

"Why do you wear petticoats, Mr. Wu?"

"The Minister, smiling blandly, as only Chinamen can, replied:

"Because it is the custom of my country, madam;" and then, after a slight pause, to give his words all the effect possible, "Why do you wear trousers, madam?"—[Lippincott's Magazine.

His Bad Boy.

PROF. HARRY THURSTON PECK, editor of The Bookman, has written a delightful story for children. It is entitled "The Adventures of Mabel." A few days ago a woman entered one of the Chicago stores to buy a book for her little girl.

"How old is she?" the clerk asked.

"Five."

"Here is a nice tale for a child of that age," the clerk said, handing out Prof. Peck's story about Mabel.

The woman took the book, looked at the title page, and then handed it back, saying:

"Mercy! I don't want that in my house. I've read some of that stuff he wrote about that bad boy, and that's enough for me."—[Chicago Record-Herald.

Strange Bedfellows.

LITTLE Tommie had been put to bed alone. It was upstairs, and the thunder rolled and lightning flashed unmercifully. He lay quietly until he could no longer stand it, and then his little nightgowned figure appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Ma!" he cried.

"Yes, my son," came the calm rejoinder.

"I'm afraid, ma. It thunders so, and I'm all alone."

"Go back to bed, Tommie," came his mother's voice.

"Don't you know nothing can hurt you?"

Tommie went back to bed, but not to stay.

"Ma!" he cried again, and this time the little figure was half-way downstairs.

"Tommie," called his mother, "don't you know I have told you nothing can hurt you. God is always with you?"

"Then, ma," and this time there came an audible sniff from the weeping Tommie, "you come up and sleep with God and let me sleep with pa."—[Katherine Louise Smith, in Lippincott's Magazine.

At the Altar.

AN ELDERLY minister is fond of telling of a "break" he once made at a double wedding of two sisters. It was arranged that the two couples should be married with one ceremony, the two brides responding at the same time and the two bridegrooms doing the same. There had not been any previous rehearsal, as the minister had come a long distance and had reached the church but a few minutes before the time for the ceremony.

All went well until it came time for the minister to say, "And now I pronounce you man and wife."

It suddenly became obvious to the minister that the usual formula would not do in the case of two men and two wives, and he could not think of any way of making "man" and "wife" plural in the sentence. In his desperation and confusion he lifted his hands and said solemnly: "And now I pronounce you, one and all, husband and wife!"

A minister whose first parish was in the backwoods of the West some years ago says that he once married a very seedy-looking bridegroom to a buxom girl of perhaps twenty years. The ceremony was performed in the log-cabin home of the bride's parents, and there were many guests present. When the bridegroom repeated the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," a tall, lank fellow with a huge tobacco cud in his bulging cheek drawled out nasally:

"Thar goes Hank's bull terrier, by gum!"—[Lippincott's Magazine for April.

What the Fatherland Lost.

STORIES follow thickly in the wake of the visiting Prince. During his tour of the steamer aboard the Kronprinz Wilhelm His Royal Highness accosted a man sitting on the floor, propped against a water butt. The German nationality of the man was stamped upon him in plain characters, but he was not one of those sunny good fellows of whom the Prince seems to be a type.

"Why have you left the Vaterland?" asked the Prince—his customary query.

The man raised his massive head and glanced at the Prince with no softening of his unhappy countenance. "I left there because I am a free man to do as I choose," he said with surliness. Then he glanced significantly at his meager belongings and added, sneeringly: "The Vaterland has not lost much!"

The Prince flushed. "No country can afford to lose a man who is conscious of his freedom," he said quickly, and passed on.—[New York Times.

FOR CLEAN STREETS.

A WOMAN'S SUCCESSFUL INVENTION FOR SWEEPING PAVEMENT.

BY WILLIAM S. CRANDALL,
Editor of the Municipal Journal and Engineer.

OF THE many phases of municipal housecleaning, there is none which interests the average citizen more than the cleaning of the streets. When Col. Waring first introduced the "White Wings" system in New York, some six or seven years ago, the taxpayer was appalled by the enormous increase in the expense involved in cleaning the streets, but his anger was appeased by the fact that the Waring system reduced the annoyance from flying particles of dust and dirt and stones in dry weather and the slippery, slimy mud in wet weather to the minimum. The transformation from the old to the new or a more efficient method of cleaning the streets, was so marked that even the chronic growler and fault finder was silenced.

But the system introduced by Col. Waring has seen its best days for a better one has been discovered. The hand method of cleaning the streets was discarded in English cities fifteen years ago and sanitary sweepers were substituted. The principal streets of Great Britain are better cleaned than the cleanest of American cities, and the expense involved is from one-half to three-quarters less.

Besides this, many of the cities utilize the refuse collected in various ways, selling large portions of it at a profit, so that a portion of the expense is provided for by the revenue from this source.

The Yankee inventor has not been idle in the meanwhile and has succeeded in building new types of street-sweeping machines, some of which are even more effective than those employed on the other side of the Atlantic. The most efficient machine, perhaps, that has yet been constructed is one invented by Miss F. W. Parpart and H. D. Layman of New York. This machine, which is largely the product of a woman's brain, will sprinkle, sweep, load, compress and cart away the dirt, dust and refuse of the streets without the aid of hand labor and at a cost of 50 per cent. less than the most efficient work can be done by hand. For instance, last year it cost the City of New York nearly \$5,000,000 to clean its streets by hand. According to the estimate of the present Street Commissioner, Mr. Woodbury, it will require more than \$5,000,000 to perform the work of the department. If the Layman and Parpart sanitary sweeper were used it would reduce the expense to \$2,500,000 at one stroke, for it has been demonstrated by actual trial that this machine can clean 10,000 square yards of street in New York at one-half the present cost and still leave a profit for the contractor who performs the work.

One surprising feature about the work performed by this machine is that it can be operated in the day time without impeding the traffic of the street, without raising a dust or annoying pedestrians in any way. It could be operated in the busiest part of the day upon Broadway or Fifth avenue, New York. Beginning with the

first of April a large district of New York is to be thoroughly cleaned each day by this machine. Chicago is contracted for several of them, as well as other western cities, so that the use of street-sweeping machinery will be more extensive the coming season than ever.

New York City has been commonly charged with conducting the most expensive street cleaning department in the world, but statistics which have been compiled from annual reports received from a large number of leading cities disprove this statement. According to reports received, the city of Richmond, Va., paid \$2383 a mile to clean its streets during the year of 1899, while New York paid \$2949. There were eight other American cities which paid from \$1000 to \$1700 a mile to clean their streets. It cost Chicago only \$343, but Chicago does not pretend to clean its streets except once a year, while it had its spring housecleaning. The total appropriation for cleaning Chicago's streets in 1899 amounted to \$23,637, with a total mileage of streets of 3946—which is greater than New York—it made an appropriation of less than half a million dollars. The following tables contain a large amount of valuable information relative to cleaning the streets of our principal cities. The figures given can be relied upon, as they were taken from the annual reports of the cities named:

TABLE NO. 1.

CITY.	Area of city—square miles.	Total miles streets.	Miles paved streets.	Paved streets—square feet.
New York	308	2,466	1,643	*29,462,919
Chicago	183	3,946	1,348	*22,916,000
Philadelphia ..	130	1,350	1,080	*18,360,000
Baltimore	37	411	371	*6,367,000
St. Louis	61	873	82	1,910,019
Boston	43	489	369	6,971,886
Cleveland	33	565	149	*2,533,000
Buffalo	42	800	332	6,242,200
Cincinnati	38	620	349	*5,933,000
San Francisco ..	42	750	186	2,800,000
Detroit	28	515	267	4,942,277
Pittsburgh	29	230	200	*3,910,000
New Orleans	196	1,340	199	*3,383,000
Milwaukee	21	502	75	1,981,425
Washington	69	486	210	3,600,000
Louisville	21	286	165	*2,635,000
Minneapolis	53	789	100	*1,700,000
Kansas City	36	450	175	*2,975,000
Jersey City	12	201	100	1,767,000
Indianapolis	28	540	83	1,481,259
St. Paul	55	756	45	956,000
Rochester	16	325	119	2,039,467
Denver	50	800	22	*374,000
Providence	18	222	39	695,728
Omaha	24	350	82	1,785,635
Toledo	30	400	125	1,897,196
Columbus, O.	16	300	116	2,744,511
Syracuse	22	300	46	792,788
Allegheny	8	163	83	*1,411,000
Worcester	36	186	11	237,454
Nashville	10	165	139	*2,703,000
Scranton	23	171	17	341,068
Memphis	16	200	83	1,341,549
New Haven	22	200	71	*1,207,000
Albany	10	144	80	1,419,545
Richmond, Va.	5	116	23	*391,000
Grand Rapids	18	283	152	*2,584,000
Dayton	10	175	31	725,000
Toronto, Can.	17	259	181	3,171,230

*Estimated.

**Abbreviations: D. day; N. night; R. both.

TABLE NO. 2.

CITY.	Total expense—dollars.	Cost per 100 square yards.	Cost per mile.	as—Contract or city work.
New York**	\$3,366,879	\$114	\$3,049	Y
Chicago	328,637	14	243	Y
Philadelphia	533,745	28	494	X
Baltimore	230,000	34	963	Y
St. Louis	130,000	68	1,585	X
Boston	350,328	50	949	Y
Cleveland	61,751	24	414	Y
Buffalo	180,959	25	484	Z
Cincinnati	190,000	32	544	Z
San Francisco	192,000	68	1,032	X
Detroit	149,000	28	524	Y
Pittsburgh	125,300	32	626	Y
New Orleans	78,000	23	391	Z
Milwaukee	83,132	42	1,108	X
Washington	148,000	41	704	X
Louisville	90,000	37	580	Z
Minneapolis	45,272	26	452	Z
Kansas City	35,000	12	200	Y
Jersey City	31,000	17	310	X
Indianapolis	38,000	25	432	X
St. Paul	30,420	31	676	Y
Rochester	76,417	37	642	Z
Denver	25,000	66	1,136	Y
Providence	45,092	64	1,156	Y
Omaha	18,716	10	228	Y
Toledo	37,413	19	299	Z
Columbus, O.	62,191	22	536	Z
Syracuse	80,445	101	1,748	Z
Allegheny	20,000	14	340	Y
Worcester	11,444	48	1,040	Y
Nashville	32,000	11	194	Y
Scranton	12,900	35	706	Y
Memphis	41,000	30	484	Y
New Haven	75,000	62	1,056	X
Albany	41,536	28	519	Y
Richmond, Va.	54,827	140	2,383	Y
Grand Rapids	43,000	16	283	Y
Dayton	12,394	17	398	Y
Toronto, Can.	50,900	16	281	Y

*Under supervision of military government.

**From 1898 report.

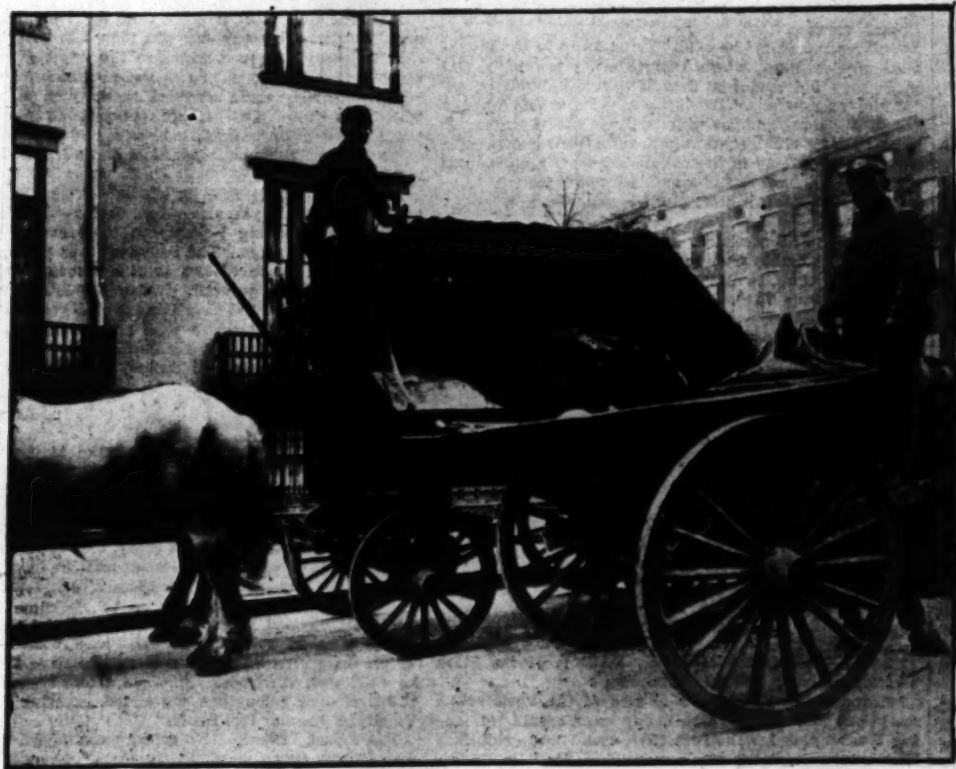
Abbreviations: M. machine; H. hand; R. both.

X—X. work by contract; Y. by city; Z. by both.

At an official inspection and trial of this new sanitary street sweeper on Broadway and Fifth avenue and other streets of New York its efficiency was demonstrated to the satisfaction of Street Commissioner Woodbury and other officials. It did as thorough work on the road



SWEEPING ONE OF NEW YORK'S ROUGH STONE STREETS.



DUMPING THE LOAD—CAPACITY OF BOX TWO CUBIC YARDS.

There are two remarkable diseases, either or both, of which may attack you if you elect to reside within the Congo Basin; but you need have no dread of them if you live in any other part of the world. One is the sleeping sickness, a terrible, mysterious and invariably fatal malady. The patient is at first only drowsy, but ends by sleeping almost continually, waking only for meals or when forcibly roused; finally the torpor becomes complete; he cannot be roused even to take food, and dies of starvation. The other disease alluded to is even more curious, although fortunately not nearly so deadly, and is known to specialists in tropical diseases as alimhum, from a negro word meaning a saw—a very apposite name, for the typical feature of the ailment consists in the slow amputation of one or more of the victim's toes by means of a serrated bony ligature which grows around the joint of the affected member just where it joins the foot. As soon as the ligature is completely formed it begins to contract, and off comes the toe as effectually, if not quite so quickly, as if it had been severed by the surgeon's knife.—[Chamber's Journal.

CHICAGO'S SUBWAY.

WONDERFUL ENGINEERING PROJECT
NOW BEING EXECUTED.

By a Special Contributor.

ONE of the most extraordinary subway systems in the world is being constructed in Chicago. It has three distinct and unusual features—it is unique in design, mammoth in size, and the methods of construction and ultimate use are decidedly novel. When completed, nearly 100 miles of tunnels will reach to all parts of the city, and the traffic problem will be solved, so far as relief from congestion of surface travel is concerned.

Chicago is a most peculiar city. While it covers an area of 184 square miles, a large portion of which is sparsely populated, the business interests are centered in a district about three-quarters of a mile square. Within these narrow limits are the great wholesale houses, banks, department stores, office buildings, theaters, railway depots and steamboat docks. The result is a bewildering confusion of pedestrians on the sidewalks, while the roadways are choked with street cars, delivery wagons and heavy drays. All this within a radius of six blocks from the corner of State and Madison streets, the hub of the business section. Outside of this district there is comparative ease of movement for both pedestrian and wagon traffic.

project thought they had effectually blocked the construction of the conduits. There was no sign of any work being done. Not a foot of street pavement had been torn up, and when the word was given out not long ago that seven miles of large-sized tunnels had been built under the business section of Chicago and were ready for use, everybody except the men directly interested in the work was astounded. It was pronounced an engineering impossibility to construct such a system of subways without tearing up the streets.

But the work had been done. The original promoters of the scheme surrendered their rights to an eastern syndicate, which subscribed \$10,000,000 in cash to begin operations with, and put Albert G. Wheeler, the man who built the Love underground trolley system in Washington, in charge of the enterprise. Mr. Wheeler associated with him George W. Jackson, the engineer of the Pike's Peak Railway, and between them a novel plan of construction was evolved. Many of the sky-scraping structures for which Chicago is famous stand along the route of the downtown tunnels. Knowing that if the foundations of these were weakened, the promoters would be liable for heavy damages and that the entire work might be stopped by injunction, Messrs. Wheeler and Jackson first had a careful survey made to determine the exact center lines of the various streets under which the subways were to be constructed.

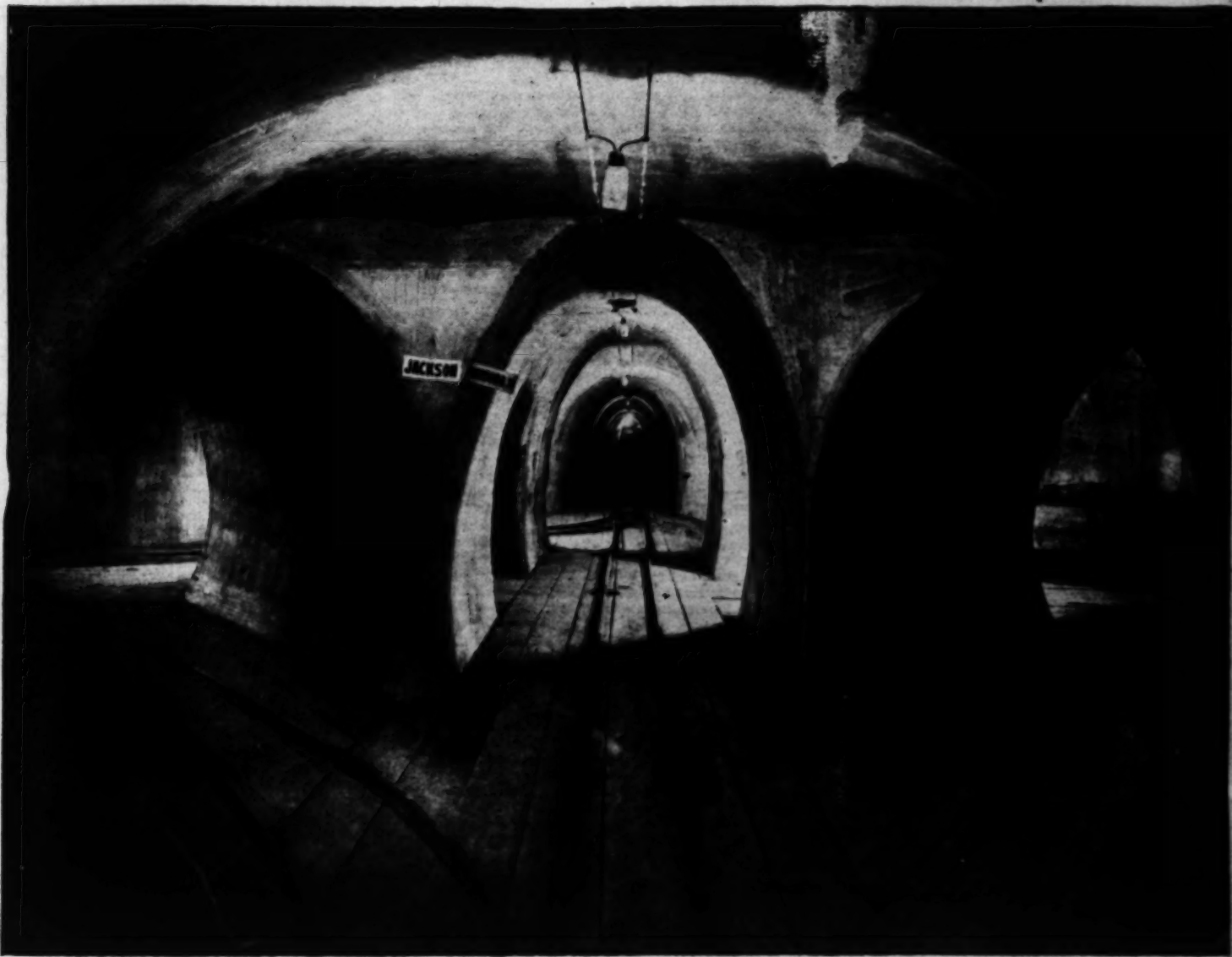
These were compared with cross surveys and the city maps, and in the latter many glaring errors were found. When these were corrected, basements were rented at convenient intervals along the line of work and the work of excavation begun. Men

companies, the electric light cables and the great water mains. It was for this reason that Mayor Harrison could not understand the situation when the storm of opposition to the new enterprise broke the other day, a storm brought about by those who now enjoy monopolies with which the new company will interfere.

"Impossible," said the Mayor when told that the company had completed seven miles of subways under all the principal streets in the business district. "Why, it is expressly stated in the franchise that not a foot of pavement must be disturbed, and I guess that's enough to hold them down. It's simply impossible to do a work of that magnitude without tearing up the streets."

"It's true, Mr. Mayor," said President Wheeler when questioned by the city executive. "Select a committee of the City Council and your engineering officials and make a tour with me through the subways."

The compressed air under which the work is being done was shut off, and the Mayor and his party, piloted by President Wheeler, made a trip through the tunnels. They found the entire business district honeycombed with subways built in solid concrete, lighted by electricity, and as dry as a dancing floor. The main tunnels are fourteen by twelve feet, and the branches six by eight feet. In the center of each is a narrow-gauge railway, over which the cars used in hauling out the debris and bringing in the construction materials are propelled. Now that the downtown tunnels have been completed, the shaft houses at the street curbs have been abandoned, and in their place is used an inclined plane railway, which brings the tunnel system into direct connection with a dock on the river. From these downtown subways



SECTION OF MAIN TUNNEL AT JACKSON AND DEARBORN STREETS.

For years the people of Chicago have been seeking relief from this condition. Until the inception of the subway scheme the only plan proposed was that of sinking the street car tracks, and to this the merchants of the downtown district made strong objection. They said it would ruin their trade by taking the people from the surface of the streets, and the mercantile influence is not to be treated lightly in Chicago. Municipal reformers clamored for a depression of the tracks at the expense of the street railways, with a view to harassing these corporations into disposing of their franchises to the city; trade interests made strenuous objections, and between the two forces the city officials were sorely befogged when a proposition was made to the council for an underground telephone service that would rid Chicago of the Bell monopoly. It was received kindly and a permit given to construct the necessary conduits. Then opposition began to show itself. A clause was inserted in the franchise forbidding the Illinois Telephone and Telegraph Company (the new concern) to tear up a foot of pavement, or to disturb the surface of the roadways in any manner under pain of forfeiture of its entire plant.

Chicago's Big Surprise.

This was about two years ago. The opponents of the

were put to digging, and the earth taken out was hauled up through the coal holes in the sidewalks and carted away at night, so that it did not attract attention. The initial point was at 170 Madison street, one of the busiest parts of Chicago, and to illustrate how quietly the work was done, the policeman on the beat, one of the most careful and efficient men on the force, supposed it was a job of repairing in the cellar of a saloon, and never gave it any attention.

Digging straight down forty feet the engineers struck a line under Madison street and began the excavation of the tunnel proper, which at that point is six by eight feet in size. As this was pushed forward little shaft houses were built at the curbstones, through which the large volume of debris was carted away at night and the concrete and other material for the construction of the tunnels taken in.

Hundreds of Mole-like Excavations.

In the daytime there was not a sign to indicate to the thousands of pedestrians that any unusual work was in progress, but every hour of the twenty-four, day and night, hundreds of men were digging away like moles forty feet below the center of the streets. It was necessary to go this deep in order to avoid the sewer and gas pipes, the conduits of the telephone and the telegraph

main tunnels are to be constructed to Fortieth avenue on the west side, Sixty-third street on the south, and Diversey avenue on the north, which, with the feeders, will make the system ultimately about 100 miles in extent. The completed sections of the subways are as follows:

Franklin street, from the main river to Harrison; thence west of Grand Central Depot to Polk, and thence to Taylor street.
Clark street, from Randolph to Harrison.
State street, from the main river to Taylor.
Randolph street, from the south branch of the river to State.
Madison street, from Franklin to State.
Adams street, from the river east to State.
Harrison street, from the river to State.
Twelfth street, from State to the lake.
Dearborn street, from Harrison to Taylor, and east to Taylor to State.

Besides these there are connecting lateral feeders at South Water, La Salle, Jackson, Monroe, Congress, Van Buren and River streets, and Michigan and Wabash avenues.

Remarkable Engineering Work.

Some of the most massive office buildings in Chicago

are in this district. One of the assertions put forth by the opponents of the enterprise was that such a work could not be done without endangering the foundations of these structures. Engineers took measurements a few days ago and found they tallied exactly with those made before the first spadeful of dirt had been excavated. "No Applan way," says President Wheeler, "was ever better constructed. This is a work for all ages, and will stand to the end of time. We have nothing to conceal now, but if we had announced when the project was undertaken that we intended to construct forty feet under the city, under every main alley and street, the largest municipal tunnels in the world, we would have been a target for blackmailers and an object of ridicule for doubters. The life of our franchise is thirty years, and the compensation to the city is 3, 5 and 10 per cent. of the gross income after the first ten years. We are not getting something for nothing, and at the same time it is a self-evident proposition that the people of Chicago will in the end be the largest gainers."

Primarily the object of the promoters of this enterprise is to use the subways as conduits for the cables and wires of the new telephone company, which is to begin business about July 1. Telephones in Chicago now cost \$150 a year for business 'phones, \$200 for drug stores, and from \$75 to \$100 for private residences. The new company proposes to put automatic 'phones into every business house and residence in the city without extra charge. A meter will be attached to each 'phone, and whenever a call is made the meter will register a toll of five cents. When the total is \$85 a year for business concerns and \$40 for residences no further charge will be made. If the call amounts to less than these figures the user if the 'phone will be gainer. It is this prospective relief from the exactions of the monopoly that has made the new company popular, and rendered it hazardous for the city officials to take any steps to stop its subway building. In explaining the new service, President Wheeler said:

"It would, of course, be useless to expect any number of people to use our system unless we have a good-sized exchange to start with. We shall not wait to get subscribers. The utility of a telephone service lies in the number of people to be reached. The larger the number, the more valuable the service. It is with this knowledge that we shall install free a 'phone in every business building in Chicago, and when this is done, will at once extend the service to residences. In this way

we shall begin in July next with at least 15,000 'phones in operation."

Use for the Subway.

But the telephone service will in reality be a small part of the new enterprise. Its subways are of such size that small cars may be run through them, and on these it is proposed to transport the mails from the general postoffice to the various railway depots and substations; to deliver newspapers to the railway depots and to dealers instead of sending them by wagons, as is now done, and to carry package freight from the downtown stores to the outlying districts. No effort will be made to do a passenger business. The tunnels are not constructed to accommodate it, and if they were there would be violent opposition from the merchants, who insist that their prosperity depends upon the people being kept on the surface of the streets. The removal from the surface roadways of the mail, newspapers and package freight traffic will materially lessen the congestion that now affects the downtown section, and this relief will be greatly enhanced by using the subways for the passage of the heavily-laden drays, which are now the main source of trouble, owing to frequent break downs. By payment of a five or ten-cent toll these teams will be allowed to use the subways, and thus get a clear right of way that will greatly expedite the handling of heavy freights, or the subway company will haul the freight itself. Men who have studied the problem say that in the present congested condition of the streets it would be a good investment for the wholesale interests of Chicago if they could have a subway system of their own.

It is a peculiar feature of this work that not a dollar has been asked from the public. No stock or bonds have been offered for sale and none will be. Every dollar of the cost is being met by the original investors, who are C. D. Simpson and T. H. Watkins of Scranton, Pa., J. B. Russell of Wilkesbarre, Pa., and C. B. Eddy of Alamogordo, New Mexico. This is the syndicate that controls the New Mexico Railway and Coal Company, the El Paso and Northeastern Railway, has large holdings in the Mexican Central and Colorado Fuel & Iron, and owns immense anthracite coal fields in Pennsylvania. The company has nothing to exploit or sell. It has put \$10,000,000 into the work thus far and intends to furnish as much more, as may be necessary to complete the entire system.

"It's a big thing," said a Chicago banker, "and the

best of it is, it didn't cost a cent for the franchise. It's probably the only case on record where a right of this magnitude was presented free to anybody by a city council. I don't believe the aldermen knew what they were giving away."

And they didn't. The atmosphere in the vicinity of the city hall has been surcharged with profanity ever since the discovery was made that the downtown subway system is completed, and that the company is so well within its rights that it cannot be interfered with. On the other hand, the merchants are happy, because they see in the new system surcease from the agitation for a depression of the street railway tracks. This latter move, which promised to be immensely profitable for some of the aldermen and city officials, is now an impossibility, as there is no room left for a street car subway.

W. J. JACKMAN.

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H.R.H. PRINCE MICHI.

INFANT HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE OF JAPAN.

From the London Daily Express.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE MICHI, grandson of the present Mikado of Japan, is the youngest heir presumptive to a great throne among all the royal personages in the world.

At present he does not realize his importance as a ruler—though he quite realizes his importance as a baby.

Being only eight months old, the cares of the mighty empire of Japan sit lightly upon him.

His father, the Crown Prince Yoshihito of Japan, is only twenty-five years of age.

So that in all probability it will be a very long time before the embryo Mikado Michi comes into his vast kingdom.

For the nonce he is in the devoted hands of a regiment of dainty, quaint little Japanese nurses.

A Dozen Nurses.

All the attendants in the royal nursery are first interviewed and selected, after due deliberation, by Count Kawamura, a confidential friend of the Mikado, and a very favored member of the Imperial household. He has many rivals at court, who envy him the trust and intimate friendship of his powerful master. Michi has something like ten or a dozen nurses in his train. Count Kawamura has to set the seal of his approval on every sweet little Jap nurse who aspires to rinse out the imperial feeding bottle, or arrange the silken cushions in the gorgeous cradle set apart for this favored little mortal.

It is an interesting fact, in view of the recent Anglo-Japanese treaty that Baby Michi's layette does not contain one single article made after the fashion of the clothes usually worn by Japanese infants.

As soon as the little Prince reaches the articulate age—at present he only says goo-goo, or its Japanese equivalent—English and French governesses will be imported to prepare his mind for the fact that the Land of Chrysanthemums has neighbors and rivals.

Foreign teachers have already been engaged to train the youthful Japanese idea in the Europeanized way it is the fashion of his countrymen to go.

In the meantime, he sucks his coral just like any common-place middle-class baby. His eyes tip-tilt at the corners, and he is always laughing.

But he hasn't yet learned to catch fireflies with a whiskbroom, which is a favorite pastime of the nurseries throughout Japan.

An Epicurean Performance.

He doesn't even know the difference between the "Tzin, 'tzin, 'tzin" of the national hymn and "God Save the King," though he has heard both often enough.

When the little Prince was named, his imperial grandfather presented to him a beautiful jeweled and enamelled sword.

It isn't a plaything, it's a real fighting weapon for him to use when he grows up. His diet is precocious if the little Prince himself isn't.

To please the people he was obliged to eat some rice when he was only 120 days old.

It was carefully crushed and powdered up before he ate it. Michi has just cut some teeth. But he hadn't any when he "ate" the rice. The whole of Japan gave itself up to wild enthusiasm and public festivals in honor of this most auspicious national event.

To Please His Future Subjects.

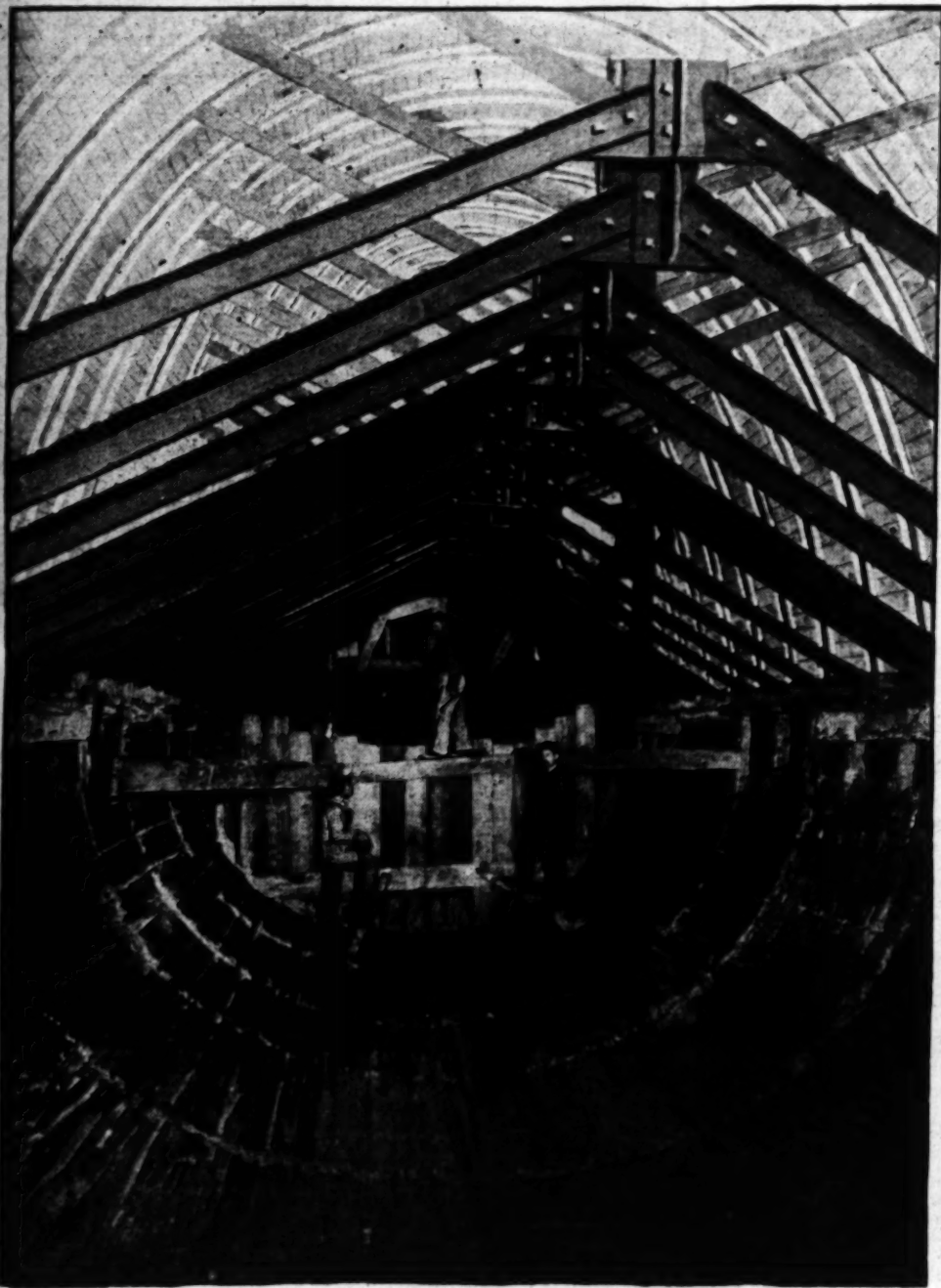
His horoscopes are constantly cast by the astrologers, without whom no court in the East is complete.

The date on which he should consume his first meal of rice was decided upon only after the performance of many mystic rites and elaborate incantations. His imperial father is too enlightened to believe in these superstitious ceremonies.

But the people do. And little Prince Michi must please his future most loyal and devoted subjects. A most elaborate imperial seal is now being engraved for the mighty atom. In Japan the seal a man uses is a matter of weighty importance. Michi's is quite different to that used by his father. It has to be. That is the custom of the Flowery Land. A man who copies or forges another man's seal is punished much more heavily than for forging his name to a cheque.

The baby Mikado's marriage has not yet been arranged. But many matchmakers are already busy with plots and counter-plots, ostensibly matrimonial but mainly political.

When Michi does marry he will have to pay for his bride's trousseau. That is a Japanese custom which some English fathers, in the face of costly twentieth-century bridal outfits, might like to import.



SECTION OF THE MAIN TUNNEL, SHOWING METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.

AN ISSUE OF NEIROMATH'S.

By a Special Contributor.

SMALL matter where he came from, but Fortunatus Greer strode into the camps jauntily—not jauntily in the sense of swinging a cane or any such artificiality—but like a colt who has suffered no wrong, who knows little more than the pasture lots, but knows that much well, whose mane is wind-parted and pinned by burrs. From the beginning he was ready to kick, bite, race or rub noses.

His fingers were neither white nor prehensile; his raiment was a sort of backwoods importation; his stout shoes bore the wounds of stony fields; he wore a handkerchief of faded red about his neck and the look of a thoroughbred in his eyes.

Social distinctions began to hurt him before he had been a month at college. At this time he was attending furnaces all over town for the widowed and sonless. Primarily, of course, he was a student, but his mind was agile and he found time to make a living and reflect upon the world besides. A certain class of students called him a "mucker;" and in his turn Fortunatus figured how he might best get his cow hides on the necks of this class.

The Gazip, a lone and forlorn college daily, was calmly stagnating through the negative efforts of grossly inefficient helmsmen. Fortunatus, figuring far ahead, began to plug for "ads." Social strata were merged when it came to getting "ads" for the Gazip, so Greer, "a measly rook in the mucker army," was allowed to hustle. A mucker is a student who uses college as a means to dig out certain densities in books, and has not a thousand a year to complicate his effort.

The business men of the college town regarded the Gazip's ad-getters as a necessary and evil adjunct of the place. Generations of flushed students, however, had taught these Hannibals of finance the trick of declining gracefully, but a century would not have taught them to deal with Fortunatus. His was that gift of incalculable value which makes positive and negative capital lie down together as little children. He turned over "ads" to the directors, a body of young men not at all like Hugo's group which nearly became famous. These young gentlemen calmly rifled the possibilities of the paper and smoked Egyptian cigarettes. A naked Samaritan is not kind hearted, but his conscience would not allow him to offer such tobacco to a missionary. He would use such tobacco for guano and shame the soil into a better product. The semester closed with the Gazip on a paying basis and Fortunatus at the head of the advertising.

During the following year he succeeded in electing himself business manager. Then the Gazip office rang with the blows of his ax. Instead of attending furnaces, Fortunatus was now writing "ads" for the town's business, and the "ads" were paying both ways. The de-throned directors consumed much guano, lost track of their class hours, and announced a rival daily. They were allowed to flounder about and spend money. Everybody knew that there was no room for two dailies. When the old party had rented offices, contracted for printing and concocted a bunch of sensations in order that the first issue of the infant might duly startle, Fortunatus offered, for a consideration, a half interest in the Gazip, which was now paying dividends—to Fortunatus.

The aristocrats considered (the world was humming the fact that there was no room on top for two,) they nibbled, they bit, they swallowed the hook, believing that with a half interest they could handle Fortunatus. It required just three months for the mucker promoter to get his proxies and votes and explosives together—a combination which ousted the plotters. He was once more dictator. He O.K.'d a small number of muckers with natural qualifications, got out a good paper and saved money.

The "Egyptian 'Dope,'" as Fortunatus designated his enemies, had no resource but to lay their distresses before the faculty. The faculty listened and concluded that machine methods were not admissible in college. Who was this F. Greer? The element which opposed him was composed of illustrious families. The faculty investigated and found that Fortunatus was a flawless student who had done some tall outwitting but no tangible wrong. Honor would accompany them no further for the present.

About this time Fortunatus got an idea. Such adventures were by no means annual to his mind, but this especial idea is interesting. He set a date for a big barbecue, rented a hall and vented a tremendous pressure of advertising which cost nothing but the Gazip space. While the ox was roasting it became rumored about that Fortunatus was the moving element of the festivity, but already 400 tickets at \$1 per had been sold.

The affair proved an unforgettable terror. Blood and beer ran upon the floor of the hall. The outlaws were indescribable. Those who dropped in to scoff remained to fight. At midnight the lights were turned out upon a Roman arena and a battlefield.

The eyes of the faculty were centered upon the eminently respectable Fortunatus. This body and the "Egyptian Dope" awaited Monday's issue of the Gazip with trembling eagerness. In his paper Fortunatus would naturally stand up for his barbecue—and the college would land on him with all the force of its fifty years of virtue.

That Monday was a great day for the Gazip. The manager foresaw the demand and had an extra edition on hand. The editorial leader, written by Fortunatus, violently denounced the barbecue. Once more the faculty was strapped to inaction and the Egyptians were submerged in the sea. To do the promoter justice, it must

be said that he had not intended a colossal disgrace, such as his barbecue proved. He could drink beer without becoming crazed, and he had just now learned that there were many who couldn't. After all, he was a neat \$250 to the good. They graduated him with honor. The Gazip was turned over to the muckers, while Fortunatus, with \$2000 and an education, went out into the world.

So far as a promoter, manipulator and master of machine methods he had been in a class by himself. He was wise enough to know, moreover, that the world was not a college. Fortunatus was not altogether admirable. He was not, exactly unscrupulous, only careless in his methods to achieve certain ends. He would hardly pause to aid the wounded, by the wayside, so to speak, when the dim distance held a triumph for him. More likely in his haste he would ride over the fallen.

He settled every business obligation on the minute, yet it never occurred to him to subscribe a dollar toward a worthy charity. "Nobody is giving me money," he would cheerily say when approached for a donation. In two things he was weak: He had an exaggerated notion as to the part which money plays in the gaining of human happiness; and he cared nothing for the pains and sentiments of others. Take away his unusual talent for finance, and you would have the making of a fair butcher.

Griswall street, the commercial heart of a Middle-Atlantic metropolis, was vitalized by two firms—Blain and Coogan, stock brokers, and Brett & Company, agents of real estate. Coogan was the life of the former concern, a shrewd but rather erratic young man, whom Fortune defied the whole world to favor. He was a young millionaire of mushroom growth. The pillars and walls of local commerce prophesied tragedy for Coogan, meanwhile he cheerily continued to do the Midas touch, delighted the honest soul of Blain, his conservative partner, capitalist and gentleman.

A personality harsh as ground glass; financial honor austere as a witch's virtue; a globe of resources, the limits of which even his private secretary was ignorant; a master of immense wealth, whose benevolence could pass serenely through the eye of a needle—such was Brett & Brett & Company, real estate, the city's stone-wall of integrity. Brett was also local representative of Hugo Neiromath, the master manipulator of New York. On an eminence commanding both of these firms, that clean and capable youth, F. Greer, took position and diligently used his two eyes. Coolly and prudently, Fortunatus built little additions to his bank account until he had quite a castle for a boy. The Street began to remark upon it, including Brett and Coogan. The peculiar strength of young Greer lay in his knowledge of himself. Knowing his own ability as he did, there was real greatness in his patience. Radiant college success usually engenders in the mind of a half-grown man the idea that the outer world is a sort of Hadleyburg, the prey of the first full-witted stranger who happens along. Fortunatus was content to wait and study and grow dangerous, instead of plunging his unarmored talents against the heavy artillery of the dollar-wise financiers.

Besides his money madness and his disregard for others, Fortunatus now developed a third weakness. Higher education does not include the study of Malleable Humanity. This is one of the departments of the Street—a department which has no horizon. F. Greer was deep in this study. His zealous application was directly responsible for the third weakness. The lessons of the day were insufficient for Fortunatus. He must know the Street by night. In the glare of lamps he found the aged and the fragile ones whom the wolves had pulled down. He studied these pitiful tragedies, not to assuage with his sympathy, but to augment his knowledge of human frailty; and he paid the price with his own vitality. Some forgotten Greer must have polluted his race with a craving for stimulants, since Fortunatus, in the fatigue of his gigantic task, learned so easily to trust in the false energy of the whip.

As months elapsed, the big-hearted Coogan became a part of the young man's life. First, it was a cheery good morning, then a handshake, then a vital word in regard to the issues of the day. This friendly interest worked strangely upon the mind of F. Greer. Thoughtless kindness bred contempt, though not the superficial contempt which shows itself in thought and manner. It shrunk Greer's estimate of the other's acumen. The young man came into the belief that luck rather than insight was responsible for the Coogan fortune. After a year's application, Fortunatus was audacious enough to believe that, all things being equal, he could successfully cope with this humorous millionaire.

As for Brett, "Old Tartaric" Brett, Fortunatus was profoundly respectful here. He believed the sharkskin really man capable of any maneuver, and he was right. He modestly resolved to "oil" Brett and "water" Coogan.

At 25, Greer felt that his blade was ground fine enough to clip the wings of his friend, Coogan. The boy was now a factor of Griswall street. His rating was high; his mind premature; his ambition colossal, and his name was among several lists of directors of various enterprises. It may be added that Fortunatus had learned that there are nerves in the human body. Without stimulants he was no longer capable of sustained strain.

Hugo Neiromath was showering dainty figures upon reams of creamy bond paper and manipulating meanwhile the destinies of a hundred puppets. Among the puppets in one single city were Blain and Coogan and Greer, whom the master had not even heard of remotely. Neiromath reckoned with syndicates rather than with atoms. Through his efforts the Wade Petroleum Consolidation had made millions of dollars; and now through the genius of Neiromath, the Wade Petroleum Consolidation, of which he was president, was about to save itself from a ruinous loss. A few square miles of Texas called the San Houstonio Wells, was responsible for a shock which crumbled the pillars of metropolitan commerce.

The San Houstonio Wells formed the keystone of the Wade Company's wealth. One gusher alone in that his-

toric locality has filled 80,000 barrels daily for months. One day expert information in cipher came from the fields to the New York offices of Neiromath, to the effect that the San Houstonio supply was slowly and surely flagging. It might clear expenses for years, but Neiromath had no time to trifle with mere expense makers. He wired back ciphered instructions and demands for verification. Two experts verified the appalling truth that the supply could not last. The mouths of these experts were stifled with gold. Confidential agents left for the fields within four hours. These last were instructed to expend a universe of pressure if necessary, but to keep the supply normal at all events. So much done, Hugo Neiromath started in to secretly unload what was believed to be one of the choicest commodities in the land.

Nobody seemed to know the nature of the germ which suddenly impelled the minds of men toward Wade Consolidated Petroleum. For months the stock had not varied two points, being anchored between 131 and 132, with only a fraction's play. W.C.P. had become one of the stanch fixtures, until one clear day, it opened at 133 and closed three-fourths higher. "Old Tartaric" must have had plans for the use of F. Greer. Certainly it was not kindness of heart which caused him to snarl, "Keep your mouth shut—and let it alone!" when the young man approached Neiromath's local agent on the subject of Wade Petroleum. The fact remains that Brett dropped no such nuggets in the presence of anyone else. The aforementioned germ weighed 330 pounds, and its name was Neiromath.

In five days W.C.P. had landed 129 and was looking upward. Many men would have wept blood in the effort of sustaining such an inflation, but the lungs of Neiromath were strong, and he gratified his passion for calculus meanwhile. The newspapers, commenting on Wade Petroleum, stated that the rise was healthful and natural, since the yield of the company's wells at San Houstonio had increased.

Coogan was deeply involving his willing partner and himself in fluid de lux, and keeping quiet about it. A dozen other financiers of the same town were also dipping deep, making money on every rise of Wade Petroleum, and keeping quiet about it! Only Brett and Greer were not buying. At first, Fortunatus had accepted the snarled remark of "Old Tartaric" as pure gospel; but as days passed and W.C.P. rose and rose higher, doubts came to the young man's mind. His fingers itched for the popular paper, and his mind commanded, commanded.

"I am losing hundreds every hour!" he would whisper to the pavements and into the drawers of his desk, yet one fiber in his brain clung to the words of Brett, and held his whole intelligence at bay. He might have told Coogan, but envy kept him still. He could not think of Coogan's fortune without invidious thoughts. "Let Coogan buy more, more," he planned. This was malicious in a way, since the big-hearted financier had given a helping hand to the boy on innumerable occasions.

Wade Petroleum was at 141, when F. Greer sprang up from his desk, calling "Old Tartaric" an evil name. He had concluded at last that the old man spoke those words of a fortnight ago with studied venom. Fortunatus hastened out into the street. Nobody was selling. He accosted Coogan and mentioned his heart's desire.

"I didn't say anything about this to you," Coogan was saying as they entered the exchange, "because it's rather a new one on me, and I don't know much about it. However, if you need any, why, I won't be a pig. I'm loaded for lions with it."

Just at this moment a marker erased 141½ and put down 141½. A deal was made then and there. Young Greer's face was very white. He had made up for lost time and needed a drink. Coogan became very thoughtful when left alone. He feared that the youngster had gone too deep. Moreover he was worried by the sudden conservative policy of "Old Tartaric." There were a dozen chances to unload, but he hesitated.

Meanwhile down at San Houstonio, princely-salaried engineers were applying every mortal means to keep throbbing the dying heart of the wells; and meanwhile in every metropolis, there was a man who watched others plunge. In New York for instance there was Neiromath who steered it all.

Leeds, press combination man of San Houstonio, was handicapping a hot evening with a cold bottle of beer, when the edges of a conversation reached him. Two self-indulgent engineers from the wells were making the most of prosperity at a table near by. Now Leeds was one of those fellows who don't have to be tied down and malleted when it comes to absorbing an idea. He looked at his watch, listened, finished his bottle, listening, and when he could delay no longer, dashed for the telegraph office. Two hours later a world was at his feet—the newspaper world.

The same day Wade Petroleum closed at 146, and Neiromath, who had changed ruin into victory, began to occupy himself with his other interests. Three days had passed since F. Greer made his first deal in W.C.P. He had made others since and planned more for the morrow. Coogan, influenced partly by the conservative Blain, and partly by his own instinct, was fighting shy of a reaction and getting unbending. On that still night before the storm, Coogan was planning to sell more on the morrow, while Fortunatus was scheming for more funds with which to buy.

On the next morning, the habitués found that their street had been torn by an earthquake—a newspaper earthquake.

Coogan was on the street, big and good-natured and smiling as usual. He had the recuperative powers of a boy, and after all, he was not the kind to allow a financial loss to pinch the breath out of his soul. Besides he had unloaded considerably in three days. He looked for F. Greer, and when he found the boy at the "Academy" he was deeply concerned. Fortunatus had had three hours to stifle the fires of memory, and he had succeeded.

Coogan forgot his troubles and interested himself in the matter of a Turkish bath for the boy. Some four

hours later, the rubbish was scraped away somewhat, and Coogan found the glimmer of an identity.

"Now, look a-here, young man," the big man said gently, "you haven't any license to split this way. What in h— is a little slap on the pavement when you're young. We're all hurt a little, and we're all going to tear things loose and make up for it. I let you into this thing, and I'll see you through—that is if you need any ammunition."

They were in the sweatroom. A pair of startled eyes looked up at Coogan with the glance of a heretic who suddenly learns that there is a heaven—and heroics.

And so it came about that the clipping of Coogan's wings by Fortunatus—was delayed.

"Old Tartaric" said: "The fool needs to be told a thing twice—he needs hammering over."

Neiromath said: "We have done well. We will extend operations and increase our capacity."

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

OUR OBERAMMERGAU. EASTER CELEBRATION AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA MORAVIANS. By a Special Contributor.

IT IS not impossible that in the future travelers will flock to the Pennsylvania town of Bethlehem to witness the Easter celebration, as now they gather at Oberammergau in Germany to see the Passion Play. In 1740, a company of Moravians came to Pennsylvania and settled upon a tract of land lying on the north bank of the Lehigh River, twelve miles from its junction with the Delaware. These Moravians were the religious descendants of the Bohemian Brethren, a vigorous society of evangelical Christians that arose in Bohemia and Moravia long before Luther kindled the fires of the Reformation in Germany. Subjected to a persecution under Ferdinand II that threatened to exterminate them, the refugees of the Bohemian Brethren found a shelter and a home on the estate of Count Zinzendorf in Saxony. Actuated at first only by philanthropic impulses and entirely indifferent to their religious views, he afterward became a convert and a bishop in the Moravian church, and spent not only his life, but his fortune, in spreading the Moravian faith. It was under his leadership that many of the Moravians emigrated to America, and the new colony at Bethlehem was visited by him in 1741. Following the example of Moravian settlements in Europe the Bethlehem colonists refused to sell land to persons not of their own faith, and maintained this exclusive policy for more than a hundred years, with the result that Bethlehem, while now a town of mixed population, well known for its industries and its great university (Lehigh University,) still bears the obvious impress of Moravian influence in its people, buildings, institutions and customs.

The Easter celebration which is now attracting so much attention covers the eight days from the Saturday before Palm Sunday until Easter day, and is observed generally by the community. On each day of this week, the history of the corresponding day of Passion Week is read from a manual framed out of the language of the gospels—a kind of "harmony of the gospels." The reading is interspersed with appropriate and effective music, largely choral, sung by the congregation with orchestral accompaniment. The following are some of the features of the celebration this year:

On Palm Sunday there is a confirmation service in the morning, in the evening the antiphonal singing by boys and girls of "Hosanna," a composition by Christian Gregor, a Moravian bishop (1723-1801.)

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, there are only evening services, but on Thursday, in addition to the afternoon service, a celebration of the Holy Communion in the evening, corresponding to the traditional date of the institution of the Sacrament of the Eucharist. At this time the service consists entirely of chorals sung by the congregation and largely unaccompanied.

On Good Friday, the services continue all day, with the singing of such music as "Crucifixus," from Bach's Mass in B minor, Mozart's "Ave Varum" and Graun's "O Head So Full of Bruises."

On Saturday, "The Great Sabbath," there is a "Love Feast" in the afternoon, with the singing of Easter Eve vigils at night.

In the early hours of Sunday morning, long before daylight, the people of the town are awakened by the playing of appropriate and familiar chorals through the streets by trombones. About five o'clock in the morning there is a liturgical service at the church, which is continued through the streets to the old burying ground, this service like the others being choral but with the accompaniment of trombones. The burying ground, which is the terminus of the procession, is celebrated for the fact that every grave is marked only by a flat stone, no differences and no display being permitted. The music at the 10:30 o'clock service in the church is all from Handel's Messiah, "Hallelujah Chorus," "Worthy is the Lamb That Was Slain," and "The Amen Chorus." The whole celebration appropriately closes with the rendering, on Sunday evening, of Handel's "But Thanks Be to God" and Bach's "Bide With Us, for Night Is Drawing On."

The services are characterized, it is said, by simplicity and feeling, no other object being apparent than the impressive celebration of the facts of the Christian faith. While the music is elaborate and carefully prepared, chief emphasis is laid on sympathetic rather than technical rendering. Let it be hoped that, with the increasing attention that the celebration is attracting, the Bethlehem Moravians may not become too conscious of the presence of visitors and of the pecuniary advantages that may result from their influx, and so vitiate their sacred art by an ambition to get rather than a desire to give.

THOMAS C. MARSHALL.

CHASING CRIMINALS. LONG RUNS MADE BY DETECTIVES ON THE TRAIL OF FUGITIVES. From Pearson's Weekly.

[Pearson's Weekly:] Sergeant Wood, of the Natal Police, was recently given the task of arresting a man charged with embezzling large sums of money at Pietermaritzburg. The man got away from South Africa, and went to New York. Although the detective had information as to where his quarry was hiding, yet he had first to visit London to obtain necessary extradition papers. Then he hurried to America, and with the assistance of the United States' police, ran down his man. By the time he had again reached Maritzburg, he had been traveling hard for nearly three months, and had covered nearly 21,000 miles.

A feat of this kind is a mere, every-day matter to the first-class detective of today. It must be remembered that we have now extradition treaties with practically every civilized power. Up to 1843, a British criminal had only to get out of the United Kingdom, and he was safe.

In that year our government first arranged an extradition treaty with France, and since then other similar treaties have followed, the last having been made with the tiny republic of San Marino. There is now no longer any refuge for the fugitive from the law, unless perhaps he hides in the backwoods of Brazil, or the swamps of Central Africa. Even Spain and the Argentine are closed to him by recent treaties with those governments.

A Chase That Cost \$4350.

One of the sternest chases of recent years was after Loys Darrell, formerly sergeant in the Seventh United States Cavalry. Darrell enlisted at the beginning of the Spanish-American war, and distinguished himself at Cuba. There he fell in love with a pretty Spanish girl, and begged himself in buying finery for his sweetheart. To obtain more money, he robbed and murdered a companion in arms, named Crouch. He then fled.

A detective, named Dupuy, was put upon the murderer's track, and finding a clue started for New Orleans. He was right in his surmise that Darrell had gone there, but when he arrived the bird had flown. He had left on a British mule transport for South Africa. Dupuy took train for New York, fast boat for Southampton, rushed by rail across Europe, caught a boat of the German East African line, and finally arrived at Beira, in Portuguese East Africa.

There he waited like a spider for a fly, and just as Darrell was fancying himself safe from pursuit, he pounced upon him. Late last year, the detective deposited his prisoner safely in Castle William Jail, in New York; he had traveled in all 31,000 miles, and spent \$850 in the chase.

The Case of Benson.

One of the most astonishing criminals England ever produced was a man named Benson, who began operations in London with two confederates. He organized a series of swindling companies in the city, whilst he himself, pretending to be an invalid, lived in the greatest luxury in the Isle of Wight. He posed as a great philanthropist, was foremost in charitable works, and went into the very best society. So little was his real status suspected that he actually received from the late Austrian Empress a letter of thanks for his efforts in aid of an enterprise in which she was interested. By dint of bribing certain officers of the law, he lived for some years on the proceeds of his swindles. But one day the crash came; he was arrested, sentenced, and got a long term in Portsmouth jail.

No sooner was he out than he was at his old tricks again. These culminated in Switzerland, where he managed to gain the affections of the daughter of an English officer. Through her, he induced her father to trust him with the investment of his entire capital, some £7000. He bolted with the money. Chased across Europe, a detective caught him at Bremen. To avoid scandal the victim promised not to prosecute if Benson would give up the money. The latter did so, and left for America. Hardly was the vessel out of sight, before it was discovered that the bundle of scrip the thief had handed over was worth at most £32.

Followed across the Atlantic, Benson escaped to Mexico, where he made £5000 by passing himself off as Mme. Patti's agent, and selling forged concert tickets. By this time his photograph was in almost every police bureau in the world. Yet he dodged and twisted under a dozen aliases, and was heard of in almost every South American State, before a clever New York detective ran him down in Rio, after a two years' hunt.

Even then he cheated justice. Landed in prison in New York, he walked upstairs, chatting amiably to his jailer. Suddenly he made a spring, and jumped clean over the banisters. He was picked up with a broken back, and died that night.

Coins are Hated by Governments.

Police never exhibit more relentless energy than in hunting down a coin. A coin's crime is against government, and so the whole forces of the State are against him. The United States suffers far more from coins than we do, and is proportionately keen to run down such offenders. Early in 1900, a man named Hastings was surprised in his workshop, from which he had issued many thousands of small silver coins. But he was too quick for his would-be captors, and escaped. No less than seven Secret Service men were put on his track. The remarkable fact is that Hastings never attempted to leave the States. But he traveled from New York to California, then to Arizona, from there to Florida, and finally came north again and hid in the thick woods near Eckman in West Virginia.

There, in a thicket, he built a shelter of bushes and stones, so well hidden that it almost defied detection.

Elfer, one of the detectives, got a hint that a stranger was in the woods. He took a blanket and some food, and hid himself in a thicket. Very early in the morning, Hastings passed, carrying a bag of food. Elfer tracked him to his refuge, and saw that the forger was armed. He waited some distance away in hiding. When night fell, Hastings came out with a dark lantern, and searched every bush near his hiding place. At last he was satisfied, and went back. So soon as Elfer felt sure the man was asleep, he crept up, and had the handcuffs on him before he could wake. On the way to the jail, Hastings told his captor that he had seen him on ten different occasions, and had once, in Cincinnati, been within three feet of him in a theater.

Man-hunting in Australia.

The most exciting man hunt of recent times was the chase after the two half-breeds, Jimmy and Joe Governor, in Australia last year. Together with a black fellow, named Jack Underwood, these desperadoes began their career of crime on July 20 last, by killing four of the Mawbey family at Breelong, in New South Wales. They also murdered a Miss Kerz, and badly wounded another lady, Miss Clarke. They then took to the bush, and for fourteen weeks defied all their pursuers, who numbered more than two hundred. During this time they committed nine murders, badly wounded four people, robbed seventy homesteads, and held up about a hundred different travelers for money or food. Underwood was the first to be caught, but the first of the Governors, Jimmy, was not "balled up" until October 28.

It was three days later that Mr. Wilkinson, a selector, sighted Joe and gave chase. He fired at the man, but missed, and then hunted him to the edge of a ravine. The half-breed jumped down a height of over twenty feet. As he was scrambling up the other side his pursuer fired again, and killed him, thereby saving the State the expense of a hanging.

Look Out For This Criminal.

There is one criminal, who has been hunted up and down South Europe, and North Africa, for the past three years, and is still defying all efforts to capture him. He is a Spaniard, named Norel, who in June, 1898, killed a companion in a quarrel, and gaining North Africa took refuge with the Arabs on the edge of the Sahara. Routed out by the French police, he returned to Spain, and was next heard of in Alicante, where he robbed and half-murdered his brother. He was caught by the local police, and jailed. But he escaped within twenty-four hours; he murdered his guard, and burning the man's face so that it was unrecognizable, took his clothes, and made off.

Fifteen more murders have since been charged to this scoundrel, who, like the famous Italian, Muscolino, seems to bear a charmed life, and has successfully defied the police of Spain, Portugal, Italy and Greece.

MOUNT SAN ANTONIO.

Thou Monarch old, should misty seas enshroud
Thy breast, thou lookest down on realms of cloud
That at thy word a rainy tribute pay:
The hills rejoice, the rivers madly play.
At thy command the clouds withdraw, and lo!
Thou holdest aloft the treasures of the snow,
The sacred source whence fertile rivers flow.
The dwellers in the vale when hot winds burn
To thee as to a god enthroned will turn
As thy swift and fruitful streams behold
More rich than river sand of yellow gold.

And thou wast born midst wars of primal fire
When earth was wrinkled with contortions dire,
And mighty strife arose twixt sea and land
To know who should obey and who command.
Imprisoned Fire, o'er whom the sea had reigned
And held deep down below in bondage chained,
A weary grey and with the hills submerged
A compact made and bold rebellion urged.

Then Fire said: What valiant hill will lead
Our forces on? Who'll be the first to heed
With action bold, the signal for the fray
That hurls the ocean back and ends his sway?

The signal given, San Antonio
Rose first and with resounding overthrow
He shook a world of water from his side
That round the earth swept with tumultuous tide,
Alarming Ocean deep in all his caves
And brought in line a thousand leagues of waves
That with augmenting force turn back to throw
Their world of rage 'gainst San Antonio.

The rising mountains stagger at the shock,
But Fire, alert and fierce, hurls liquid rock
Along the thundering line of war. Hot spray
Tremendous screams and toward the moon away
Shoots far, bedecked with lightning lurid tide,
That wider grow, till passing worlds espid
And pangs of sympathy o'er cloud the sun
And many stars. Confounded meteors run
As quails by crackling smoke confused will fly
Swift through the flames on burning wing to die,
E'en so, dire meteors smite the air around
And flashing fall with loudest thunder sound.
Still, thou brave San Antonio, didst higher
Rise, and reinforced by scorching troops of fire
Hurlst back mad Ocean to his own domain
And still dost thou thy victory maintain,
While Ocean ever and anon recalls
His old defeat and 'gainst his prison walls
Beats loud with clamor hoarse, but thou meanwhile
Secure on adamant throne dost smile.

ABRAHAM H. BATES.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

"He's going in for politics. Wouldn't he make a splendid diplomat, though?" "What? Why, he's a deaf mute." "Exactly. Just think how easy it would be for him to be absolutely dumb when it was expedient." "Yes, but then he could never talk without showing his hand."—[Philadelphia Record.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

Parlor Furniture of Mahogany and Light Green.

MRS. J. N. D., Los Angeles, writes: "Inclosed you will find a rough sketch of our new house. Will you advise me in regard to tinting and furnishing? The house is finished in Oregon pine; coved ceilings in parlor, dining-room, hall and front bedroom. I have a mahogany-case piano and music cabinet; have to buy new furniture for parlor and dining-room. Have two pairs of portieres, one the color of dark-green sample inclosed, with red, white and gilt threads running through, the other pair of knit silk rags; will have to buy another pair for sliding door into bedroom; piano cover is shade of light-green sample. Please give me color for tiling for grate in dining-room. Would you advise leather-covered dining chairs? Have pictures in gilt frames for dining-room and parlor and for bedrooms in black and brown. Have bedroom suite of golden oak, all the fancy things for dresser in light blue; please give me color for walls and carpet. Living-room I should like in red, and have in furniture for it dark-green velvet couch, antique bookcase, marble-top table and square mahogany table. Back bedroom has for furniture antique oak suite of three pieces, fancy things in yellow;

makes a dark room. I think you would like the ceiling in your hall better than a pink one. A rug of green leaves (small figure), and white ground in Brussels would look well on the floor. This should have a border of plain green. Treat the other bedroom in the same way with a yellow rose border.

To Decorate a Small House Attractively.

C. J. M., COMPTON, Cal., writes: "We would be very much obliged for suggestions in regard to the tinting and furnishing of a five-room cottage; will inclose plan. Would like to tint and carpet and furnish coosly and artistically for the least money, as everything has to be bought. We had thought of iron beds for the two bedrooms; what furniture should go with them? Would you hang pictures on the walls? Would you have window shades the same color in all the rooms? The outside of the house will be painted in French gray. What color for shades? Would prefer rugs to carpets on the floors. Will not have much money to spend for pictures, but would like to know how to use that little to advantage. Can you tell me how to make portieres from silk or woollen rags? If not, can you give address of some one who can?"

If I wished to furnish a small house in a suburban town cheaply and prettily, I would begin by curtaining all windows alike. This alone gives a certain style and finish to a small house. Blinds of pale creamy yellow will look well with the French gray of outside, and curtains of white-dotted muslin ruffled with plain-white organdy and caught gracefully back with white cotton cords and tassels. Hang these as close against your

also have dark furniture if possible, for it will be particularly effective with white muslin curtains and low walls. It is an inexpensive matter to decorate a low dining-room in simple style, for a shelf of wood against the wall, holding a row of blue and white plates, and at one end a ginger jar or teapot for guerigues, adds much. Some water-color prints or blue and white, all in dark wood flat frames are lovely, well selected and a long table cover of blue denim is a cheap table completely. This table cover with the doiley and a bowl of roses in the center is always a find in suggestion, and a stand holding a fern by a window breaks all stiffness. Your white iron beds may be supplemented with two white bureaus or a chest for one room and a bureau for the other. Two chairs are all that are really necessary.

To Freshen and Brighten Two Rooms.

MRS. R. R. W., Los Angeles, writes: "I have a front and a dining-room to partly refurnish. Will you kindly help me out a little. The front room is 12x12 feet, large window at one end, mantel on one side opposite a door into a small hall; at the other end is a large opening into the dining-room. The dining-room is 15x16; the only window being a corner one. The room has doors on each side to hall, bedroom, kitchen and one outside door. The rooms are finished in yellow pine; the smooth-finished walls tinted in a soft gray (not a blue gray,) with ceilings and border to picture moldings in cream. The mantel is a handsome oak one with large mirror; the tiling is shaded olive green, green and salmon-colored damask curtains between the two rooms. Almost all the furniture, including piano, is golden oak. How would woodwork look painted black? I want a neat stylish effect as I cannot afford much expense. I need a large rug in each room; thought of reversible Brussels. Would olive green with salmon or something in Oriental coloring be best in front room? I need a piano lamp, shade, piano cover and outer-colored silk or satin curtains. For the dining-room I like blue and yellow, but will it be too mixed for the other room? I need dining-table cover, lounge and bamboo stand cover; shall lounge cover be thrown over or tacked? Do you prefer Bagdad or denim plain or figured? I wish to paint around the rugs the brown you recommend; can it be bought ready for use? Has it any reddish tint?"

I think I would prefer the Oriental coloring for the rug in the front room, as it would serve to bring together the green and salmon of curtains. Your lamp shade could then be a pink salmon. I wish you could afford a body Brussels in your parlor, as I fear the reversible Brussels will not be handsome enough to accord with your other furnishings. It will, however, be quite appropriate in your dining-room and is very serviceable. Bring the green of door curtains in on your window draperies, in raw silk, if you can afford it. If you will use a soft shade of old blue in denim for your dining-room you will find that it will not clash with the green and salmon of the front room, but will rather tone it down. Have your couch covers made to fit smoothly and slip over with valance sewed on. You can use cushions of orange silk on it if you wish to. I am glad you think of painting your woodwork black. It will freshen and brighten the whole effect. Use blue denim for the table cover. You can buy a floor paint in rich dark brown without a reddish tint.

Double Parlors in Santa Ana.

MRS. M. L. T., Santa Ana, writes: "As I am about to fit out a couple of parlors, I have had the temerity to come to you for advice. The woodwork of the rooms is varnished redwood and has been refurnished so many times that it is all cracked. The molding around door panels is in yellow pine. I had thought of painting the woodwork black, leaving the moldings as they are. Do you know of any way to treat the wood to remove the cracked condition? Will paint cover it sufficiently to look well. I wish to ask you also if the paint you advise is a lusterless paint, or does the last coat have varnish mixed with it? My paper is white with yellow sprays of ripe wheat; the picture mold is gilt, the frieze is plain yellow tan with ceiling of white and gold. I have dark red and gold portieres, black pole, bookshelves to paint black, with brass rod. Am thinking of doing the floors in golden oak stain and varnish with art squares; would you? Curtains are heavy cream lace; rooms are dark, owing to trees, porch shading windows. They are both 12x12 feet square, with opening or archway between. Pictures mostly oil paintings, with gilt frames. What do you think of color scheme, or are the rooms too dark to admit of it?"

I think you could not do better than to paint your woodwork all black in the parlors. Do not leave the yellow pine as it is, for there should never be two kinds of woodwork in a room. Your painter can tell you whether it will be necessary to rub down the surface of your wood before putting on the paint. The "dye black" that I often advise does not give a varnished surface, but is susceptible of polish with a cloth. I would prefer to paint the floors brown and varnish rather than use the oak stain, but you may find that light floors are less liable to show dust. It may be that your portieres darken the room too much, but as your walls are light, the contrast with the red should be effective.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer, as far as possible, all proper and clearly stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, whether the writer be a resident of California or not; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to inquiries have frequently to be deferred for a week or more.

HYDROPATHIC.

Medicus: Temperance man? Yes! He seems to have water on the brain.

Biblicus: I shouldn't wonder. He told me himself that he was afraid he was getting a cataract.



ROCOCO IN A DINING-ROOM.

please advise as to tinting walls and carpet. I can have two color tintings in each room; do not care for rugs, but will buy body Brussels carpet. Would like hall tinted in oxblood, shading to pink; bedroom opening off of it is in blue; would like your suggestions as I am not good in combining colors. Have lace curtains for all rooms of the novelty lace pattern except for parlor; for this would you advise the Arabian net?"

The things you have in hand for your parlor suggest a green scheme for this room as being most harmonious. Four graceful pieces of mahogany upholstered with the pale green of your piano in brocade cover would furnish well if you added two or three handsome wicker chairs, or one large stuffed chair of darker green velvet. Two small tables should also be in here, and on one I would put a mat of old-rose brocade bound with gilt galloon. A tall crystal vase of roses in the center of this would make a beautiful effect. The other table should hold a handsome lamp, some handsomely-bound books, etc. Your walls in the green of your piano cover with a ceiling of old ivory and a paper frieze of roses or of green vines on an ivory ground would accord most charmingly with the furnishings I have suggested. Your curtains with this coloring should be white rather than the grayish tan of Arabian net. Point d'esprit net or Brussels would look well. If your windows are more square than long, you would do well to hang a bordered point d'esprit with the pattern of border running across the window and showing against the glass. If your dining-room walls are yellow (and this is a cheerful color,) your tiling should be ivory white, I think in any case this tiling is best. I abhor fancy tiles, and only in bedrooms when one wishes to accentuate a tint do I advise the use of colored tiles. One other exception I would make, blue tiling in Delft shades or with Delft designs often artistically assists the scheme of a Dutch room. I would advise the leather-covered chairs by all means. Dark-green leather, brown or dark red looks well with yellow walls. If you use for your living-room a rich crimson or a mulberry red you will have a beautiful and cheerful room. Cover your marble-top table with a Kizkillim rug in soft rich tones. Your ceiling in here could be yellow ivory or café au lait, or, it could be merely a shade lighter than the side walls. This, however,

glass as the rolling shades will permit. It is poor economy to use wire or cord for putting these up, for brass rods and little brackets are very inexpensive, and the cheapest and best plan is to have the man who puts up your blinds, put up also these little rods. When your curtains are neatly made with ruffles, just three inches wide, and carefully adjusted in the rods (by means of a small casing,) they will stay in place and give your house a trim, attractive look. If you cannot afford good matting for your dining-room, paint the floor brown and varnish it. You can then have a rug woven of rags dyed in dark blue, large enough to spread in the middle of the floor under the dining table. In the parlor and hall I would cover the floor with matting and buy some small rugs when I could afford them. If you could have an east window in your parlor, just opposite a west one in the front bedroom, your house would open up delightfully. Color your parlor and dining-room in the same shade and your house will appear larger than it really is. I would suggest a soft shade of creamy yellow for these rooms, chiefly because it is so easy to find charming sateen which has yellow chrysanthemums in it. This is inexpensive stuff and you can have the prettiest little parlor imaginable if you will make scarf curtains unfringed of the flowered stuff, lining with silkoline in a little stronger yellow than walls and let them drop in straight folds over your dotted muslin from the top of the window to the sill. Now, to carry out this scheme, buy one wicker armchair, in plain lines, and have an upholstered cushion for seat and back caught in with buttons of the yellow-flowered stuff. If this is a Morris chair your money will be well invested, and if you can find some well-shaped cherry or birch pines in rocker, then chairs and small table, your room will have much style. Make a white linen cover for your small table and embroider some yellow chrysanthemums as a border. A pretty lamp with a yellow shade will look well on this table. You can also add a home-made low stool covered with the flowered stuff to your other furniture. A square box on casters with a cushioned top and valance of the goods is all that is requisite for this. A little bamboo flower stand holding a fern should be placed near the window. Your dining-room should

April 13, 1902.]

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Knowing Stowaway, This.

ERNEST CHARLETON, one of the cleverest stowaways that ever came under the eye of the immigration authorities, was shipped aboard the French liner *La Touraine* today to be returned to France. The fate of the average stowaway is to crawl from his hiding place, hungry and fearful, when a few days out, and his ambition usually ends in the stoke hole or galley.

Charleton proved to be a cheeky uninvited "dead-head." He boarded the ship four hours before she left Havre, and with the splendid confidence of youth, but the experience of the old stowaway, which, however, he was not, walked straight to the steerage quarters of the craft and turned into a bunk.

He was wideawake with the clang of the meal bell and turned out to a hearty repast, for the French line feeds its third-rate passengers in a most liberal way. One of the steerage passengers gave the youth a cigar and he sat down with a clear conscience and the air of a coming financier.

As Charleton proved to be an excellent admirer of the ship cuisine, he was the first to begin eating at meal times and the last to be filled. He ate like a cavalryman after a hard drive and he smoked almost incessantly cigarettes or cigars that were given him.

The purser of the ship in his inspection of the tickets and the subsequent count of the passengers in the steerage failed to find one too many; but the immigration authorities did and this was Charleton's undoing. He tried to assume the name of a man whose acquaintance he made on the ship, but when confronted with this man he confessed that he was a stowaway. He was returned in the *Touraine* today.

This is the first instance on record in which a stowaway used this method to get over the sea.—[New York Mail and Express.

Six Pairs of Twins.

MIDWAY between Stonybrook and Campbell's Station, in Hellman township, this county, there stands a comfortable farm dwelling, which is known as "The House of the Twelve Twins," because six sets of twins have been born under its roof within the space of eleven years.

The house was originally known as the Rudy homestead, and it was to Mr. and Mrs. John Rudy that the first pair of the twelve little visitors responsible for the odd name was born. The Rudys sold the homestead, and it became the abode of David Stiles and family. The Stiles were not long in their new homes when twins arrived. This family moved out, and the family of A. L. Thomas moved in, when the Thomases were blessed with twins. "The Old Rudy House," as it was still known, began to acquire a peculiar reputation. Some Hellamites found in it an object for facetious comment, while others looked upon it with a degree of awe and superstition. Mr. Thomas, wishing to engage in farming in another part of the country, vacated the house one April day, and James Runkle became its tenant.

One dark and stormy night a doctor was summoned to the Runkle home. As he was leaving he was heard to remark to the astonished Mr. Runkle:

"Two—a boy and a girl."

The Runkels, having heard of the previous twin arrivals, and their family already being a large one, concluded not run further risks of another double increase, and followed the example of the other families by moving.

Harry Farrington and family were the next to occupy the now much-talked-about home, and with the Farringtons it was in course of time the same old story—twins.

The house is now occupied by Milton Heindel, who with his family finds it a pleasant and comfortable home. Mr. and Mrs. Heindel are the parents of the sixth set of twins born in the house that seems to be more than favored by the stark. Mr. Heindel expects to move to York shortly, but he fears to advertise the fact, lest he be buried in a deluge of application from prospective tenants.

Of the dozen twins born under the same roof ten are living.—[York (Penn.) Correspondence Philadelphia North American.

Strange Whim of the Dead.

THE solemn words, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," had more than their usual significance as recently uttered over the remains of Major Francis Otto Wagener.

At this funeral the words were more than part of a formal ritual. They described what was actually occurring. For the ashes of a husband were being literally united in death with those of his wife.

The Wageners were staunch believers in cremation. Both had willed that the quick blast of the incinerator, and not the slow process of decay, should be the agent to reduce their bodies to the dust whence they came.

Mrs. Wagener died first. She was cremated and her ashes were buried in a small urn.

Upon her death the husband tried in vain to resume his work, and take up again his interest in life. But as so frequently happens with an old man, Mr. Wagener had lost all spirit. He fell away gradually and finally sickened and died.

His last wish was that he should be cremated, and his ashes mingled with those of his wife in the buried urn.

Strangely enough, it happened that Wagener's death occurred only four days before the thirty-eighth anniversary of his wedding, and so the funeral—the second sorrowful union, was held on that anniversary.

"Till death do us part," they had said on the day of their marriage. "Till death do join them," said their

surviving children reverentially, as they mingled the ashes of their parents till none could say which had been the remains of husband and which of wife.—[Philadelphia North American.

Found His Trap Inside a Tree Trunk.

WHILE felling a tree on Eli Marvin's farm near Jefferson, Oscar Walters, the tenant, made a singular discovery. A large steel trap was found over it to a thickness of three inches. Attached to the trap was a long chain, this being imbedded about six inches. On the spring of the trap was stamped the name of George Emory.

Mr. Emory reports that the trap has been missing for twenty-two years. The owner was a famous trapper in those days and did a flourishing business in coon hides, those animals being plentiful in the woods then. In making his rounds one day he found that one trap had disappeared. He thought that it had been stolen, but had no idea that the thief was a four-footed one.

When the trap was found in the tree it was about forty feet from the ground. After being cut out it was returned to Mr. Emory, who remembered its loss and identified it. He thinks that the trap was carried up into the tree by a coon.—[Frankfort (Ind.) Correspondence Indianapolis News.

Bank in His Wooden Leg.

FOR twenty-five years Gideon Mason, a junk dealer of Trenton, carried his savings around in his wooden leg, and when he died he was worth \$15,000 in cash. Mason lost his leg in a railroad accident years ago. He never would tell whence he came. He had known better days, he said, and rum had caused his downfall. When he was able to get out on crutches he took the pledge. Friends bought him a wooden leg and a push cart, gave him a few dollars, and he began buying and selling junk. Mason prospered. When the first wooden leg was worn out, Mason appeared with one of his own manufacture. It was very clumsy, bulging at the top. During the past six years Mason was accompanied on his rounds by a dog that was equipped with a wooden leg made by Mason to take the place of one it had lost. The dog and the man were inseparable. Mason was found stretched on his bed, dead, the other day. The county physician found a cavity in Mason's wooden leg in which were concealed a will, \$15,000 in bills, and the pledge he had taken and kept for twenty-five years. The will was holographic; it set aside a certain amount to pay the expense of a burial, and provided for the care of the dog as long as he should live, gave \$5000 to a friend, and the residue to be spent in buying artificial limbs for worthy cripples in Mercer county. Two days after the death of Mason the dog was found dead on the grave of its master. In accordance with Mason's wish, expressed in his will, the dog was buried at his feet.—[Newark News.

Travels for a Splinter.

JAMES E. WILLIAMS, a prominent citizen of this place, swallowed a small piece of splinter about two years ago, but, not paying any further attention to the matter, he forgot all about it until a few days ago. Since he has swallowed the splinter he has suffered intensely a number of times with what many of the physicians thought was a case of pleurisy, and after being confined to his bed and being very ill would get better. Suffering another attack in his side a few days ago, he summoned Dr. J. H. Stonestreet, his family physician, who, upon examination found a piece of splinter working its way out of his side. He performed an operation by cutting it out, and since then Mr. Williams has fast been recovering, and does not feel the sharp pains which at times threatened his life. The splinter was one and a half inches long, one-quarter of an inch wide and tapered down to a point. It is supposed that it worked through his throat or stomach into his side, and this accounts for the excruciating pains he has suffered for the past two years.—[Boyd's (Md.) Correspondence Baltimore American.

Has Forty-seven Living Children.

ON THE farm of Jason Gibbs, in this county, lives a remarkable old negro. His name is George Gwinn, and he is one of the few centenarians in Carroll county, being 102 years of age. But the most remarkable feature in connection with this old dandy is the extensive list of his lineal descendants. They number more than two hundred.

Gwinn was born in 1800 on Gwinn's Creek, Carroll county. His parents were named Williamson, and at a very youthful age George was bought by Edwin Gwinn, the father of Dr. Gwinn of McKenzie. Pickaninny George was hardly big enough to sit astride a horse, and his purchaser tied him behind on his horse with a large red bandana handkerchief and brought him to town.

While yet a young man George was married, and by his first wife had four children. He is now living with his sixth wife, and by the entire six is the father of forty-seven children. All of the forty-seven are still living; all are married, and have had an average of three children each, making 140 grandchildren. There are also ten great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren.

The children of George Gwinn, with their families, are scattered all over the State. The only one of his children in this immediate vicinity is Lewis Thomas, who lives in Huntingdon. Lewis is 64 years of age and four years older than his father's present wife. He has one son and two grandchildren. Lewis is the only one of George's forty-seven children who stays near him in

his declining years. Gwinn's first wife was taken from him more than sixty years ago, sold into slavery and carried into Little Rock. He never saw her again. He then married Iris Dickson, an Indian woman. He then took unto himself in succession Patsy Gwinn, Charlotte Thomas, Maria Mathias and Minerva Randle.

Gwinn is rather a lively darkey, considering his extreme age. Although compelled to go about with the aid of a cane, he can still work some and very often does a fairly good day's work. He uses neither liquor nor tobacco, having quit both several years ago because he thought they were undermining his constitution. His mind is still good and he delights to gather about him a crowd and talk of events of four-score years ago. He says it is his intention to make a crop the coming year.—[Nashville Banner.

A One-handed Pianist.

FOR a person possessing only one hand Jesse C. Hariman, a high school student of this city, is a marvelous piano player. He is so proficient in this respect that he plays for public dances every week, and his services are in general demand. When a child he showed musical talent of a high degree.

His parents encouraged the development of this gift as much as possible, and when he was old enough gave him musical instruction. As he was finishing his first term of lessons and showing a keen and promising interest in the work he lost his right hand. That was three years ago, when he was 14 years old. The accident occurred on a railway caboose and he was on his way to Verona on a hunting trip. His gun slipped on the caboose step, the hammer striking the step, exploding the charge, which tore his right hand from the wrist. Some of the shot went through the hand and lodged in the boy's face, where they still remain.

He resumed playing on the piano a year and a half ago, and, while he now has but his left hand, he is able to get remarkable harmony from the instrument. He plays now entirely by ear, but expects soon to resume his music lessons.—[Madison (Wis.) Correspondence Milwaukee Sentinel.

He Caught Hats.

ON THE recent windy Sunday a new and apparently profitable industry was disclosed uptown. It was a day when hats went suddenly off the heads and traveled a block or two before they alighted, and then rolled or bounded three or four blocks more, like low-driven golf balls. People at Broadway and Forty-second street had just watched a young fellow disappear down the cross street in pursuit of his derby, and were turning to go on their ways when a negro rounded the corner, who looked like a hatter. Derbies were tucked under each arm; he held a muddy tall hat in one hand and a white felt crush in the other, and on top of his own derby a black felt hat was jammed securely. He wore a smile from ear to ear.

"What are you doing with all those hats?" some one asked him.

"Well, I'm takin' all dat am a-comin' ma way," and he grinned. "I could 'a' got more, but I ain't got no more place to put um."

"Why don't you give them back to the men who lost them?" he was asked.

"Well, you see," said he, "they was most gen'rally so fah away dat I couldn't wait."

Then he went up Broadway with all his hats.

"He proves the old saying," was remarked; "never chase your own hat—so one is already to do it for you."—[New York Tribune.

Gift of Queen Anne at Clyde.

IN THIS Wayne county village is the oldest church pipe organ in the United States. Additional interest attaches to the instrument from the reason that it was the first whose pipes gave music for the worshipers in old Trinity, New York City. The organ is now occupying a place of repose and honor due to the dignity of old age in the chapel of St. John's Episcopal Church. It has had a somewhat remarkable career from the time it came to the New World as a royal gift, to the day its place was taken in the country church by a rival of more modern make.

The organ was installed in old Trinity as a mark of Queen Anne's special favor to the Englishmen who had made New Amsterdam into New York. The gift was received with the royal command that it should never be sold, but that when the parish could afford a better one it should be transferred to a church which had no organ. After many years, the old instrument was set up in Trinity Church, Ulster, where it was used for more than two decades. Still honoring the precept of Queen Anne, although times had changed and royal commands had little effect among the people of the new States, the organ was sent here in 1846, and from that date to 1884 it served St. John's Church. Once it had a narrow escape, for the church was burned, but the parishioners bent all their efforts toward saving the instrument and succeeded. When the new instrument was put in position in 1884 the old Queen Anne's gift was removed to the chapel, where for more than ten years its keys have not been touched, but the parishioners prize it highly.

The ancient instrument is eight feet in height, seven in width, and four in depth, with one set of keys and six stops.—[Clyde Correspondence New York Tribune.

JACK'S POINT OF VIEW.

"But, my dear! Don't you know that opals are awfully unlucky?"

"Well, Jack priced a lot of different stones and he says they're only about a fifth as unlucky as diamonds."—[Brooklyn Life.

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

FICTION.

A Michigan Novel.

THE author of this story leads his readers to the far life of the lumber camps. The hero is Harry Thorpe, whose father had failed in business and left his son and daughter a tarnished name. The young man wisely determined to begin at the bottom of the ladder, and live above the traditions which demanded the appearance of wealth. After a somewhat dramatic experience, he established his claim to a valuable tract of timber land. He organized his camps and fought for his rights against vast odds, and the encroachments of a lumber corporation. He had much to combat in his own character, where the spirit of dumbness possessed him in the great straits of life and alienated him at one time from his sister and sweetheart. The author knows the charm of his subject, for he makes his varied characterizations true to the life. He shows the fidelity of men to a leader who cared for their comfort and happiness, in comparison with those who regard human beings as instruments of their own personal success. He states that "When history has granted him the justice of perspective, we will know the American pioneer as the most picturesque of her many figures. Resourceful, self-reliant, bold, adapting himself with fluidity to diverse circumstances and conditions; meeting with equal cheerfulness of confidence and completeness of capability—both unknown dangers and the perils by which he has been educated; seizing the useful in the lives of the hearts and men nearest him, and assimilating it with marvelous rapidity; he presents to the world a picture of complete adequacy which it would be difficult to find in—other walk of life. In him the passions are elemental, the dramas epic, for he lives in the age when men are close to nature and draw from her their forces."

The heroine, Hilda Ferrand, was won by the adventurous spirit, the battle courage of the men who were preparing the way for a higher civilization, and Thorpe was seen as one of the self-conscious agents of advance. The maid of the story is introduced in the wilderness in a silver glade of the cloistered pines. "There was something of the cathedral in the spot. A hush dwelt in the dusk, the long columns lifted grandly to the Roman arches of the frond, faint murmurings stole here and there like whispering acolytes. From a tree near by the olive thrush sang like clockwork; over beyond carolled eagerly a black-throat, a myrtle warbler, a dozen song sparrows, and a hundred vireos and creepers. Down deep in the blackness of the ancient woods a hermit thrush uttered his solemn bell note, like the tolling of the spirit of peace. His song was of three solemn, deep, liquid notes; followed by a slight rhetorical pause, as of contemplation; and then deliberately three notes more, on a different key—and so on without haste and without pause. It is the most dignified, the most spiritual, the holiest of wood utterances."

The story illustrates the possibilities of failure in the most earnest and consecrated lives. The hero says: "I used to imagine that I was a strong man, but you see how little my best efforts amount to, for I have put myself into seven years of the hardest labor, working like ten men in order to succeed, I have foreseen all that mortal could foresee. I have always thought, and think now, that a man is no man unless he works out the sort of success for which he is fitted. I have done fairly well until the crises came. Then I have been absolutely powerless, and I left to myself, I would have failed."

"Harry, are you quite sure God meant him to succeed alone?" is the key to the closing romance. While Hilda Ferrand's methods might not be a safe example for all maids, who find their lovers in financial straits, the picture is true to life, and the story will give an interesting insight into the perils of the log jam and its breakings, as when Jimmy Powers "threw his hat in the face of death" and went down with most of his gang into the cabaret of timbers. Part II of this book appeared in McClure's Magazine for December, 1901, and January, 1902, under the title of "The Forest Lovers." Little Phil, who played violin and who kept the fires of the lumber-jacks is one of the interesting characterizations. "He seemed to possess an instinct which warned him of the approach of wild animals. Long before a white man, or even an Indian, would have suspected the presence of game, little Phil would lift his head with a peculiar listening tone. Soon, stepping daintily through the snow near the swamp edge, would come a deer; or pat-a-pating on his broad hairy paws, a lynx would steal by. Except in Inja Charley, Phil was the only man in the country who ever saw a beaver. At camp sometimes, when all the men were away and his own work was done, he would crouch in his bunk and play the violin. With the bright cold days and clear nights the aurora gleamed so brilliantly that the forest was bright as by moonlight. In the strange, weird shadow cast by its waverings the wolves stole silently, or broke into wild ululations as they struck the trail of game. Except for these weird invaders, the silence of death fell on the wilderness. Deer left the country. Partridges crouched trailing under the snow. All the weak and timid creatures of the woods shrank into concealment and silence."

The book is a true mirror of the wild life of the far North. It has all the charm of the wood camp. The story is sometimes overweighted with details of fact, but on the whole it maintains an effective balance between an interpretation of the phases of life in the shanties of the lumber-jacks and the song and poetry of the forest.

[The Blazed Trail. By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

A Russian Novel.

A discussion has risen as to the vogue of the novel of the coming year. An interesting collection of varied

opinions are quoted by the eastern press. Harper & Bros. says: "We are of the opinion that the vogue of the historical romance is over. But while this is true, any historical romance of unusual power and exciting interest is likely to be popular. This refers more to the romance of alien countries and times in the past, such as the Louis XIV romances, and not to native work. The vogue for historical reading has created too deep an interest to be lightly set aside, but whereas the public is growing tired of the alien romance, it has become more interested and will probably become still more deeply interested in the future in American historical fiction. There is a stronger pride and patriotism, a more active interest in the people of their own country, its past and present, and work of this kind that is done well and presented in an attractive fashion is likely to meet with popularity."

McClure, Phillips & Co. observe: "The vogue of the historical romance is a puzzle. It has been maintained longer than most observers in the book field would have thought likely when it began to make itself felt. We are not particularly interested in this field, and are inclined to believe that the public mind will turn rather to books of more immediate interest and import than the so-called historical novel."

Doubleday, Page & Co. reply as follows: "As far as the historical romance is concerned, it has always been one of the most widely popular forms of fiction, and it seems likely to continue to be so as long as there are good ones to make the bid for public favor. We published a month ago a story of Boston during the Revolution, by a new and unknown writer ('The Colonials,' by Allen French,) and despite the gloomy predictions of the booksellers, we are just putting the fourth edition to press now—this without any splurge of advertising."

J. P. Lippincott thinks that the hour calls for stories of American life dealing with active figures in the making and developing of our country, with a preference for those of recent years. L. C. Page prophesies the domestic

nightmares of memory and will find more wholesome examples for his masterly pen.

[Twenty-six and One. Three Masterpieces from the Russian. By Maxim Gorky. With Preface by Ivan Strannik. Illustrated. B. T. Taylor & Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.]

POETRY.

Lyric Dreams.

The poems represented in "Sonnets and Songs" were written by Mary M. Adams, the wife of ex-President Adams of the State University of Wisconsin. The quality of the collection is thoughtful, individual and earnest. Mrs. Adams has selected numerous characters from the dramas of Shakespeare and has aimed to reveal the charm of character by analyzing its elemental traits and latent poise. Perhaps among them all none will be found more beguiling than "Ariel:"

"Spirit elusive, where shall I find thee?

On summer cloud, in beauty rainbows wear;

In cowslips bell, in dewy gardens fair;

Sunrise and sunset own thy mystery;

The passing zephyrs breathe thy ecstasy;

Fresh violets bloom not if thou art not there,

The winds and waters all thy revel share,

Yet why so teasing thy captivity?"

The tranquil appreciation of the best in art is apparent in these sonnets, to which are added a series of songs of varied theme and quality. An insight into the beauty of nature, the benignity of freedom and the charm of character is shown with sympathetic fidelity. While the academic atmosphere of the sonnets might chiefly win the intellectual reader, the songs possess the mood and convictions of everyday experience. The author is at present a resident of California.

[Sonnets and Songs. By Mary M. Adams. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.]

Sincere Aims.

These poems, meditative, religious and reformatory, show glimpses of the Quaker spirit, and illustrate a high conception of home duties and the sincere life. The book is daintily produced.

[Visions of Life. By Martha Shepard Lippincott. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

NATURE STUDY.

Among the Fields.

Mrs. Martha McCulloch-Williams's sketches of farm and woodland were published in McClure's Magazine and are said to have brought down upon the author avalanches of letters from various critics, who wrote from the point of view of their own particular section and in different localities. Nomenclature differs and also the habits of birds, beasts and insects. Whatever may be the variety of opinion, the book is one of entertaining and suggestive quality. Mrs. Williams has set down the daily matters of country life, and while her lore is sometimes familiar, it is often enhanced by the attraction of that mystery which is half the enchantment of nature. The study of "The Oaks" is illustrative, in which one is told that for subtlety of varied charm the oak wood leads all the forest. "Insects," "Feathered Folks," "The Cow," "Fox Hunting," "The Big Snow," and "Night Noises" are described, and the reader will learn new charms of winds and clouds, bits of hidden woodland life, and the ways of the seed in the furrow and the vines of the hedgerow.

[Next to the Ground. By Martha McCulloch-Williams. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. Price, \$1.20 net; \$1.32 postpaid.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reform in Transportation.

The author of this book has had an intercourse of twenty years with pass solicitors and gazed on many sides of human nature. He considers that railroad passes are generally given to those able to pay their way, and refused to those who most need them. If this be true, his book should merit attention.

[Passes on the Beauties of Transportation. By Augustus Faure. The Lord Baltimore Press, Maryland.]

ASTRONOMY.

Recent Publication.

As the science of astronomy contains many important subjects which admit of detached treatment outside the lines of systematic astronomy, the author has selected a number which he has presented in a language free from technicalities. The essays have previously appeared in periodicals, but each essay will bear a careful study for the themes are of wide interest, and charm. "The Pole Star" is perhaps one of the most interesting of the sketches for the popular reader. The author says: "The day has indeed gone by when that which poets call the Book of Nature was printed in type that could be read by the eye unaided. Telescope, microscope and spectroscopy are essential now to him who would penetrate any of Nature's secrets," and there follows some practical insight into the methods of measuring stellar space. A delightful chapter is given to the subject of "Nebulae."

"Highly organized phenomena, such as those existing in our solar system, did not spring into perfection in an instant. Influential forces, easy to imagine, but difficult to define, must have directed the slow, sure transformation of elemental matter, into sun and planets, things and men. Therefore a study of these forces and of their probable action upon nebular material has always exerted a strong attraction upon the acutest thinkers among men of exact science. Two nebulae only are



STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

life of the order of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" D. Appleton & Co. preface novels of actual American life, while H. S. Stone & Co. advise picturesque fiction. The Century Company is quoted as saying: "We have never known a time when a good historical romance was not popular." Lee & Shepard consider that the historical novel has passed its zenith. The MacMillan Company, Little, Brown & Co., Dodd, Mead & Co., and A. C. McClurg & Co. seem to agree that historical romances, if well written, will never cease to enlist popular sympathy. From all this variety of opinion the fact is seen that the mystery of success is as much a matter of uncertainty with the publisher as the author.

The opinions of Henry Holt & Co. are quoted to the effect that we may expect a flood of novels treating of social and economic problems, since the study of these follows history. On this list comes Maxim Gorky's "Twenty-six and One." The world has become familiar with the struggles of Gorky's life, the tramp boy, who has risen to fame by his realistic pictures of Russian poverty and crime. In this book he has utilized his memories of life in a bakery where, shut up to its routine, he dreamed of freedom. Gorky's appearance in the world of literature dates from 1893. He had in that time the acquaintance of the writer, Korolenko. Everything that he relates Gorky has seen. In the story which he tells of life in the bakery, he describes an attempt on the part of the workers to sing, but "the song has no room there; it strikes against the stones of the walls; it irritates old wounds and rouses sorrow and, on one side of the oven, wood was burning from morning till night, and the red reflection of the flame was trembling on the wall of the workshop as though silently mocking us." The stories deal with the crimes and iniquities of men, the downfall of women, and the possibilities of evil influence, and have sad lapses of taste. It is to be hoped that Gorky has swept his imagination free from these

visible to the unaided eye. The brighter of these is in the constellation Andromeda. The other naked-eye nebulae is in the constellation Orion."

The author leads his readers along the starry highways with a strong sense of the beauty and fascination of the outlook. He says:

"Nothing can be more erroneous than to suppose that the stellar multitude has continued unchanged throughout all generations of men. 'Eternal fires' poets have called the stars; yet they burn like any little conflagration on the earth; now flashing with energy, brilliant incandescence, and again sinking into the dull glow of smouldering, half-burned ashes. It is even probable that space contains many darkened orbs, stars that may have risen in constellations to adorn the skies of prehistoric time—now cold, unseen, unknown. So far from dealing with an unvarying universe, it is safe to say that sidereal astronomy can advance only by the discovery of change. Observational science watches with untiring industry, and night hides few celestial events from the ardent scrutiny of astronomers. Old theories are tested and newer ones often perfected by the detection of some slight and previously unsuspected alteration upon the face of the sky. . . . Fifteen times since men began to write their records of the skies has the birth of a star been seen." The author speaks of the appearance of those brilliant luminaries where nothing visible existed before and thinks the phenomenon does not involve the creation of new matter, but is "old material suddenly become luminous for some hidden reason," and he gives some interesting data on the appearance of "temporary stars."

The reader cannot but be interested in the biographical sketch of Galileo, who is said to have been a genuine humorist, who knew and loved the amusing side of things, and whose acute understanding must have seen that there exists no real conflict between science and religion."

Some interesting accounts of "Photography in Astronomy," of "The Time Standards of the World," "Motions of the Earth's Pole," "Saturn's Rings," "The Heliometer," "Mounting Great Telescopes," "The Astronomer's Pole," and "The Sun's Destination," are parts of the interesting table of contents, of which "Navigation at Sea" is the initial sketch. A page from the chapter on "The Pleiades" will show the author's theories. "The Pleiad stars are among those for which no measurement of distance has yet been made, so that we do not know whether they are all equally far away from us. We see them projected on the dark background of the celestial vault; but we cannot tell from actual measurement whether they are all situated near the same point in space. It may be that some are immeasurably closer to us than are the great mass of their companions; possibly we look through the cluster at others far behind it, clinging, as it were, to the very fringe of the visible universe. . . . We may conclude on general principles that the gathering of these many objects into a single close assemblage denotes community of origin and interests. The Pleiades then really belong to one another. What is the nature of their mutual tie? What is their mystery, and can we solve it? The most obvious theory is, of course, by what we know to be true within our own solar system. We owe to Newton the beautiful conception of gravitation, that unique law by means of which astronomers have been enabled to reduce to perfect order the seeming tangle of planetary evolutions. The law really amounts, in effect, to this: All objects suspended within the vacancy of space attract or pull one another. How they can do this without a visible connecting link is a mystery which may always remain unsolved. But mystery as it is, we must accept it as an ascertained fact. It is this pull of gravitation which holds together the sun and planets, forcing them all to follow out their due and proper paths. This gravitational attraction must be at work among the Pleiades. They, too, like ourselves, must have bounds and orbits set and interwoven, revolutions and gyrations, far more complex than the solar system knows. The visual discovery of such motion of rotation among the Pleiades may be called one of the pressing problems of astronomy today."

The book is one of interest, throughout, and will be valuable not alone for the specialist, but the student of popular study.

[Practical Talks by An Astronomer. By Harold Jacoby, Adjunct Professor of Astronomy in Columbia University. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1 net.]

RELIGIOUS.

The Promise of Immortality.

"Whatever phase of God, of nature, of the future engrosses attention, mystery is written over all its portals. A blade of grass shows it. Yet while sight may not disclose Truth, nor ear take it in, imagination and feeling, through open channels, can unlock heaven's door and disclose its wonders." In this faith the author has taken the passages from the Bible which are illustrative of the future, and has written of Paradise and the Redeemed After Death.

One of the attractive chapters is that of "Special Friendships," which is expressive of the sentiment of all ages. The book is one of pure aspiration, and in addition to the thought of the author he has prefaced each chapter with some of the most exquisite poems in our language on the theme of death and immortality. Among the number, John G. Whittier pleads for the gift of—

"Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade, where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace."

"There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song;
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing
The life for which I long."

The work teaches the earth is a preparation for heaven, and that forerunning ideas are stepping-stones of preparation. The author is a graduate of the University of the City of New York, and the Union Theological

Seminary. He is one of the librarians of the seminary at Princeton. He has been pastor of the Baptist church and editor of the Review of his denomination.

[The First Year of the Life of the Redeemed After Death. By William Clarke Ulyat, A.M. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Good Cheer Nuggets," gathered by Jeanne G. Pennington, comes from Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, New York. The contents include rare and significant thoughts from the works of Maurice Maeterlinck, Joseph Le Conte, Victor Hugo and Horatio W. Dresser.

"Immortality As Fact and Ideal," by Axel Emil Gibson, is a Los Angeles publication by a resident author. The brochure is a thoughtful argument, in which the author presents the plea of "The Importance of a Belief in Immortality," the teachings of classic philosophy, and the varied views of the world, ancient and modern. The work is an argument for the old theory of reincarnation.

"The Authors' Year Book" contains a series of sketches on the preparation of manuscript, the writing for various journals and gives advice to authors concerning the placing of their work. The book is one of useful direction. It is from the Book-Lovers' Press. Price, \$1.

NEW MAGAZINES.

Out West for April contains R. A. Thompson's "The Discovery of the Pacific Coast," which gives an interesting insight into early California. The theme is further illustrated by the translations from the "Diary of Junipero Serra." D. W. Johnson writes of a trip "To the Manzanito Salt Lakes." Charles F. Lummis continues his entertaining pages of "Citrus Fruits 250 Years Ago." The chronicles of "The Sequoia League" afford an interesting insight into the work consecrated "to make Indians better."

The Woman's Home Companion for April comes with its usual array of names of popular writers, and pictorial variety. "Courtship and Marriage Customs" in Japan and China, "Little Journeys to the Woods and Fields," by Ernest Harold Baynes, and "Notable Pictures from the Paris Salon," with illustrations, are leading features of a magazine largely devoted to questions of the toilette and social life.

One of the leading articles of Collier's Weekly for March 29 tells of "Human Nature in the Lonely Antarctic," by C. E. Borchgrevink, who commanded the "Southern Cross" expedition. H. G. Rhodes writes of "Preparations for the Coronation." W. T. Smedley furnishes a color study, "Their Devotions."

The International Monthly for April presents "The Modern Soldier and Military Lessons of Recent Wars," a contribution by Charles W. Larned. Simon Newcomb deals with "The Problem of the Universe." Russell Sturgis describes "William Crary Brownell as Critic of Fine Art," and Emil Steinback considers "Government Control of the Trusts."

Meehan's Monthly for April presents the gardening information which is of value at this season. The adaptation of plants to soil and environment is described in a series of valuable suggestions. The monthly contains the representation of the blue narrow-leaved gentian in a Prang lithograph. Some accounts of storm-wrecked trees and their proper care are parts of the descriptive leasings.

The American Queen for April contains a variety of directions for spring toilettes and numerous suggestions for home life and domestic science.

The April issue of the Engineering Magazine has for its leader a critical study of the Isthmian Canal Commission, by John George Leigh.

The Criterion for April contains the fourth of a series of articles on "Famous Americans," by Gen. James Grant Wilson. The article is illustrated and is full of intimate personal recollections. "Love Affairs of Great Musicians," by Rupert Hughes; "Campaigning With the German Army in France," by Col. Mural Halstead, and Vance Thompson's serial, "Killing the Mandarin," are features of the issue.

Lippincott's April Magazine publishes as its complete novel a love story of the West Indies, by John S. Durham, ex-Minister to Hayti and Santo Domingo. The setting of "Diane, Priestess of Hayti," is therefore drawn from sight. "Diane," a native beauty under the dominion of a priest, aspires to learn to "make the cures" and become the people's idol. A variety of short stories and sketches presents popular names.

The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine for April contains a sketch by Charles F. Wimberly on "The Early Haunts of Mark Twain," "The Twentieth Century Life of John Wesley," and the serial studies of "Famous Hymn Writers."

"The Centenary of Victor Hugo," by Paul Bourget, has been translated for the April 5 number of the Living Age.

The Methodist Outlook for April is published by the Commercial Printing House of this city, of which R. C. Powers is the manager and treasurer. It is edited by Harcourt W. Peck, S.T.D., of Prescott, Ariz., who has given earnest thought to the theme of "Christ and the Higher Critics." Mr. Powers, who has passed the season in this city, was a former Governor of Mississippi.

The Independent (April 3) contains a sketch on "Newspaper Humor," by W. D. Nesbit. "The Survey of the World" covers a series of pages of study of foreign problems.

Printer's Ink announces a special April number which will be sent to schools and colleges throughout the country.

Psychic Occult Views and Reviews is published by the Psychic Review Company, Toledo, O. The issue contains "Reviews of the Leading Articles of the Month on Psychic and Occult Themes." Carl Snyder's "A Scientific Argument Against Mental Science," and Helen Wilman's "Relation of the Ideal to the Affairs of Life" are leading articles.

The Saturday Evening Post for April 5 contains Paul Latake's "James J. Hill and His School for Railroad Presidents." "Advanced Photography for Amateurs"

has reached its sixth lesson. Jefferson B. Fletcher, lecturer on English literature at Howard University, writes of "Poetry" in the Home College Course.

The April number of the Great Round World is the first number of the periodical's second year under its present management. W. C. Gates, formerly business manager of the Review of Reviews, and publisher of the Milwaukee Sentinel, purchased the paper and has enlarged its scope and usefulness.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

Attention is being called by the American Historical Association to the Justin Winsor Prize of \$100, offered annually for a monograph in the field of American history. It is stated that practically no limitations govern the choice of subject. About one hundred pages of print are required. Prof. Charles M. Andrews, Bryn Mawr, Pa., will give the required information. Why should not California be represented?

"The Americanization of the World," which was published by Horace Markley only very recently, has already gone into a third edition, and fourth edition is on the press. The work is most opportune, for never in our history have we made such great strides as in the past few years. We have come all of a jump, as it were, right into the forefront among the nations of the world, and there can be no question about the influence we are going to wield in the world's progress.

"American Masters of Painting," by Charles H. Caffin, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is a volume of brief appreciative estimates of such men as Sargent, Whistler, La Farge, Abbey, Alexander, Bogart, Wyant, Inness, and so on.

It is announced that Charles Scribner's Sons will speedily publish Paul Bourget's "Monita and Other Stories."

A unique book, "Scarabs," which describes the sacred emblems by John Ward, F.S.A., with translations by F. L. Griffith, is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Among the May Publications announced by Charles Scribner's Sons is a novel of the New-York stage, by Clara Morris.

Hughes Le Roux, the famous French author, lecturer and critic, will give six lectures at Berkeley next month, on French literature and French society.

William Henry Babcock, the author of "The Tower of Wye," will give a new book to the public, "Kent Fort Manor." It will be published by Henry H. Coates & Co. of Philadelphia.

Quiller-Couch has written "The Westcotes," a story of rural England in the Napoleonic wars, which will be published by Henry T. Coates & Co. of Philadelphia.

"Love's Vengeance and Other Poems," by John Denton Steell, of this city, has reached its second edition.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce a novel for April which will be entitled "At Sunnyside Port," and written by W. W. Jacobs, author of "Many Carriages."

"Fragments in Science and Philosophy" is a work by J. Mark Baldwin, professor of philosophy at Princeton University, which is in preparation by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"His Mother's Letter," by J. M. Merrill, is the title of a new juvenile book published by the Safford Publishing Company, Akron, O. It is a story of the Michigan woods.

In view of the fact that His Majesty, Don Carlos I, King of Portugal, was one of the first purchasers of the new two-volume book, "The Land of the Wine," by A. J. Drexel Biddle, F.R.G.S., F.G.S.A., F.R.M.S., etc., etc., it is interesting to learn that Her Majesty the Queen has accepted a complimentary set of this book from the Philadelphia author. Mr. Biddle recently received the following letter from Lisbon: "Sir: The Queen, my Gracious Sovereign, has received your letter that accompanies your work, entitled 'The Land of the Wine.' Her Majesty orders me to signify to you how grateful She feels, and wishes me to say how interesting She has found the perusal of your work, after Her recent visit to Madeira. I remain, Sir, Yours truly, Countess de Seixal."

The University of Chicago Press is about to have new quarters on Fifty-eighth street and Ellis avenue.

Harper & Brothers announce their new "Encyclopaedia of United States History." Four thousand sets of the vast work were sold before publication.

The University of Chicago Decennial Publications have been planned in connection with the celebration of the completion of the existence of the first ten years of the corporate existence of the institution. The publication will consist of ten volumes. The University Press offers the public a series of contributions of educational interest, in which the names of Profs. John Dewey, Edward Burton Livingstone and others are represented.

"Commonwealth or Empire," by Prof. Goldwin Smith, and Benjamin Kidd's "Principles of Western Civilization," and Jane Addams "Democracy and Social Ethics" are recent publications of the Macmillan Company.

Charles Mayer's new novel "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," will be published toward the end of this month.

AMERICAN FUN FOR BERLIN.

Some members of the American colony in Berlin gave an entertainment last week, the programme of which was headed, "First Annual American Minstrel," and consisted of a number of humorous songs. One of those who listened to the performance described it as "a great and glorious, jolly and humorous programme." A gentleman got up in a red dress coat, with gilded buttons and dazzling plate-glass diamonds, with an American flag shirt front, was asked how he satisfied his hunger, at a Berlin boarding-house. "I go to my room!" said he, "and think of home and mother; then I feel a lump come into my throat, and I swallow the lump." A young lady sang "Kentucky Babe." She was asked to define the word "kiss." "It is a noun," she replied, in a soft and pathetic voice, "both common and proper. I don't know whether it would be declined. I never declined it!" Interspersed with jokes and repartee of this kind the evening passed off successfully, and the result was a take of about \$125 net profits, which was destined for some local charity. The company will perform at Dresden, and will give another evening in Berlin.—(London Telegraph.)

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

The New Era at Santa Barbara.

IT WAS generally believed that, with the opening of the new coast line of the Southern Pacific, Santa Barbara, in common with other towns on that line, would take a new start, and show rapid progress. Until within the past few months, not much development has been noticed, but since the beginning of the present year a new era seems to have set in at Santa Barbara in earnest. The Independent, of that place, says:

"It is apparent to any one who has watched closely the movement of business in Santa Barbara, that this city is rapidly improving in every respect that goes to make up a city. The number of new houses that are now in progress of erection is a surprise to one who stops to number them. More than forty new houses are now on the road to completion, running from the humble four and five-room cottage up to the new High School building and the new hotel. There is scarcely a block in the city that does not show a new building; many of them are fine seven and eight-room houses, built especially for the accommodation of the stranger who is at the gates of the city.

"The population of the city shows an increase of more than 14 per cent. during the past year, and this of a permanent character. There is no better index of increase in actual resident population than the attendance on the public schools. The enrollment of attendance now shows 14 per cent. more of pupils than at this period last year. In addition to this increase is a large number of carpenters, workers in stone, mechanic builders in general, who have come for the purpose of engaging in the work of building the new hotel and the new High School, and to do the work on the many private houses that are in process of erection.

"Never in the history of the city were there so many from abroad in the city; the hotels are well filled, the boarding-houses are well filled, and the rooming-houses do not lack for occupants. While there is room in the city for many more in private houses and in accommodations not usually thrown open to guests, yet otherwise the city is crowded.

"For the first time since the year 1887 is real estate in demand in the city. The man who has been waiting to see that there is a future for Santa Barbara before he buys had best not delay any longer, lest he pay a much higher price for his land than he desires.

"Lands in many parts of the city find ready sale at a price 25 per cent. higher than they would have brought one year ago. While this demand is now confined to one or two localities it will not be long before this condition extends to all parts of the city. There are many who have been waiting to determine the future of the city before they bought their house lot. These should wait no longer, but at once make their selection, and become of the city."

Shipping Cactus.

THE Tucson Star tells, as follows, of a new industry in Arizona:

"Ben Biggs of Texas and Seattle is arranging to ship a carload of cacti giant to Boston. The cacti is brought in by Mexicans and tied up in bundles to preserve it from injury in transportation. There is a good demand in the East for the product and Mr. Biggs will give some attention to shipments. In the vicinity of Shultz there is abundance of Arizona's product in cacti, though in different sections of the Territory quantities can be secured. In Texas, Mr. Biggs says, there is a good supply."

Ventura County Resort.

IMPORTANT improvements are being made at Matilija Springs, in Ventura county, which for many years has been a favorite health resort. The Ventura Free Press says:

"Ventura county has a fair prospect of becoming one of the great health and summer resorts of California. And Ventura city may be the distributing point, so to speak, for tourists in this section. Few people realize the magnitude of the improvements being made at the Matilija springs, and former patrons of the resort would be amazed at the transformation. Two plunge baths have been completed. They are 42x101 feet and are covered by an immense and beautiful building 62x115 feet. The building is now being shingled and will be entirely completed in three weeks. It contains ladies' reception room, gentlemen's reception room, seventy-seven dressing rooms, all pleasantly appointed and comfortably furnished. The plunges are equipped with slides, spring boards, rings, etc., for the pleasure of bathers. One plunge is shallow and is especially for the use of children and the timid.

"J. N. Preston of Los Angeles, architect for the buildings, permitted a Free Press representative to examine the plans and explained them in detail. The great plunge building contains 50,000 feet of lumber. Local dealers furnished much of the material and mill work.

"The first new building completed on the grounds is a stone store 21x40 feet, which is well supplied with a general stock of provisions, etc., for the convenience of

campers. Several pretty four-room cottages have been erected and will be rented for \$10 to \$12 per week. Furnished tents, including board, baths, and all privileges of the grounds will cost \$8 per week.

"Another feature of the new grounds will be a tented city. Furnished tents, 10x12, will be rented for \$4 per week, and parties will have privilege of baths, and free wood. Those furnishing their own tents will be charged \$1 for the use of the ground and may have all the privileges of boarders and regular campers by paying the additional separate charges."

A New Mexican Town.

AMONG the many new railroad towns that have sprung up recently in New Mexico is Tucumcari, regarding which place the Las Vegas Optic says:

"What about Tucumcari?" many Las Vegas ask. Last night a gentleman received a letter telling all about the Rock Island junction city of the staked plains. To begin with the village as it today stands consists of sixty substantial buildings and any number of tents. All lines of business are represented. The railroad company is boring for water. At a depth of 3000 feet several stout jets have been touched, but stronger, more forceful streams are wanted and, if necessary, the company will go 1000 feet. In twenty miles of Tucumcari is a good vein of coal. The city has a postoffice in working order. It has a building 24x40 feet used as a church and schoolhouse. It is owned by the Methodists, but all the denominations join heartily in the work with good feeling. A justice of the peace and a constable are to be elected. At present a citizen is employed as marshal. The town, however, is entirely orderly. The Rock Island and wagon trains bring new people daily. The Dawson branch makes its junction at Tucumcari and the Choctaw is expected. Nearly all the town lots have been sold. The price per lot has increased from \$25 to \$200 to \$75 to \$500. Although there has been no rainfall until the showers on March 11 since November, the soil is moist four inches underground.

"It is understood that there are those who desire to cut Guadalupe county in twain and make Tucumcari the seat of the new county."

New Refinery.

ACCORDING to the Bakersfield Californian, a new refinery is to be built there, on a larger scale, in place of the McWhorter refinery, recently destroyed by fire.

Good Work of a Railroad.

THE Redlands Review refers, as follows, to the development work on part of the Santa Fé Railroad to which reference was made in this department a few months ago:

"A few years ago the Santa Fé Railway was principally engaged in moving raw material from its great productive fields in the West to the manufacturing centers of the East. Now, owing to an enlightened policy of bringing the manufacturer to the product, and the consistent and persistent work of the industrial department of that great system, the industries of many towns (particularly in Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico) are likely to be diversified by the introduction of new capital, in beet-sugar factories, milling plants, packing-houses, etc.

"Denver is to have an immense packing-house, and an extensive flouring mill will probably be erected at Wichita this fall. A zinc smelter employing 1000 men is to be built at Pueblo, Colo.

"A coffee-roasting plant, involving an expenditure of \$300,000, is to be put in at Kansas City and a syndicate of lumbermen, who have recently acquired an immense tract of timber land in New Mexico, will erect an extensive mill plant at Albuquerque.

"These are only a few of the new projects planned for the Southwest."

Orange County Tin.

ACCORDING to the Fullerton News, the development that has been done in Trabuca Cañon, by the Santa Ana Tin Mining Company during the past few months, has not been fully realized even by some of the people that are directly interested in the enterprise. The News says:

"Dr. Clark, one of the stockholders in the corporation, was up there recently on business and reports the business of the company to be assuming large proportions. They have erected a ten-stamp mill that is first-class in every particular. They have one concentrator in operation and are getting ready to put in a cyanide process smelting and roasting machinery. The ten-stamp mill is only for prospecting and testing minerals and for assay purposes. At present they have quite a camp and are working twenty men, using oil for fuel. It has long been known that there was valuable mineral in Trabuca Cañon, but it has never been tested in a business way. This company has in contemplation the erection of a large working plant, and all the work that has been done has been substantial, they having expended in the neighborhood of \$50,000 already. They expect that in the course of time they will have a good-sized town there, and as they draw all their supplies and help from this county, it will be a source of considerable revenue to the merchants of the county."

Potassium Near Pomona.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Pomona Progress recently sent that journal a long and somewhat sensational account of an asserted important mineral strike on the slopes of Old Baldy, about eight miles from Pomona. The mineral is called by the writer "potassium

ore" and is said to be the first discovery of the kind made in the United States. From it are made fertilizers, and a number of other articles of commerce. It is asserted, further, that analyses have shown that values of \$250 per ton and more have been found in the mineral. Forty claims have been secured and two companies have been organized, one known as the "Pomona Potassium Company," and another the "Potassium and Fruit Company."

The effect of this sensational news may be somewhat lessened by the statement of the writer, T. W. Brooks, that the deposit was called to his attention many years ago by a spiritualistic professor, who was on a visit to Pomona.

Marmalade Factory.

AN INDUSTRY that was started during the past year at Redlands is the marmalade factory of H. P. D. Kingsbury, concerning which the Redlands Facts says:

"It is complete in all its appointments. Here the product of the orange and grape fruit will be made, bottled and packed ready for the market. No better location could be had for such a business—right in the heart of the finest orange belt in the world, where fruit of the best quality and great quantity can be obtained at the very lowest figures. The warehouse is situated contiguous to the tracks of the Southern Pacific, which will greatly facilitate the handling of the goods. Besides the manufacture of marmalade, other citrus fruit products will be made. A special process for the extraction and preservation of lemon juice, by which the same will keep indefinitely, has been found by Mr. Kingsbury, and this product will find ready sale in eastern markets. Oranges will also be preserved by a special process and packed in glass jars, where they will keep for many months. It is claimed that they lose none of their flavor or quality by the process of preservation. If this proves successful, other fruits will be packed in the same manner."

Beet-sugar Factory for Arizona.

ARIZONA is to have its first beet-sugar factory. The Phoenix Republican says:

"Secretary Hamilton of the Board of Trade received a letter yesterday from B. A. Fowler, now in Washington, saying that he had on the day of writing seen Marshall E. Sampson, who represented the Eastern Sugar Company here in its preliminary work relative to the building of a beet-sugar factory. Mr. Sampson told him that unless something very unexpected occurred, the contracts for the construction of the factory would be signed and executed within ten days and that the work here in the valley would begin within two months. Mr. Sampson also said that the discussion of the Cuban tariff relative to the sugar industry had in no way affected the enterprise of the Eastern Sugar Company in this valley, and would not delay construction. The company is now working on the details of the proposed plant and announces that if the local residents do their part the company will meet all obligations.

"The construction work on the plant will employ many men and an immense amount of material, while the operation of the plant will require the employment of several hundred persons.

"Late last spring the Board of Trade accepted the proposal of the Eastern Sugar Company to erect a plant here, and late in the fall the board completed its part of the contract.

"The sugar company agrees to have its factory in readiness for active operation on or before March 1, 1903.

"The contract is in substance as follows:

"That land owners and residents of said Maricopa county donate and contribute to the said Eastern Sugar Company for their use in the establishment and conducting of said factory and the production of beets for manufacture, 1500 acres of land or its equivalent in money at the rate of \$30 per acre, said donations and contributions to be conveyed to said company in consideration of the premises.

"Provided, that in case said Eastern Sugar Company shall, on account of its own fault or neglect, fail to carry out the terms and conditions of this proposition to operate said factory for at least two seasons prior to September 15, 1896, then, and in that event, the donations so made in either land or money as herein specified, shall revert to and be repaid and become the property of the respective donors, and in that event the said Eastern Sugar Company covenants and agrees to refund the moneys paid under the above-mentioned contract in the form of donation, and to reconvey the land so conveyed to it in the form of donation, free and clear of all incumbrances whatsoever; and said company further agrees that whenever a deed is executed to it, or money paid to it, as provided in the above-mentioned contract, to then execute a contract back to the parties so making the donation, agreeing to reconvey or repay the money as the case may be."

Artesian Wells in Arizona.

IT IS not many years since the Legislature of Arizona offered a bonus to the first person who should develop an artesian well in the Territory. There are now many of these wells. The Tucson Star says:

"There are more than fifty artesian wells flowing in the San Pedro Valley. Much of the farming lands of the valley is being cultivated from the artesian water supply source. The reform school at Benson has a good flowing well; this is far up on the mesa, which would indicate that the mesa lands in this vicinity might be successfully tested for artesian water. Our County Board of Supervisors might see their way clear to offer a bounty to the first citizen to develop artesian water in Pima county under the law enacted for that purpose."

CARE OF THE BODY. VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIR- ING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times does not undertake to answer, either in this department or by mail, inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects, of public interest, will receive attention in these columns. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication.]

Vegetarian Cranks.

THERE are cranks in the vegetarian ranks, as there are among almost any other class of people that might be named. Perhaps the vegetarians have more than their due share of peculiar people, because brooding over the question of diet tends to make people more or less cranky. Such extreme and erratic persons should not be regarded as necessarily characteristic of vegetarianism, which is undoubtedly based on a sound and wholesome foundation. In fact, a great majority of the people of the world are, and always have been vegetarians, either entirely, or to a great extent. It should, however, be understood that abstaining from the use of flesh food does not by any means imply living on cabbages and turnips and such watery food, which are, of course, insufficient to properly nourish the body of a person who does hard physical or mental work. In the great range of vegetable products there is infinitely more variety than in the slender list of meat foods available in civilized communities. Among the nourishing articles of vegetable diet which are fully satisfactory as a substitute for meat are the various grains, including wheat, barley, rye and oats, corn being less satisfying, as it contains a smaller amount of muscle-making substance, and a larger amount of starch. Then there are the pulses—beans, peas and lentils—all of which are several times more nutritious than an equal weight of beef or mutton; also nuts of all kinds, which are a form of concentrated nourishment. If to these foods be added, as is done by some moderate vegetarians, milk and cheese and eggs, there is certainly no ground for complaint in regard to the monotony or insufficiency of the vegetarian form of diet.

More Medical Ethics.

A COMMUNICATION has been received entitled "A Contribution to the Therapeutics of Diabetes Mellitus." It is a typewritten article purporting to be an original communication by a Chicago physician, reprinted from a copy of a Philadelphia homeopathic magazine of January, 1897. The writer admits the possibility that in treating this disorder, "the pathology of which they know so little," physicians have made mistakes in "ransacking the wilds of Africa and the jungles of India for all sorts and conditions of drugs to influence the disease." He thinks the physicians may have overlooked "nearer and simpler agents which are equally effective or possibly more potent." After stating that diet has proved far more reliable, when tried on a number of patients, than the average results from drugs, this physician goes on to tell of wonderful cures of kidney disease that he has effected by the use of a certain mineral water from Wisconsin. In fact, the whole thing seems to be a cleverly-designed advertisement for the mineral water in question. On a separate sheet, the physician prints his reply to "one of the many letters of inquiry directed to him, all requesting the name of the water referred to." He then gives the name of the water and the name of the firm which sells it.

This is, we presume, one of the latest examples of "medical ethics," from a homeopathic standpoint. The physician referred to would, doubtless, be greatly shocked at the suggestion that he should advertise in the papers, as do the common quacks, who make and sell their own decoctions, instead of recommending drugs, on a commission.

As to the use of this, or any other mineral water, it is probable, as has been said before in this department, that the mineral constituents of the water have less to do with cures than the fact that large amounts of water are taken, often into stomachs which have for many years not been visited by any such substance as aqua pura, except as a "chaser" to a glass of whisky. Undoubtedly, in stomach and kidney diseases, it is an excellent thing to take daily large quantities of pure, soft spring or distilled water. This, however, should not be swallowed hastily, but sipped slowly, and taken between meals, not with a meal, which dilutes and lowers the temperature of the gastric juice.

Elimination Versus Medication.

TWO well-known European physicians have come to the conclusion that melancholia is a disorder of metabolism—that is, a disease due to the retention and accumulation within the body of certain poisonous waste matters, products of tissue change in the body. The plan of treatment applied to the patients suffering from melancholia consists of measures to increase elimination. Health Culture says in regard to this sensible system:

"The measures consisted of free water drinking, fluid diet (consisting largely of milk,) sweat baths, etc. The results, as shown by elaborate charts and diagrams setting forth momentary fluctuations of temperature, pulse rate, arterial tension, amount of food and time spent in sleep, were eminently satisfactory.

"There is a growing conviction among the most enlightened medical men the world over that the cause of disease is to be sought for within the body and not in outside agencies—that while these agencies (impure air, water and various other influences,) may affect the state of health, they are effective not as direct producers of disease, but only in so far as they prevent the body from

relieving itself from its own poisons. 'The body is a factory of poisons,' as one of the wisest of living pathologists, Bouchard of Paris, has said. To eliminate these poisons is one of the most important of the systematic activities. To interrupt this elimination means death in a very few minutes. Anything which interferes with such elimination means disorder, and the treatment for disease should be, not medicaments and other measures looking to the relief of symptoms, but such methods as will assist the organism in its struggle to expel the retained matters. Such measures in a general way are fasting, diet, free water drinking, enemas, sweat baths, breathing exercises and so on. There is every indication that before many years these measures will be the main therapeutic resources of the practical physician. Disease will be recognized, not as an enemy to be routed, but as a cleansing process to be assisted. Such assistance can be given only by measures which will increase elimination. And an ounce of elimination is worth a ton of medication."

Lungs and Life.

ON PAGE 423 of the Christian Science handbook, "Science and Health" (fifty-first edition,) by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, appears the following, which may be of interest to those who are suffering—or believe themselves to be suffering—from lung troubles:

"If the lungs are disappearing, this is but one of the beliefs of mortal mind. Mortal man will be less mortal, when he learns that lungs never sustained existence, and can never destroy God, who is our life. When this is understood, mankind will be more godlike. What if the lungs are ulcerated? God is more to a man than his lungs; and the less we acknowledge matter or its laws, the more immortality we possess. Consciousness constructs a better body when it has conquered our fears of matter. Correct material belief by spiritual understanding, and Spirit will form you anew. You will never fear again, except to offend God, and will never believe that lungs, or any portion of the body, can destroy you.

"If you have sound and capacious lungs, and want them to remain so, be always ready with the mental protest against the opposite belief in heredity. Discard all notions about lungs, tubercles, inherited consumption, or disease arising from any circumstance, and you will find that mortal mind, when instructed by Truth, yields to divine power, which steers the body into health, as directly as error can forbid the feet to walk, or impel the hands to steal."

A Wholesome Fruit.

MENTION has been made on several occasions in this department of the good qualities of the grape fruit, or pomelo, when used as a medicine, by slicing up a whole pomelo, skin and all, and pouring thereon about a quart of boiling water, then taking a tumbler full of the decoction three or four times a day.

This is for use medicinally. As a pleasant and wholesome drink, a good way to use the pomelo is to squeeze the juice of half a moderate-sized fruit into a tumbler, and then fill the glass with pure carbonated water. The plain water should be used, not the seltzer, as that would spoil the flavor. No sugar should be added nor will any be craved by a normal appetite. This drink is wholesome, refreshing and inexpensive.

Surgeons and Shaving.

THE latest decision in the surgical world is that physicians must shave their faces. It is claimed that many cases of contagious diseases are carried to patients in the beards of doctors, while the surgeon performing an operation may convey dangerous germs to the wound of his patient. The New York Journal recently published an illustrated page, showing, in highly magnified form, a wealth of microbes found upon the hair of the face.

Artificial Skin.

A SUBSTITUTE has been found for the transplanted skin. This is the delicate inner skin of an eggshell, which is said to have been successfully used for skin grafting in a New York hospital. This is a big improvement on the old-fashioned method of painfully clipping hundreds, or thousands, of small pieces of skin, to patch up a wound.

Wide-spread Food Adulteration.

THE United States is by no means the only country where the adulteration of food is conducted on a wholesale scale. Following is an extract from the report of the New Health Commissioner of Queensland, Australia:

"Samples of butter were found to be rough with boracic acid. Beers were rank with salicylic acid; wines were sweet to sickness with sugar. Fruit syrups were discovered which had not even a distant acquaintance with fruit, or were loaded with 'preservatives.' Samples of tea were analyzed and proved to have grown on no vegetable stem whatever. No less than thirty chests were found to have been 'made by mixing magnetic oxide of iron with tea dust and sand, rolled by means of starch into little pellets of various sizes in imitation of genuine teas.' The report states that the common method of making whisky is to dilute essence of whisky with proof spirit, and then artificially 'bead' the mixture by adding sulphuric acid and olive oil."

Is it not about time to begin to agitate in earnest for the passage of a first-class pure food law in this State?

Moderate Drinking.

D. R. CLOUSTON of Edinburgh writes as follows in the Health Monthly:

"I am safe in saying that no man indulges for ten years continuously, even though he was never drunk in all that time, without being psychologically changed for the worse.

"It all depends on the original inherent strength of the brain how long the downward course takes. Usually

some intercurrent disease or tissue degeneration cuts off the man before he has a chance of getting old. I have seen such a man simply pass into senile dementia before he was an old man from mild, respectable alcoholism excess without any alcoholism or preliminary outburst at all.

"I am sure I have seen strong brains in our profession, at the bar and in business, break down from chronic alcoholic excess without their owners ever having been once drunk."

This is doubtless true. From a hygienic standpoint, it is better that a man should drink to excess, say every three months, than that he should steadily "soak" from the beginning of the year to the end. In the latter case, the system is never free of alcohol. The fact that no ill-effects may be apparent prove nothing. The system may be gradually accustomed to any kind of a poison, but the time comes when there will be a reaction. Dr. Quincy could sit down at a table with a bottle of laudanum, and drink glass for glass with a friend who was drinking port wine. He tried to break off the habit, the story of which has been told in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater."

These remarks in regard to drinking do not apply to the person who takes his glass or two of wine or beer with meals, but to the man who makes a practice of taking frequent "pegs" of strong liquor during the day.

The Empty End.

HERE is a little lesson on physiology, from London Tit Bits:

"If I stand on my head the blood all rushes to my head, doesn't it?" No one ventured to contradict him. 'Now,' he continued triumphantly, 'when I stand on my feet, why doesn't the blood all rush into my feet?' 'Because,' replied Hostetter McGinnis, 'your feet are not empty.'"

Unfashionable Because Inexpensive.

VERY truly, the Healthy Home says, in regard to exercise in the open air:

"Exercise in the open air is a panacea for 'migrains' of every kind. If it were an expensive mode of treatment, thousands would scrimp their last penny in order to be able to apply it. If walking exercise in the open air were only attainable at the cost of \$2 an hour, thousands upon thousands would try it who now patronize the street cars and hired cabs; but as a means of cure it is inexpensive. This is why some people can never come to endure it. Physical culture methods and home gymnastics are well enough, but that they are used, as a rule, in close rooms. Plenty of oxygen is just as necessary as plenty of food, and it cannot be had indoors."

Tobacco and Nervousness.

THE following strong indictment of the tobacco habit appeared recently in Physical Culture:

"There are more nervous men in America at present than at any time in the history of our country. It is the American disease—this nervousness. Every physician has on his books, as patients, dozens of middle-aged men who are 'run down,' who cannot sleep, whose stomachs refuse to assimilate the food taken into them. The diagnosis in nine cases out of ten is 'nervousness,' and they attribute the disturbance to having kept the nervous tension 'too tight' for a period of years.

"But this is not the cause. 'Not one in a hundred of the nervous breakdowns reported touch any save the users of tobacco. 'Walk along the avenues of the city. The tobacco stores are as numerous as the liquor stores.

"Both are the great enemies of superb manhood. 'Drink has claimed its thousands, but tobacco has claimed its tens of thousands for weakness, misery and early death. The cup is sedulously kept from the lips of the immature boy by the law; but the infant may secure cigarettes and blast his physical powers with little hindrance.

"If the history of all the nervous breakdowns were traced, there would be a strain of nicotine through every one of them.

"Do you use tobacco? Is your appetite more to you than strong nerves, superb manhood, clear brain? If not, give it up.

"There are six great curses of this age: The corset curse that weakens womanhood; the curse of sexual ignorance that degrades humanity beneath the level of brutehood; the curse of muscular inactivity that causes many to droop and wither before their time; the curse of overeating that gives pain to so many and puts fees into the pockets of doctors; the alcohol curse that robs so many men of reason and all the qualities of manhood; and tobacco—vehicle of the great demon Nicotine, who has his shrines so thick along every city thoroughfare, its leaves spreading over so many thousands of fertile acres, more baneful than the cursed poppy that brings the languorous sleep more awful than death.

"If you are growing up, don't let this curse fasten itself upon you. If you are in its clutches, strike boldly for freedom and manhood!"

Another New Consumption Cure.

A NOTHER new cure for consumption has been brought out in France. This time is consists of a hyperdermic injection of a liquid composed of "extracts from plants found in Chili and Columbia."

All of these so-called consumption cures, which come and go, should be looked on with suspicion. Any case that cannot be cured by the fresh-air treatment, which has fortunately become so popular of late, combined with plain but nourishing diet, and a liberal use of olive oil, may safely be set down as incurable.

A correspondent of the New York Sun, in giving that paper an account of a remarkable cure of consumption effected simply by living in the open air, refers to the "late discovery by the scientists that consumption is curable by the pure-air process." This is "rich." When did the scientists begin to discover that fresh air is wholesome and necessary, to sick and well alike? Perhaps they will be taking out a patent on it next.

ANDIRON TALES.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

(CONTINUED.)
X.—HOME AGAIN.

"And now," said the Leftandiron as the Flamingo flew off and left them to themselves, "it strikes me that it is time we set about having some supper. I'm getting hungry, what with the excitement of that ride, and the fact that I haven't eaten anything but a bowlful of kindling wood since yesterday morning."

"I'm with you there," said Tom. "I've been hungry ever since we started, and that snow on the moon whetted my appetite."

"Never knew a boy who wasn't hungry on all occasions," puffed the Bellows. "Fact is, a boy wouldn't be a real boy unless he was hungry. Did you ever know a boy that would confess he'd had enough to eat, Pokey?"

"Once," said Pokey. "I wrote a poem about him, but I never could get it published. Want to hear it?"

"Very much," said Tom.

"Well, here goes," said the Pokey anxiously, and he recited the following lines:

THE WONDROUS STRIKE OF SAMMY DIKE.

Young Sammy Dike was a likely boy,
Who lived somewhere in Illinois.
His father was a blacksmith, and
His Ma made pies for all the land.
The pies were all so very fine
That folks who sought them stood in line
Before the shop of Dike & Co.
Mid passing rain, in drifting snow,
For fear they'd lose the tasty prize
Of "Dike's new patent home-made pies."
One day, alas, poor Mrs. Dike,
Who with her pies had made the strike,
By overwork fell very ill,
And all her orders could not fill.
So ill was she she could not bake
One-half the pastry folks would take;
And so her loving husband said
He'd take her place and cook, instead
Of making horseshoes. Kindly Joe,
To help his wife in time of woe!
He worked by night, he worked by day—
Yet worked, alas, in his own way.
And made such pies, I've understood,
As but a simple blacksmith could.
He made them hard as iron bars,
He made them tough as trolley cars,
He seemed to think a pie's estate
Was to be used in armor plate.
And not a pie would he let go
That had not stood the siege's blow
Upon the anvil in his sanctum.
Whence naught went out until he'd spanked 'em.
Result? With many, alas and 'lack,
The pies Joe made they all came back,
From folks who claimed they could not go
The latest pies of Dike & Co.
And here it was that Sammy came
To help his parents in the game.
"Can't eat 'em?" cried indignant Joe.
"Can't eat 'em? Well, I want to know!
Here, Sammy, show these people here
How most unjust their claims, my dear.
Come, lad, and eat the luscious pies
That I have made and they despise."
Poor, loyal Sammy then began
Upon those stodgy pies—the plan
Was very pleasing in his eyes.
For Sammy loved his mother's pies.
He nibbled one, he bit another,
And then began to think of mother.
He chewed and gnawed, he munched and bit,
But no—he could not swallow it;
And then, poor child, it was so tough,
He had to say he'd had enough,
Though never in the world before
Was lad who had not wanted more.

And what became of Sammy's ma?
And what became of Sammy's pa?
Their profits gone, how could they eke
A living good from week to week?

They took the recipe for pies
That mother made and—Oh, so wise—
Let father make them in his way
In form elliptical, they say.
And when the football season came
Won fortune great, and wondrous fame,
Beyond the wildest hope of dreams,
By selling these to football teams.
And those by whom this game is played
Called them the finest ever made.
"The Suregood football," made of mince,
Has never quite been equaled since;
And few who kick them with their feet,
Know they're the pies Sam couldn't eat—
The only pies upon this orb
A healthy boy could not absorb.

"Great poem that, eh?" said the Bellows, poking Tom in the ribs, and grinning broadly.

"Splendid," said Tom. "New use for pies that."

"It's beautifully long," said Lefty.

"But why couldn't it be published?" asked Righty.

"Wasn't it long enough?"

"The editor said it wasn't true," sighed the Pokey. "He had three boys of his own, you know, and he said there never was a boy who couldn't eat a pie even if it was made of crowbars and rubber, as long as it was pie."

"I guess he was right," observed Righty. "I knew a

boy once who ate soft coal just because somebody told him it was rock candy."

"Did he like it?" asked Tom.

"I don't think he did," replied Righty, "but he never let on that he didn't."

"Well, anyhow," put in Lefty, "it's time we had something to eat and we'd better set out for the Lobster shop or the Candydike—I don't care which."

"Or the what?" asked Tom.

"The Candydike?" said the Leftandiron. "Didn't you ever hear of the Candydike?"

"Never," responded Tom. "What is it?"

"It's a candy Klondike," explained the Leftandiron. "There are Gumdrops Mines and Marsh Mellow Lodes and Deposits of Chocolate Creams beyond the dreams of avarice. Remember 'em, Righty?"

"Oom, mh, mh, mh!" murmured Righty, smacking his lips with joy. "Do I remember them! Oh, my! Don't I just. Why, I never wanted to come back from there. I had to be pulled out of the Peppermint mine with a derrick. And the river—oh, the river. Was there anything ever like it?"

Tom's mouth began to water, he knew not why.

"What about the river?" he asked.

"Soda water flowing from Mountain to the Sea," returned the Rightandiron, smacking his lips again ecstatically. "Just imagine it, Tom. A great stream of Soda Water fed by little rivulets of Vanilla and Strawberry and Chocolate syrup, with here and there a cream brook feeding the combination, until all you had to do to get a glass of the finest nectar ever mixed was to dip your cup into the river and there you were."

Tom closed his eyes with very joy at the mere idea.

"Oh—where is this river?" he cried, when he was able to find words to speak.

"In the Candydike, of course. Where else?" said the Pokey. "But, of course, we can go to the Lobster shop if you prefer."

"Not I," said Tom. "I don't care for any Lobster shop with a Candydike in sight."

"Don't be rash," said the Bellows, who apparently had a strong liking for the Lobster shop. "Of course we all love the Candydike because it is so sweet, but for real pleasure the Lobster shop is not to be despised. I don't think you ought to make up your mind as to where you'll go next in too much of a hurry."

"What's the fun in the Lobster shop?" asked Tom.

"Purely intellectual, if you know what that means," said the Bellows. "You get your mind filled there instead of your stomach. You meet the wildest oysters, and the most poetic clams, and the most literary lobsters at the Lobster shop you ever saw. For my part, I love the Lobster shop. I can get something to eat anywhere. I can get a stake at any lumber yard in town. I can get a chop at any ax factory, in the country, and if I want sweets I can find a Cakery—"

"Bakery, you mean?" said Tom.

"No, I don't at all," said the Bellows. "I mean Cakery. A Cakery is a place where they sell cake, and when I say Cakery I mean what I say. Just because you call it Bakery doesn't prove anything."

"We're out for pleasure, not for argument," growled the Leftandiron. "Go on and say what you've got to say."

"Well," said the Bellows, "what I was trying to say, when interrupted, was that you can get your stomach filled almost anywhere, but your mind—that is different. I'm hungrier in my mind than in my stomach, and I'd rather be fed just now on the jests of an oyster, the good stories of a clam and the anecdotes of a Lobster, than have the freedom of the richest Marshmellow mine in creation."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what to do," said Tom, very much perplexed. The Candydike was glorious, but the Lobster shop, too, had its attractions, for Tom was fond of witty jokes and good anecdotes. The idea of having them from the lips of Lobsters and Oysters was very appealing.

"I say," he said in a minute, "why isn't that Lobster shop the best place for us to go after all, if we are really hungry? We could sit down at the table, you know, and listen to the Lobster's anecdotes, and then eat him afterward. In that way we could hear the stories and fill up besides."

"Well—I de-clare!" cried the Bellows. "What an idea! You most ungrateful boy!"

"Not at all," said the Pokey. "Not at all. It's merely the habit of his kind. Many's the time when I've heard of men and women devouring their favorite authors. Tom couldn't better show his liking for the Lobster than by eating him. On the other hand, if he goes there and turns his back on the Candydike, he'll miss the most wonderful sight in all creation, and that is the Nesselrode Cataract on the Soda Water River. It is located at the point where the Vanilla glacier comes down from the Cream Mountains on the one side, and the famous Marrons orchards line the other bank for a distance of seven miles. It's a perfectly gorgeous sight."

"Mercy me!" cried Tom. "Indeed, I should like to see that."

"No doubt," put in the Bellows. "Nevertheless, you can see Nesselrode pudding at home at any time, but did you ever see there a Turtle that can recite a fairy story of his own composition, or a Crab capable of narrating the most thrilling story of the American revolutionary war that anybody ever dreamed of?"

"Oh, dear; oh, dear; oh, dear!" said Tom, "what shall I do?"

As he spoke, from far down in the valley there seemed to come a crash and a roar, following close upon which the barking of a dog made itself heard.

"The ice is slipping," cried the Pokey, as the mountain trembled beneath them. "There's going to be an avalanche, and we're on it!"

The whole top of the mountain shook as if it had been in an earthquake, and then it began to crash rapidly downward.

"Dear me! How annoying," observed the Bellows. "As if we haven't had enough coasting this trip without taking a turn on an avalanche."

"But what shall we do?" roared the Andirons excitedly. "I never forswore this."

"Slide, I guess," said the Pokey calmly. "It's all we can do."

The barking of the dog approached closer.

"Good!" cried Righty, clapping his claws together gleefully, as an idea flashed across his mind. "It's one of those famous St. Bernards; he'll take care of Tom, and us for us—"

The thunderous roar of the descending avalanche drowned the sounds of Righty's voice, and all that could now serve as a means of conveying their thoughts to each other was the making of wild motions with the hands. The Pokey stood erect and stiff, looking grimly ahead of him, as if resolved to meet his fate bravely; the Bellows threw himself flat upon the glacier and panted, while the two Andirons, standing guard on either side of Tom, peered anxiously about for the rescuer of their little guest, nor did they look in vain, for in a few moments the huge figure of a St. Bernard appeared below them, rushing with all his might and main to their side. For some reason or other, the St. Bernard seemed to have something familiar about him, but Tom couldn't say what it was.

"Bow-wow-wow!" the dog barked, gleefully, for this was just the sort of work he most enjoyed.

Strangely enough, Tom seemed to understand dog language for the first time in his life, for the bark said to him as plainly as you please: "Climb on my back, sonny, and I'll have you out of this in a jiffy."

The lad lost not a moment in obeying. Aided by the affectionate boosts of the Andirons, he soon found himself lying face downward upon the broad, shaggy back of the faithful beast.

He closed his eyes to shut out the blinding snow for a moment, and then—

Tom sat up and rubbed them, for there was no snow, no avalanche, no Alp, no St. Bernard dog in sight. Only a friendly pair of andirons staring fixedly at him out of the fireplace of his father's library; the pokey standing like a grenadier at one side, and the bellows, hanging from a brass-headed nail on the other. Beside these, lying on the rug beside him, his head cocked to one side, his eyes fixed intently upon Tom's face, and his tail wagging furiously, was Jeff—no, not a St. Bernard, but a shaggy little Scotch terrier.

"Hello, Jeff!" said Tom, as he rubbed his eyes a second time. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Woof!" barked Jeff, and cocking his eye knowingly.

"And was it you who rescued me from the avalanche?" Tom asked.

"Woof!" replied Jeff, as much as to say he wouldn't tell.

"Well, it was mighty good of you, if you did, Jeff," Tom said, gratefully. "Only I wish you could have taken me to the Candydike, or the Lobster shop instead of straight home—because I'm not only hungry, Jeff, but I should very much have liked to visit those wonderful places."

"Woof!" said Jeff.

Which Tom took to be a promise that his rescuer would do better next time.

The little party has not been off again since, but the other night some pieces of newspaper were thrown into the fireplace and all but one of them were burned. Righty held this one under his claw and Tom, while trying to get a word out of his friend, caught sight of it.

"Hello," said Tom, as he read what was printed on the clipping. "The astronomers at the Lick Observatory have discovered a new constellation in the southeast heavens. It is of huge dimensions and resembles in its outline the figure of a rhinoceros or some such pachydermatous creature."

"Well, I never!" he cried, as he read. "I say, Righty, do you believe that's the old Hippopotamus?"

And Righty said never a word, but the look in his eye indicated that he thought there was something in the notion.

[The end.]

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HORSES AND AUTOS IN PARIS.

Owing to the spread of automobilism, horses in Paris are dying out. According to official statistics, the number of these four-footed servants reported to the Ministry of War as being available for requisition in the case of mobilization in the capital, shows a diminution upon the corresponding figures of last year of over 5900. The omnibus company had nearly 2000 more horses in its stables a twelvemonth ago than it has now. The chief hackney carriage owner in Paris has reduced his stud of animals by 750. The remainder of the diminution is mostly accounted for by private persons having discarded horse-drawn vehicles for motor cars. There are still, however, 90,796 steeds employed for various purposes in the capital, so that some time will elapse before the equine race is totally extinct in Paris. A young enthusiast in the cause of the new locomotion, commenting on the topic, points this out regretfully. He finds consolation, nevertheless, in the reflection that, as he ingeniously observes, "it must be candidly confessed that the horse as a motive power has a certain value, after all, in spite of its many and great drawbacks."—[London Telegraph.]

THE SIN OF GLUTTONY.

Eminent physicians continue to send out warnings against the sin of gluttony, but with little effect on the community. The growth of diseases directly attributable to overeating increases, and the death rate gives solemn warnings that seem to be unheeded. The case is all the worse because most men who are heavy eaters take no exercise and thus double the danger. An eminent physician has just given an argument against business men eating three hearty meals a day without taking any exercise. He says that a man who works in the open air can eat as much as he feels like, but that the man of sedentary habits who partakes of meat three times a day is simply laying up trouble for himself and making it necessary for insurance companies to change their rates.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

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[April 13, 1902.]

SULU FABLES.

By Capt. Celwyn E. Hampton, U.S.A.

[CONTINUED.]

IV.—THE FROG AND THE MONKEY.

The Frog and the Monkey were once great friends. One day, while they were walking about together, the Frog said: "Instead of thus wasting our time in idleness, let us go and do something useful."

"A good suggestion," said the Monkey. "I have often thought we might make better use of our time. Let us plant banana trees in our gardens."

This seemed to meet the Frog's ideas, so they went home and each one carefully placed a banana tree in his garden.

Now the Monkey was very fond of the tender shoots of the banana plant, so, as soon as his tree began to grow, the sight of the delicious tidbits it offered was too much of a temptation, and he broke off the top and ate it. One day the Frog said to the Monkey, "How is your banana plant doing?"

"Badly, very badly," replied the Monkey. "I cannot make out what is the matter with it. It is all the time split and frayed at the top, and, in spite of all the attention I give it, it does not appear to grow at all."

"Why, I am surprised at that," said the Frog, "for mine is doing nicely, and will soon be bearing."

Some time afterward the Frog met the Monkey and said to him, "I am glad you proposed planting banana trees. Mine is a delight to the eye. It is loaded with fine fruit, and before many days it will be ripe. Has yours done as well?"

"By no means," replied the Monkey. "On the contrary, it never has amounted to anything. Either I must have selected a very poor plant or have placed it in very poor soil, for it has grown but little larger than when I planted it, and is always split at the top."

"Perhaps something has been eating it," suggested the Frog.

"Well, at any rate," said the Monkey, "it is now too late to think of remedying matters."

"A few days afterward the Frog said to the Monkey, "My bananas are now ripe, and they are indeed good to look at. But, what is better, they will furnish me delicious food for a long time."

"Let us go and gather it without another moment's delay," said the Monkey, "for, if we do not, someone else will be sure to come and get it, and you will not get the least benefit from it. Besides, as you cannot climb the tree, you will need my aid to help you get the fruit."

So they set off, and, when they had arrived at the Frog's house, the Monkey climbed the tree and began to pick and eat the fruit, but gave none to the Frog. When the Frog asked for the bananas that grew on his right, the Monkey replied that they were his for his trouble in climbing the tree. When he asked for those on his left, the Monkey claimed them for having proposed the planting; and, on one pretext or another, refused to give the Frog any.

The Frog was very angry at being thus robbed of his rightful property, and resolved, in some way, to be revenged. So he went into his house and sharpened a lot of small pieces of bamboo, and stuck them in the ground under the tree, the Monkey being so busy eating that he did not see what was going on. Then he covered over the sharp bamboos with leaves and said to the Monkey, "Well, I am going away now. You will have to look out for the Dogs, if they come about. If you hear any barking you had better jump down and run away before they can come up. See, I have put some nice leaves here for you to jump on, so you will not hurt yourself."

Then he went away and hid in the grass, and, in a little while began to imitate the barking of a Dog. The Monkey was badly frightened, and, jumping down from the tree, fell upon the sharpened bamboos and was killed.

The Frog was at a loss to know how to dispose of the body. He did not wish to leave it there, since the other Monkeys would be sure to accuse him. After thinking it over for some time he decided that it would be a more thorough revenge to cook it and serve it up to the other Monkeys. He therefore took it to his house and made a fine stew with curry powder, and then invited all the other Monkeys to dine with him.

When they came, he said to them, "I have bidden you to eat with me in order that you may enjoy this new and savory dish, the secret of which I have but lately learned. I must request you, however, to eat it with your eyes shut, since its peculiarity is that, if you do not do so, it loses much of its fine flavor."

They all ate, and professed to find it delicious. But the little Monkey, not being able to repress his curiosity, opened his eyes and saw that he was eating a Monkey's head. He was horrified, and, leaped up, crying out: "Be what the Frog has done to us!"

They seized the Frog and declared their intention to kill him. He begged to be released, but they swore to do with him as he had done with their brother. Then they put him into a pot of cold water and ran off to get firewood with which to boil it. But, while they were hunting for wood, he jumped out and ran into the yard, where he hid under a cocoanut husk. When the Monkeys returned and found him gone, they hunted all over the house. Not finding him there, they all gathered in the yard to discuss plans for catching him.

The Chief of the Monkeys, who presided over the meeting, sat upon the husk under which the Frog was hidden. When they were all in the height of the discussion, the Frog, unable to let pass so good an opportunity, reached out and bit the Chief Monkey's tail. The Chief, jumping up, overturned the husk, and so the Frog was again made captive.

Some were still for boiling him, but others said, "No, if we try to boil him he will escape again while we are making the necessary preparations. Let us kill him quickly and have done with him."

Finally, one proposed to drown him. This struck them all as a splendid idea, and they at once adopted it. The

Frog begged them not to do so. He shrieked for mercy. He implored them to kill him in any other way, if only they would spare him this awful torture. He pleaded with them not to degrade themselves by such an act of barbarity. But they hustled him off to the river and threw him in. As soon as he struck the water he said, "Thank you. You forget that I am quite at home here."

The Monkeys were very angry at being so easily duped, and at once summoned all the cattle and the other great beasts to come and drink the river dry, so that they might catch the Frog again. But the Butterfly, being a great friend of the Frog's, lit on the cattle's noses and annoyed them so much that they could not drink in peace. As soon as they grew tired, therefore, they went away again into the woods, and this explains why, although they are still drinking from the river, it never goes dry.

LIFE'S PROBLEM.

Importunate this query of the heart: Is death to be the final end

Of earth's sweet friendships; and shall we never thenceforth meet

The dear ones whom we loved to greet— Is Death to render obsolete

That cherished phrase, "Dear friend?"

In vain we strive to look beyond the misty rim Of life's horizon; vainly strive to catch some cheering gleam

Of the celestial brightness; we close our eyes and dream

That we are launched upon a mystic stream Called Life Eternal, but waking, find our vision still is dim.

But whence these dreams of immortality beyond the test Of sense corporeal? Are they the vagrant offspring of our own desire,

Mocking us, as mirage mocks the desert traveler consumed by fire

Of thirst? What magic touch invokes to psalmody this "living lyre"

And kindles hope of Heaven within the human breast?

As long as history the scroll on which are writ the declarations made by man

Concerning his own destiny; the arrogant in every age have said, "We know

'Tis thus;" whilst others, answering them, have said, "It is not so;"

But each was simply guessing; naught but the sable shaft from Death's unerring bow

Hath ever pierced the curtain that doth veil this secret of creation's plan.

What then, cease dreaming and abandon hope? Nay, nay.

Thy course is plain: Concerning things thou canst not prove, from bigot zeal refrain;

But cherish hope; for e'en should hope at last prove vain,

In hoping thou hast naught to lose and everything to gain;

And let thy life be such that thou canst meet thy fate serenely, come what may.

J. B. NICHOLS.

WOMEN JESTERS.

Abdul Hamid keeps a troop of sixty jesters to amuse the inmates of his seraglio on the Bosphorus. These jesters give the lie to the old saying that "women have no sense of humor," for every one of these professional jokers is of the gentler sex. Nor is the Turkish Sultan's harem the only one in Oriental countries that is provided with a corps of amusement makers.

Poor, indeed, is the Turk that has not one jester for his women folks. As a rule, there are two, one to sing and play musical instruments, and one to tell stories and crack jokes to make laughter for the grave and bearded master of the house and his dark-eyed beauties. Where there are only a few of these jesters, they divide the work and are generally "all-around" humorists; but where there are many the work is specialized and each individual has an opportunity to perfect herself in her specialty.

Western visitors rarely see these laughter-breeders of the harem.—[Philadelphia North American.]

ENGLISH ACTORS ABROAD.

English actors will welcome the inauguration of the first English theater in Paris, and there should be no doubt of its financial success. Performances by English companies on the continent are by no means an innovation; as far back as the sixteenth century English performances were given, and in those early days met with considerable success. An English company performed in Germany in 1586, and another at Lubeck in 1643. Five years later one played with great success for nine weeks at Hamburg, and in November asked permission to perform at Lubeck, which had been previously visited by the same company with glorious results, but met with a refusal, as the season was Advent. Our plays, too, met with favor on the continent under the disadvantage of translation. "Julius Caesar" was performed in 1660 at Lubeck by a German company, and in 1666 another applied for permission to present twenty-five English pieces, among them "King Lear" and "Titus Andronicus."—[London Chronicle.]

AN ENTERPRISING DUCHESS.

One queer phase of the recent trip of the Duchess of Sutherland to Russia, in company with the Duchess of Marlborough, didn't get into the papers. The Duchess, who is rich, and lovely, is one of the most energetic young women in the kingdom, and is especially interested in the peasants who make the Scotch tweeds. For the sake of promoting their industry, she packed several of her trunks with samples of the highland tweeds, and on arriving in St. Petersburg spread out her goods like any other commercial traveler and issued invitations to the leading tailors of St. Petersburg and Moscow to come, see, and buy. She believes that, as a result of her efforts, a new market will be opened for the product of the highland cotters.

AUSTRALIAN WONDER.

THE STONE WOMAN OF WINGEN, A GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.

By a Special Contributor.

AUSTRALIA is rapidly becoming the happy hunting ground of European and American tourists, especially those animated by a spirit of adventure. Each State of the commonwealth possesses its own scenic characteristics, and even virgin localities which have yet to be described. In New South Wales, for instance, there are immense districts to be explored, by lovers of the grandly beautiful in nature, the enthusiastic botanist, or the patient seeker after scientific fact. The railway connecting Sydney with Brisbane, as it emerges from the Hunter River Valley, and proceeds toward the Queensland border, traverses a country abounding with localities destined to rank with the favorite pleasure resorts of the future. Among these is the region between Muswellbrook and the Liverpool ranges. Although much of the country traversed by the line is of level character, there are many picturesque spots to be found among the neighboring hills, while the region between Scone and Wingen possesses many features of interest to geologists and scientific men. At Aberdeen, 185 miles from Sydney, the hilly nature of the surrounding country is unmistakably apparent. A few miles to the west rises Gallagher's Mountain, a name suggestive of Donnybrook Fair; to the east is the Samson Range, at our back the Bill's Mountain, and in front of us one of the many sugar-loaf hills scattered over the colony. Nine miles beyond Aberdeen is Scone, situated, as it were, at the bottom of a huge basin, the sides being formed by groups of mountains. The Holdsworth Downs, about a mile distant, although fully 100 feet above the town, were at one time the bottom of a large lake, the present elevation being a result of volcanic upheavals. Toward the east are the Kangaroo Ranges, while westward rise the Moony Mountains. The Kyngdon Pond Plains surrounding possess considerable scientific interest, marine shells, coral, etc., being found in abundance. Rooted trunks of fossil trees have been met with, and fossil wood is plentiful. As Wingen, ten miles beyond Scone, is approached, a singular natural curiosity becomes observable. This is an object popularly known as the Stone Woman of Wingen. The spur of a mountain range, known as Salisbury Crag, terminates in a bold, bluff headland, about 700 feet above the level of the valley which it commands, the profile assuming, according to an observant visitor, "the form of a gray stone woman of enormous dimensions sitting with her back against the cliff, her head just separated from the top, and her feet hidden among the trees which grow up to the bottom of the cliff. On her knee there is resting an open book, which she is not reading, but instead is gazing forever with a steadfast, unchanging look down the beautiful valley of the Hunter, over Scone, Aberdeen, Muswellbrook, Singleton and Maitland, which, with good glasses on a clear day, may all be seen by any one standing on the top of the cliff, or on the stone woman's head, which is its most southerly extension. From where the feet of the stone woman rest among the towering trees that grow round the base of Salisbury Crag to the summit of her head must be about 500 feet, so that if she were to stand up straight some day she would be about 800 feet high. If the proper point of view be chosen the pose of the figure is perfect in its magnificent simplicity." It is one of the grandest natural marvels yet known. "There are," continues the writer, "many specimens of nature's sculpture to be found all over the world, like the Sleeping Lion of Gibraltar, or the Lion's Head, on Lion Island, in Broken Bay, on the New South Wales coast, where the force of rain, wind and frost, slowly acting through countless centuries, have compelled the solid rock to assume the forms of the lower animals; but I do not know and have never heard of any case where nature has copied the human form as she has done in the Stone Woman of Wingen, and it will be well worth the while of travelers passing Wingen to look west and see for themselves what in earlier and more superstitious ages might have been worshipped as the goddess of the Hunter, looking down the valley and keeping guard forever over the pleasant and fertile land, which, looked at from the top of this unique piece of sculpture, is one of the fairest sights that one may see either in New South Wales or elsewhere." At Wingen also is to be seen the only burning mountain to be found in Australia, and the only one not of volcanic origin known. The summit is 1820 feet above sea level, and it is easily reached from the township. It is supposed to be an immense coal seam, which has in some unaccountable way become ignited, and has been burning ever since. When first discovered, during the early days of settlement, the aboriginals of the district explained, in their own rude fashion, that the mountain had been burning in the days of their forefathers; that, as far back as they could remember, there had always been the big smoke. The course of the fire can be traced a considerable distance by the transverse rents or chasms occasioned by the falling in of the ground, from under which the coal had been consumed. From year's end to year's end fumes of smoke are continually issuing from the sides of the mountain, the surface of which is in many places covered with a sulphurous deposit. In the vicinity of the openings from which the bluish rings of smoke issue, the ground is hot to the touch, the vegetation with which it was originally covered having disappeared, and sticks thrust into the ground speedily becoming charred, if not ignited.

A WHOLE LOT WORSE.

"Rose and Mabel have never spoken since they took part in the private theatricals."

"Professional jealousy?"

"Worse than that—amateur jealousy."—[Life.]

HATS AND GOWNS.

WHAT FASHION SUGGESTS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, April 7.—Given a flower toque, a tulle neckbow and a net and ribbon boa, even Noah's wife herself, in otherwise antediluvian attire, would be considered presentable and modish this spring. Without all or one of this trio of essential details no woman is entitled to consider herself a fit representative of fashion. The flower toque is no novelty, save in its size and the glory of its coloring, for just after Christmas women began to anticipate spring by wearing very large Marie Antoinette hats of white roses and green leaves. The Marie Antoinette is a genuine toque developed to an abnormal size, worn a good deal over the eyes, and with a double jabot of lace or a sash of panne ribbon against the back hair. White rose toques, deepened to pink rose copies, those were succeeded by red rose affairs, and now a wide, flat crown with a blunt-bowed roached brim, solidly made of the most fiery geraniums that blow, is the ideal top knot for seven women out of ten.

The remaining three in the ten relieve this sanguinary coloring with velvety green leaves or moss, or a tasteful admixture of pink or white geranium flowers. These last are certainly more agreeable to the eye when worn in the street, nevertheless the authority of the majority obtains as a rule, and those women who do not wear toques made wholly of red geraniums have bought equally impressive structures of scarlet begonia blossoms, or daring hibiscus flowers. As all these artificial blossoms are made of velvet, and as stems and leaves seldom alternate with the riot of red, the effect of the new millinery is hot and heavy to the eye.

The Reign of Red.

Nevertheless, red as a color is reigning at present and evidently is going to exert a marked influence through the season. A good half of the straw hats are adorned with bows of scarlet ribbon, bunches of crimson berries, russet rose tips, and grapes that never grow in any but chromo lithographic landscapes. White pillow case linen shirt waists are piped with red, and the drygoods men affirm that a bargain counter loaded with red ribbon, red flowers, or red silk blouses will gather a crowd of eager women in ten minutes.

An illustration, quite apropos, is given by well-designed spring suits, in two types and tones of red veiling relieved with black. A plain veiling forms the upper half of the skirt, lower half of the waist and the main portion of the sleeves of this suit. The color of this material is technically termed torreador red; that of the black striped and figured veiling allied with it is pure field poppy red. Torreador red taffeta bands, hand worked in French knots, supply a third decorative element in this suit, and the parafol used with it is of very soft black peau de sole, pierced with round holes, to show dots of the poppy-red silk lining.

Bows and Boas.

To return to the tulle bows and the net boas and ruffs. It is the custom to wear both of these airy ornaments together, and, with the growth of the season, they have increased in size, until, with some pretty, but diminutive women, the individuality of the wearer is lost in a prodigious mass of fluffy flowers. The tulle bow is white or scarlet, plain or powdered with big black chenille dots, and it is worn directly under the chin or at the back of the neck. Over the shoulders of every shopper and caller then falls layer upon layer of lace-figured net; black net figured in white, or between the black net founces is sandwiched one of white chiffon dotted in black. Every founce is treated with fine double bouillonais of a net of contrasting figure, or with tiny chiffon roses, or with frills upon frills of gauze ribbon. So important has become the trade-in net boas that in all the larger retail shops a long counter is devoted to their display and sale. Their value runs all the way from \$2 to \$75. The millionairess buys an écu silk net-boa encrusted with insets of organdie flowers that are framed in Venetian gimp and gilt thread, while the long tie ends, which, by the way, never tie, are two superb Burano scarfs. The smart shopper from the country goes a bit further along the counter and buys three-quarters of a yard of black and white Brussels net founcing, and then a couple of long sash ends to match, and putting them all together her neck is as effectively glorified as the millionairess' and her purse is very little lighter for the purchase.

For use with dimities and muslins the shops offer the most taking little kerchief boas frilled and founced and generously rosetted. These are made white, solid pearl pink, pistache green, black and white striped net, and in all the tints of blue, silk muslin, organdy, wash silk, etc.

Wash Evening Gowns.

Openings, of domestic and imported gowns, are the excitement of the hour to the shopper; though many splendors of real lace and hand-embroidered silk beguile the fancy, to the woman of modest means and artistic aspirations in dress, the most important discovery was that of many enchanting little American-made evening costumes built of the least expensive materials and yet reaching a high plane of sartorial art. In one of the shops a group of three typical and economical toilets are shown in corroboration of this fact. The center figure shows how a rosy wash foulard, figured in pale-green vine trails, decorated with a few yards of imitation café au lait point d'Arabe and shoulder straps of black baby velvet ribbon, effectually realized the ideal of a quaint, gay little summer dancing dress.

A white habutai wash silk, its double founce heads

and bodice top garnished with bands of cream Valenciennes lace laid upon broad crimson wash ribbon, is the second evening frock that can pack about in a dress suit case, make occasional trips to the laundry, and yet be always freshly in evidence and worn over no more costly foundation than a ten-cent a yard white lawn slip.

The third pretty dress is a pale-blue cotton Canton crepe, trimmed with bands of dark-blue Hungarian linen, cross-stitched in a quaint pink and blue design. A collar of blue Venetian beads, strung with bright jet beads to form a sort of pattern, is the inexpensive, but most becoming ornament worn with the modest and charming frock.

With such gowns as these selling in the shops no busy woman of limited means can fail to find something to suit her needs and social occasions; and if she wishes effective ornaments with which to increase their festive appearance she can buy two yards of coral beads, so cleverly copied from the real that none but an expert could detect the fraud, and twist and knot them about her neck. She can also buy a yard of white tulle and make elbow bracelets of the same with huge bow ends sticking out from the joint of her arm and suggesting coquettish wings.

Gloves to Be Laundered.

Gloves with such gowns can be white suede, if you like, but there has lately been introduced a new white silk lisle glove that washes like a handkerchief, and is intended for summer evening wear. Such gloves can be had in lengths from eight to twenty-four button; they are woven to fit the hand and perfectly as a costly-spun silk stocking fits the foot, and many of them are beautifully lace worked from the knuckles clear to the shoulder.

Wash-silk madras is one of the season's materials that have been enthusiastically adopted by the makers of little girls' gowns, and, with plentiful tucking and application of embroidered bands, the most elaborate plans of decoration are triumphantly carried. A typical little girl gown on this order is copied from a model of clear salad-green wash madras. The whole of the frock, with the exception of a front panel, is sun pleated. Heavy écu linen embroidery, finished in arrowhead points, garnishes the fancy collar sleeves and skirt front, and all the fullness of the sun pleating is caught in at the waist line by a sash of soft moss green taffeta.

MARY DEAN.

A WOMAN'S ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

MRS. MARY ELITCH OF DENVER AND HOW SHE ACHIEVED A WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

By a Special Contributor.

Mrs. Mary Elitch is the only woman keeper of a zoological garden, and her name is known in this regard among people interested in zoological gardens the world over. Elitch Garden is one of the features of Denver, where, since 1893, it has been the most popular of all summer resorts. Considering all the circumstances, Mrs. Elitch's success there has been nothing less than phenomenal. She started in the panic year, when Denver was prostrate financially. She was entirely without experience, not only in that, but in any business, a big debt overhanging her, and she had only fourteen weeks' business in a year.

During the lifetime of her husband Mrs. Elitch had lived the conventional life of a woman of means, coming in contact with few outside her own exclusive circle, and devoted to art, of which she was very fond. Mr. Elitch died, leaving the garden heavily encumbered and his business affairs in bad shape. Mrs. Elitch leased the garden first to an amusement company formed of some of the leading business men of Denver. They could not make it pay, and, to save it from the hammer, she assumed charge of it herself. Her methods are a good illustration of a woman's way of running things. She moved out to the garden and took up her residence in a tiny lodge on the grounds. Then she began to take care of the garden as she would a house. She knew if there was a board loose anywhere. She learned to mix paint and apply it to fence or summer house. She learned everything that had to do with the bedding of plants, the making of lawns, and the care of the large fruit orchard that formed one of the attractions of the place. She learned how to buy nails and lumber, wire fencing and statuary. She learned how to plan pretty corners in her vine-clad arbors, and new attractions for each season. She learned how to manage a force of 100 men, and get all the work out of them that they ought to do. She informed herself next as to the way to deal with concessionaires, and how to run a theater so that it was jammed every night of her fourteen weeks' season.

The last feature of the business which Mrs. Elitch took up was the zoological collection. She found herself losing valuable specimens from time to time, although she was paying a high-priced attendant, who resented any attempt at suggestion from herself. She discharged him, hired a boy who would do as she told him to, and assumed charge of the animals herself. She studied them as if they were children, watching the effects of different kinds of food and care. She read everything that could be found on the subject, corresponded with well-known keepers, and visited the large cities for the purpose of talking with the heads of zoological gardens. When her lions began to die, she sat up with them night after night, and hardly slept or ate until she found and remedied the cause of the disease. As a result, her collection became healthy and successful, and the baby lions and other interesting inmates of the animal houses became valued friends and acquaintances of all the small boys and girls of Denver. From time to time she added fine specimens. She established a seal pond, and her ostrich, harnessed with flowers, and drawing a smart little trap, was a feature of the floral parade in some of Denver's annual fall festivals.

For some years, while she was learning the business, Mrs. Elitch labored under the most crushing financial

burden. But eventually, as she stopped leak after leak and learned more and more how to cater to popular tastes, she rolled them off and began to accumulate money, until she is now in an enviable position.

Summer after summer she has been offered exorbitant inducements to grant concessions for the selling of beer and alcoholic drinks, but has invariably refused. This summer, too, every child in the charitable institutions of Denver is given a free outing in her garden, and the aged inmates at the Old Ladies' Home, near by, all have season passes, indicating that business success is not incompatible with generosity and high principles. Mrs. Elitch is a beautiful, charming, elegantly-gowned woman, the last in the world whom one would suspect of being at the head of a great business.

A POPULAR PRINCESS.

THE LIFE OF PRINCE HENRY'S WIFE A MODERN HAPPY ONE.

[London M. A. P.:] There are few scions of royal blood more happily married than the Kaiser's sailor brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, or whose home life is more free from any kind of cloud. Indeed, Princess Irene has played so important yet unobtrusive a rôle in the career of her husband that the sketches which have been published concerning him seem incomplete without a portrait of his wife. Princess Irene enjoys the singular and, perhaps, the altogether unique distinction of having about 4000 godfathers. Born during the war of 1870, her father, Prince Louis of Hesse, requested the officers and men of the Hessian regiments forming part of the cavalry brigade under his command to stand sponsors for his baby girl, and at the christening, which took place after the termination of the hostilities, deputations of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men from each regiment were present in order to express, in the name of their respective corps, the readiness of the latter to assume the customary spiritual, moral, and material obligations toward their godchild.

This war of 1866 was a war even more fratricidal than that between the North and South. For it was merely that people of the same nationality were arrayed in arms against one another, but that brothers and even fathers and sons found themselves face to face on blood-battlefields. And so universal was the gratitude when a length peace was restored that it was resolved to solemnize its conclusion by giving the name of Irene, which means peace, to the little princess whose christening coincided with the end of the war. It was on this account that Princess Irene throughout her girlhood was known as the "Friedenkind," or "Child of Peace."

Princess Irene lost her mother at the age of 12 years, yet she seems to be, of all the daughters of Prince Louis, the one who has inherited in the largest measure the cleverness, the tact, and the loveliness of character of the grand duchess. Queen Victoria and the late Empress Frederick between them took charge of the two motherless girls, and from that time forth until her marriage, Princess Irene spent most of her time either with her grandmother in England, with whom she was a particular favorite, or else with her aunt, the late Empress Frederick. She happened almost invariably to be with the latter when her son, Henry, returned from his cruises, and in this way developed an interest and affection for her young sailor cousin. Her sentiments were reciprocated with interest by the Prince, who became more and more infatuated with the handsome and accomplished girl, who, while thoroughly feminine, was nevertheless, a superb equestrienne and a sure shot.

Her skill with horses was and remains altogether remarkable. She is a splendid whip, and she seems to possess a strange influence over horses, which enable her to reduce even the most difficult to subjection with little or no apparent effort. Both the Emperor and Empress Frederick were delighted when Prince Henry announced that he was determined to make Irene his wife, and gladly gave their consent. But Frederick had not at that time succeeded to the throne, and the matter found a determined opponent in the person of Prince Bismarck, who objected to it, first of all, because it pleased Empress Frederick; and, secondly, on the ground of the close relationship between the young people. Now in the latter plea he put forward in persuading the Emperor William to refuse his sanction to the union, and it was not until Frederick had succeeded to the throne and was near to the end of his brief reign that the marriage took place, one of the most pathetic figures at the ceremony being the dying and speechless Emperor.

Princess Irene has three boys, the eldest of whom, Prince Waldemar, is now 12 years of age, and holds the rank of lieutenant in the army, as well as in the navy. Prince and Princess Henry have their home at Kiel, where the Princess is able to enjoy her taste for yachting to her heart's content, and it may safely be asserted that there is no woman in Germany who is able to handle a boat so cleverly, even in the stiffest kind of weather, as the consort of Prussia's sailor Prince. The happy royal couple make their headquarters in what is known as the old "Schloss," or palace, which was built ages back in the thirteenth century, and enlarged by the Empress Catherine II of Russia in the eighteenth century. It is now a very comfortable, and at the same time, stately residence, far more homelike, indeed, than the majority of royal palaces.

Princess Irene enjoys the distinction of being the only princess of the blood and lady of a reigning house in Europe who has ever visited China. When Prince Henry was in command of the German naval forces in the China seas she went out, via the Suez Canal, to join him, and remained with him three or four months, traveling to and fro by ordinary passenger steamer.

AMATEUR CHAUFFEUR.

Roderick: Did your new automobile make a hit? Van Albro: It made two. First a sand bank and then a telegraph pole.—[Chicago News.]

April 13, 1902.]

BURROWING SPIDERS.

TOOLS AND HABITS OF THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN a French abbé announced in 1768 that he had discovered a spider "that hollowed a burrow in the ground, like a rabbit, and added a movable door to it," some members of the Academy of Sciences received his statement with polite incredulity. Philosophers in that century were fonder of constructing political theories than inquiring into the habits of animals. But in these days of nature study, when birds and beasts are hunted with snap-shot cameras, every specimen displays a trapdoor spider's nest along with a specimen of the little engineer, laid out on a card and labeled, Cteniza Californica. At a first glance it seems incredible that the soft, hairy feet of that small creature can excavate the hard earth.

But examine the foot of a Cteniza—a dead one, for choice—as its bite is said to be poisonous. Under a low power of the microscope it will be found that the so-called "leg" ends in three claws, and that each claw is provided with a pretty little toothed comb. The spider has, it seems, a set of minute tools; and their shape accounts for the scientific name of the genus, Cteniza, from the Greek word for comb. Moreover, Mr. Moggridge, a naturalist who has devoted much time to a patient scrutiny of its ways, proved that the animal does actually dig a hole in moist earth, using the claws and teeth with which it is equipped.

The burrowing, it appears, progresses very slowly, for the worker, a female, takes an hour to dig a hole half as large as a walnut shell. As the excavation proceeds, she strengthens the walls of the pit by weaving a sheet of silk over any spot where the soil seems loose and likely to cave in. The material used is a glutinous, sticky substance, hardening on exposure to the air; it is secreted by certain glands in the female spider. She employs it also to cover the interior of her finished tube with a fine, white lining of a smooth and satiny texture. The mouth of the burrow is usually beveled, or flared outward; so that the door, which is next made, may fit close enough to resist a push. To construct this cover, the spider first spins a web across the orifice of the tube, then rakes together a double armful of loose dirt from the heap thrown up in digging, hugs it close to her body, and dumps it down upon the web. Over this she drops some of her gummy "silk" and then begins another load of dirt; she repeats the process till the door is made sufficiently thick. The spider then puts its edges till they fit the mouth exactly, fastens the trap to the orifice by a hinge of elastic silk—and her house is finished. The upper surface of the door is hard to distinguish from the surrounding earth, for it is left in the rough; but the inner surface is fitted, like the walls of the dwelling, with a layer of white silk. This makes it a conspicuous object, when turned back. Opposite the hinge, a few tiny holes about the size of pinheads are to be seen. To these the creature clings with her front claws and mandibles, if any attempt is made to lift the trap door; and, hooking her hind claws into the wall of the cell, she pulls back vigorously against the spring force.

A plain cylinder, from three to twelve inches long, is the simplest type of burrow made by the trapdoor spider. This is the form that is commonly found in California; and it is furnished with a stout, cork-like door. The Ctenizas of Southern Europe do not make their external defense so strong, but they show much ingenuity in contriving places of concealment within. Some hollow outside chambers and provide these with doors that lead into the main nest—an arrangement that reminds one of the secret room built into the wall of the old master house for use in times of persecution. One Italian species, with the true Italian subtlety, builds its nest with a false bottom. By fixing a second door in the tube half-way down, it secures a safe retreat below in case of danger. A Venezuelan spider is quite as tricky. It makes assurance doubly sure by digging her burrow in the form of a U, with a trap at each end; this she can escape by the back way, if an intruder manages to force the front door open. Dr. McCook, the great authority on American spiders, has described a curious leaning tower that he found built over a nest. It was made of bits of mud and chips of straw, and was provided with a flared flap at the top, like a cowed chimney. Shutting themselves up behind such elaborate defenses, it would seem as if the Ctenizas lived in fear of some inveterate enemy.

But the female nest builder does not seclude herself from the approaches of the male. The toil of construction was not undergone that she might live alone. The courtship of spiders has often been made the subject of observation, especially in the case of the web spinners. The interesting event is complicated by the great disproportion between the sexes in point of size and by the constant tenderness of the suitor. Like Gulliver among the maidens of honor at the court of Brobdingnag, the male spider is insignificant in presence of the female; in extreme cases his length is only one-tenth of hers. However, the tiny fellow is sometimes intimidated by the ferocity and cannibalism. Under these circumstances one is prepared to find that the course of love among spiders never does run smooth. As in the case of birds and the higher animals, the suitor aims to show off all his attractive points. If he has a waistcoat of colored hair, or legs adorned with silky down, these ornaments are assiduously displayed. He moves in circles around the object of his passion—keeping, to be sure, his eyes wide open in order to catch the first angry movement on her part—writhe, sidles toward her with legs bent under him. If these amatory evolutions please to the lady, she joins him in a whirling dance and the match is made. On the other hand, a

female spider has been seen to leap on a male, at their first introduction, and wrap him not in caresses but in the fatal meshes of a web. De Geer, a tender-hearted naturalist who saw a courtship thus rudely terminated, remarks that the sight filled him "with horror and indignation."

The union, if it takes place, is usually a brief one. The male, if not devoured, runs off to find another mate. Nature prompts him to do so because he belongs to the numerically inferior sex. To the credit of the trapdoor spiders, it must be stated that couples are sometimes found living together; the ownership of a well-built underground home may have something to do with the prominence of the tie. The mother spider, if sometimes an exacting partner, is always very careful of her brood. The young spinners enjoy her tender care till they are old enough and cunning enough to fend for themselves.

Unwilling as the spiders are to leave the shelter of their burrows, they must venture out in search of food for themselves and their offspring. But they hunt at night, and even then carefully rake a little dirt or moss over the outside of the trap. Sometimes they weave a network of threads close by their den, and lurk, with the door half open and their claws protruding, till some luckless insect gets entangled in the toils. Beetles, ants, and wingless grubs seem to be their favorite food. To save itself the trouble of pulling up the trap, one species fastens its door back on going out, and spins a little web over the entrance to the tube. Any nets or snares set over night, this spider carefully destroys before crawling back into its underground retreat.

Trapdoor spiders, kept in confinement and watched at their meals, are observed to suck the juices out of their prey and cast away the external coverings. They have no more use for the skin of an insect, or the shell of a beetle, than man has for the rind of an orange. To stupefy or kill their captives they are provided with a poison-apparatus. As in the snake, this consists of a bag of venom, a conducting tube, and a sharp-pointed, hollow tooth. But the spider carries its poison gland in its head; and the curved mandible, from the point of which the deadly fluid is ejected, projects beyond the jaws, like a tusk. The poison, though fatal to the prey of the spider, is not believed to be dangerous to the human system. Mr. Moggridge, at any rate, allowed Ctenizas to bite him and experienced no ill effects. Another experimenter felt some smarting and a numbness, which soon passed away. The virulence of the venom depends, perhaps, on the size of the spider; for the great Mygale secretes a poison strong enough to kill small birds.

To this genus, which is closely related to the Ctenizas, belong the largest and most powerful of the burrowing spiders. They differ from their relatives in making no trapdoor to their den. The Mygales inhabit the hot countries of both hemispheres; on this continent they spread so far to the north as to be represented here by the so-called "tarantula" of California and Arizona. This bloated, hairy, repulsive creature is almost identical with a Mygale common in Guiana, which hides in the crevices of trees and crawls out on the bark at sundown. Another tree-dwelling South American species spins a web strong enough to entangle small birds. The statement that a great bird-eating spider existed in Surinam, though reported many years ago, was discredited, until Mr. Bates caught a giant Mygale squatting on the breast of a fitch, which, with its mate, had got snared in the dense network of threads stretched in front of the spider's lair. This animal was covered with foxy-red hairs and, when its legs were extended, measured fully seven inches. The small northern spiders excite in many persons a loathing for which, real as it is, they cannot account, but there is a very sufficient reason for being repelled by the hairy ugliness of Mygale. For the hairs, which come off at the slightest touch, are very fine and excessively irritating to the skin. Ardent naturalists who handle the spider incautiously soon find this out.

Not all Mygales make their dwellings in hollow trees. They not infrequently find a nesting place in human habitations—especially in Indian huts, where a corner under the palm thatch is often occupied by the great spider. Some species, again, burrow like the Ctenizas, and strengthen the wall of their hole with webbing, but they never shut themselves away from the world behind a door. They prefer to lie in wait, like ogres, at the mouth of their little caves, ready to jump out, when some hapless creature stumbles into their snares.

The true tarantulas of Southern Europe form the last group of burrowing spiders. They take their name from the town of Tarentum in Italy, near which they are very abundant. Though resembling the Mygales in hairiness and ferocity, they are anatomically distinct from them, and rank among a different family, the Lycosidae, or wolf-spiders, a clan of active, long-legged hunters.

Of these brightly-colored Italian tarantulas some dig a hole in the ground and weave a barricade of threads across the entrance, others live under rocks and stones. One kind makes a bulb-shaped burrow, like a chemist's retort, and retreats into the narrow tubular part, if molested. Their enemies are the lizards of the country, an ichneumon fly that lays its eggs in their bodies, and a digger wasp which stores them as provender for her young to devour. In spite of these attacks, tarantulas hold their own. The perpetuation of the species is mainly due to the devotion of the mother spider. She is literally attached to her brood, for she carries them along with her in a silken cocoon, wherever she goes.

The poison of the tarantula was once believed to be very virulent. Learned men thought it caused a kind of convulsive epilepsy. Skippon, who visited Italy in the sixteenth century, saw "a fellow who had been bitten by a tarantula, dance very antickly 40 a tune;" but he skeptically adds that "they say they are bitten and beg money while in their fits." The same traveler brought back from Rome a spider story which it would be hard to match among the wildest of snake-bite fables. He was shown a tarantula whose venom, on the testimony of an Italian nobleman, was strong enough to break two glasses. Another writer says: "Such as are stung by this creature make a thousand different gestures in a moment; they weep, dance, tremble, . . . and after a

few days of torment, expire." For this formidable disease, which was known as tarantism, and sometimes became epidemic, the only specific was music; and the Neapolitan tarantella, a lively tune in triplets, composed as an antidote to the poison, preserves the memory of this curious superstition.

To ascribe an epidemic nervous complaint to the bite of the tarantula was not unreasonable in an age which believed that every spider envenomed whatsoever it touched. The spinners were prescribed by physicians in the treatment of disease and used by poisoners in compounding their potions. A bag containing spiders, hung round the neck, was a preventive against ague. It was highly thought of in England, where ague was very rife two or three centuries ago; and a dose of the web, taken in time, was an insurance against the return of the fits. A film of spider's web is still a household remedy for a cut finger, but as an ingredient in physicians' prescriptions even the tarantulas have had their day.

F. W. REID.

AN APRIL FOOL.

When Uncle Robert got his mail
That First-of-April morning
(Now, absent-minded people all,
Just read and take a warning.)

Among the business bills and slips,
And cards of invitation,
And friendly notes, he found, at last
One queer communication.

It took but little time to read—
A moment but to con it;
The two words, "April Fool," were all
That could be found upon it.

Then Uncle Robert laughed and said:
"I've heard of funny blunders
In superscription and address,
And many puzzling wonders,

"And seen epistles left unsigned.
This goes them all one better;
For here's a man who signed his name
And forgot to write the letter!"
[Abby F. C. Baates, in St. Nicholas]

TWO HISTORIC BUSTS.

One of the reception rooms at Windsor Castle is about to receive two busts of historic interest, one of the Prince Consort and one of the late Queen. That of Prince Albert, says the World, was taken from a cast obtained after his death, and has hitherto always stood in one of Queen Victoria's private rooms. The bust of the late Queen was taken in 1862, but as the Queen did not wish it to be seen during her lifetime, it was hidden away in the recesses of the castle. A few weeks ago one of Queen Victoria's old and confidential servants was able to point out the place where the bust had been bricked up in a cavity in the walls for nearly forty years, and it has scarcely suffered from its confinement.—[London Chronicle.]

FOR CLEANING ALUMINUM.

Aluminum is used now so generally for household goods, ornaments and bureau conveniences that a wash to restore its white color is essential to every household. A good old-time recipe for preparing such a wash is this: "Dissolve thirty grammes of borax in one liter of water and add a few drops of ammonia to the solution."

In a short time aluminum tarnishes like silver and brass, and ordinary washes for these metals do not affect it. But if it is washed in this mixture of borax, ammonia and water the desirable white color will be restored instantly.—[Philadelphia Record.]

EASILY PROVIDED FOR.

A Washington woman, who has a home that is in reality a small farm, in the suburbs close by this city, employs a colored youth as a man-of-all-work around the place. He attended divine service recently and was evidently very much impressed with what he heard at church in reference to religious requirements during Lent. Returning home from the house of worship he literally took away the breath of his employer by announcing, in all seriousness:

"You needn't bother about me during Lent. Just give me a dozen eggs for breakfast every morning, and plenty of oysters and fish and I'll manage to get along very well without meat."—[Washington Star.]

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LOST ON THE DESERT.

EXPERIENCE OF TWO PROSPECTORS IN THE MOJAVE REGION.

By a Special Contributor.

MANY of the readers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times have crossed the Mojave Desert on one of the fine trains run by the Santa Fé Company, and will remember the dismal aspect as seen from the windows of the Pullman—wide, hot stretches of sand, flanked on either side by equally dismal-looking sand hills; barren of all vegetation, save an occasional cactus of some species; no water in sight and none to be had within miles of the section-houses, which appear from time to time along the railroad.

It was in the heart of this desert, eighty miles west of the Colorado River, in the midst of the chain of low, rocky hills that can be seen in the distance from the windows of passing trains, that two brothers, Ned and Guy Smith, had an experience that they will remember to the last day of their lives, and which, only for a miracle, would have cost them their lives.

They left the Colorado River one day in June, two years ago, with their four burros loaded with provisions and the ever-present water kegs, intending to make a three-days' stay in the desert before returning to the river to refill their kegs. At the end of the first day they encountered a terrific sandstorm, common to that section of the desert, and were compelled to remain in camp till it was over. For two days the storm raged, while their water was getting lower and lower in the kegs. The burros had wandered away during the first night of the storm, and had probably perished and been covered up in the shifting sand, which makes new sand dunes in an hour; so they were left without even the company of those faithful friends to break the monotony.

On the morning of the third day the storm abated in its fury, and the hardy prospectors started to retrace their footsteps to the banks of the river, where water was to be had, and where they had left part of their camp equipage and stock of provisions, brought from the Needles by a rowboat. The sand had so changed the landmarks that the brothers could not tell the directions of the compass, and awoke to the terrible certainty that they were lost, and lost without any water in their canteens. They wandered aimlessly around till night, hoping against hope that the kind Providence which watches over every human being would direct their footsteps in the way that they should travel.

They passed an uneasy night, and by morning their craving for water had increased to torture. The second day was put in much as the first had been. The pitiless sun beat down on their heads with a heat equal to a furnace. Mirages appeared in the distance, in which lakes of water could be seen by the half-crazed men. They followed many a mile in the direction of the phantom lakes, and, finally, at nightfall, lay down to rest till morning. Their tongues were so swelled they were protruding, cracked and bleeding, from their mouths. Their minds wandered, and they saw streams of running water on every side. Tables, loaded with viands fit for a king, were set before their troubled visions, and then disappeared as they were about to sup and dine.

That awful night finally came to an end, as every night will, and the poor prospectors, with hope gone, struggled to their feet, once more to begin that terrible search for water. A lizard, frightened at the unusual sight of man, scuttled from the protection of a rock and ran toward another rock some fifty feet away. So hot was the sand that the little creature, used as it was to the heat, had only run half the distance, when there was a little puff of white smoke seen rising in the air, and nothing earthly was left of the cremated creature. (Other prospectors verify the statement made to me by Guy Smith, relating to the cremation of the lizard, and I have no reason to doubt their words.—Writer.) Other prospectors have told me that they have held a canteen upside down, letting the water run from it in a stream, and that not a drop would ever reach the ground; it would all go up in steam. So much for the heat of the Mojave Desert in the summer months.

The fourth day saw the two men still struggling along in their endless search for water, but almost too weak to longer drag their feet over the burning sand. Their shoes had long since worn out, and their bleeding feet left carmine stains on the white sand.

Late in the afternoon of this day, the two men fancied they saw a palisade fence in the distance, and staggered on toward it. Neither could express his thoughts, save by motions, for their tongues were in such condition that they could not articulate a sound. As they neared the supposed fence, they were surprised and disappointed to find that, instead of being stakes driven in the ground, each object was a small pillar of sand, some four feet high. On top of each little pillar was the track of a camel. Years before, when the only rainstorm in the history of the desert had fallen, there were a few camels, which had been used as an experiment by the government, running at large upon the plains. One of these animals had walked along, pressing the moistened sand into a cement beneath its foot as deep as the moisture extended; and when the sandstorms swept the desert months afterward, the loose sand had been blown away from the tracks, leaving the pillars sticking out of the sand, with the track of a camel on top of each one.

Knowing that the camel was probably going in the direction of the nearest water when it crossed that way, the brothers concluded to follow the tracks, an easy task, under the circumstances. In their feeble condition they could not go over a hundred steps without sitting down to rest. After going about a mile in this manner, Ned saw what appeared to be a large boulder near the camel tracks, and selected it as a seat upon which to rest. After sitting on it for a few minutes, the instincts

of a prospector caused him to wonder what the boulder was doing in that particular place, away from any hills—for they had long since wandered out of the range of hills in which they had been prospecting—and what its formation might prove to be. Getting out his little pick, an article a prospector always carries in his belt, he began to pick at the boulder. The first blow broke a piece from the supposed stone, and he took it up to examine it. At the first appearance it resembled a crystal of rock salt, and the perishing man thought it was simply a piece of mineral, which abounds in places in the Mojave Desert. Upon closer investigation the man was overcome with joy, for the object of his examination proved to be a large piece of ice.

Without further investigation the brothers hastened to break off some small pieces of the ice, which they dissolved in their mouths, letting the precious drops trickle down their throats, until their cravings for water had been appeased, and they felt that their lives had been saved. They told me that they thought that the ice had been lost by a party of government surveyors who had passed through that section of the country forty years ago, in bull teams, and that the sun was so hot the ice could not melt, but was seared over by a crust resembling the burnt crust of a loaf of bread baked by a woman while neighbors are in the parlor. The theory, I think, is correct. With the new strength given them by the ice, the brothers, each carrying as much of the ice as he could manage, started once more upon the tracks of the camel, which, with the stealth of an Indian following a deer, they traced, indeed, to the very banks of the Colorado River.

To prove this story, one of the Smith boys—I now forget which one, but that is of no importance—showed me the camel tracks, ten miles out from where they struck the river. At that point they did not rise above the surface of the sand any longer. From there I could see them, standing like sentinels of the desert, as far as the eye could distinguish objects. I have been told by other men who have also seen the tracks that they have used them to tie their burros to on various occasions. One of them was sent to the Smithsonian Institution by a young naturalist, who thought he had found the petrified limb of some gigantic and prehistoric animal.

D. D. McDONALD.

GEN. FUNSTON'S CHOICE.

The most amusing story that has flitted around the haunts of legislators for some little time is the recital of a fictitious conversation between President Roosevelt and Gen. Funston.

The President was most cordial in his welcome to the Kansas soldier, and invited him to stay to luncheon.

According to the fabricator, the two engaged in a long conversation after luncheon.

"Funston, I'd like to have you ride with me this afternoon," the President is quoted as saying.

"I don't particularly care to ride," replied Funston; "but if you don't mind we will go down and swim across the Potomac."—[Chicago Journal.]

HORSE SURPLUS IN AMERICA.

According to the census of 1890, there were twenty-five horses in the United States—not counting those in cities—for every 100 inhabitants. It is probable that the census of 1900 will show that, if the inhabitants and the horses in cities of 5000 and upward are excluded from the computation, there are fifty horses for every 100 inhabitants. The recent statistics for Great Britain show that, including the cities, four horses are kept for each 100 inhabitants. In France there are ten horses, and in the German Empire 17 horses for every 100 inhabitants. —[Country Life in America.]

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Improvements on nature are seldom seen in a bathing suit.

The loss of a husband has side-tracked many a divorce story.

Alimony is the sunshine that brightens the saddest hour of marriage.

When a man stops planting flowers on his wife's grave he is buying suppers for two.

When the budding girl takes to tight shoes the fit of her waist is a live subject with her.—[New York Press.]

TRYING TO OBEY.

"What on earth," said a gentleman to his son, "are you doing up there, Johnny, sitting on the horse's back with a pencil and paper, when you ought to be at school?"

"Teacher said I was to write a composition on a horse," said the boy, "and I'm trying to; but it's awful difficult, 'cos he will keep moving so. I s'pose that's why teacher gave it to us to do, ain't it?"—[Chicago Journal.]

WORRY.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes the world grow old;
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half their story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven
And the wisdom of God's great plan.
Ah; it's not the work, but the worry,
That breaks the heart of a man.

—[Chicago Journal.]

CAMPOR HABIT THE LATEST.

The camphor habit is said to be the latest fad among fashionable women. Object—to improve the complexion, the idea being prevalent that the gum taken in small quantities will impart a peculiarly clear creaminess to the skin. Whether this is true or not, science fails to tell us. It is enough that the idea prevails, and among the fashionable. The habit is by no means healthy, however. Where large doses are the rule it really degenerates into slavery, and at no time is it to be recommended. Camphor eating, whatever its effect upon the complexion, tends to extreme weakness, lassitude and an ever-present longing for sleep. So even if your skin may improve, your wits are likely to suffer through the camphor habit.—[New York Press.]

THE INCURABLES.

"Some men's motto these days," observed the doctor, "seems to be this: 'Beet sugar you're right, then go ahead!'"

"A man who will perpetrate a thing like that," said the professor, severely, "ought to have the brand of cane on his forehead!"—[Chicago Tribune.]

THE SERIOUS DIFFICULTIES.

Bert was very fond of reading the histories which were written for children, and he thought he would find two large volumes of the Civil War in fine and clear print of equal interest. But soon he came to me with a long face and said:

"I can't read them, Aunt Minnie; the words are so big and the letters so little that I must give it up."—[Little Chronicle.]



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THE REIGN OF WOMAN.

HER PRESENT POSITION IN THE EYES OF SOCIETY AND OF THE LAW.

[Hall Caine, in Household Words:] We may speak of the present era as the reign of King Edward, of King Victor Emmanuel, or of the Emperor William, but in a still broader and better sense it is the reign of Woman. Never has the civilized world lived under a sovereign so absolute as Woman is at this moment. It is a sweet and benevolent despotism she exercises, and her subjects are obviously content, but the extraordinary fact about her sovereignty is that her rule, which is so unlimited, has been so short. No doubt she had always exercised a certain absolutism in the Courts of Love, but in the Courts of Law her rights have only recently been recognized.

Even as late as sixty odd years ago, when Queen Victoria came to the throne, woman's position in England was one of more or less honorable servitude. If she was married, the law regarded her as one with her husband, but with the slight anomaly that all that was hers was his, while all that was his was his own. If she was unmarried, she was still in the eye of the law a grown-up infant in swaddling clothes. Woman's place in England was almost entirely dependent on her agreeableness and usefulness to man, and for many centuries there had been no idea in the heads of legislators that she possessed any legal rights except those of marrying and giving in marriage, and of ruling over the cooking and the kitchen and the nursery. There was, perhaps, no conscious cruelty in all this, and it was probably based on a theory of the utter helplessness of woman to take care of herself under any circumstances—the old idea of her incapacity for business and of the general inferiority of her talents. So much for her condition as a reputable member of the state, but, as a criminal, her position was even worse. Down to the beginning of the nineteenth century a crime of which both sexes might be equally guilty (of which the male was nearly always the more guilty,) was punished in the person of the woman only, while the man was always allowed to go free.

Women Were Beasts of Burden.

"If there is a word of truth in history," said Macaulay, writing early in Victoria's reign, "women have always been, and still are, playthings, captives, and beasts of burden." And Lord Brougham, about the same period said, "There must be a reconstruction of the law before woman can have justice. In short, the condition of English law, as recently as sixty years ago, in relation to a woman was about on a par with that of the Hindoos. All this was, no doubt, due to the fact that law-makers were men, and hence there was truth in Mrs. Browning's lament of, "Women sobbing out of sight because men made the laws." In that respect, also, we resembled the Hindoos, of whom it is told that they punished a certain crime with awful severity, even to burning the offender alive, but the punishment varied according to the caste of the transgressor, and the Brahmins, who made the law, got off with the shaving of their heads—the only difference in England being that our English Brahmins usually took care that they were bald to begin with.

What Women May do Now.

All this is changed. Women are now practically on an equality with men, and the legal subordination of one sex to the other is gone. The idea died hard; it would be amusing, if it were worth while, to tell how hard. There is next to nothing that a woman may not be and do in England now. She may be a guardian of the poor, a church warden, a sexton, a medical officer of a workhouse, or a member of the London School Board. She may practice medicine, and take academic degrees. She may go to law and maintain an action against her own husband, and he has even lost his ancient legal right of beating her. She may trade on her own account, and enjoy the distinction of being a bankrupt without the penalty of going to prison under the Debtors' Act. She may vote for a municipal Council, if not for Parliament. She may be a deaconess of the church, if not a deacon. She may be a juror in certain cases, if not a judge. Thus the old idea that man and wife are one is practically exploded, and it is not impossible that future legislation may decree that under certain circumstances the woman is both.

Woman and the Franchise.

One limitation of the legal rights of woman still exists in England—she is not yet admitted to the franchise. That this is a right desired by all women is not quite certain, but that it will be attained seems probable, and that it ought to be aimed after is a conclusion that only

those will question who have not fully considered the altered needs which the altered condition of woman has brought about. By virtue of what superiority can man withhold from woman, as she now is, an equal right with himself to control the management of her own affairs? Is her brain less active? Is her education lower? Is she more liable to be swayed by unworthy motives, or even more subject to the bribery and corruption of an eternal will? The noble and magnanimous being, man, if he knows himself, and if he knows woman also, knows perfectly that he can claim none of these points of superiority. And if the franchise is to be long withheld from one-half of the human family it can only be by virtue of the last surviving spark of the old barbaric idea (however disguised and beautified,) that woman is not a separate being, but merely the creature and property of man.

Huxley assures us that in the new order of things regarding woman the old Salic law is not going to be repealed, and that no change of dynasty will be effected; but when we hear of a Jewish lady, with the appropriate name of Solomon, being appointed to the position of Jewish rabbi, it seems as if women, who have always been angels, and are understood to be ministering angels, were even about to become ministerial angels as well.

The Reign of Woman.

There will be differences of opinion about the value of this change, but the tree is known by its fruits, and it must be abundantly clear that the altered state of woman during the past fifty or sixty years has produced good results—first, in opening up or developing many fields of activity to women, wherein they have acquitted themselves with credit and honor—in literature, where their increased industry has been equaled only by the increase in their numbers; in journalism, where they have won golden opinions in every field, except the battlefield; in painting, where they have often excelled, although Dr. Johnson held it to be indelicate in a female to practice an art (that of portrait painting) which might require her to stare in the face of a man; in the drama, which appears to be even more properly her domain than man's domain; in nursing, a noble and beautiful and truly womanly calling; in medicine, a profession peculiarly appropriate to her sex, as well as in the humbler but no less important avocations of clerical and secretarial work. And if Byron is right that the true touchstone of desert is success, then the success of women is the justification of their emancipation. No six centuries in England have produced so many eminent women as the last sixty years; Miss Florence Nightingale among the heroines of the hospital; and in literature, art, music, and the drama, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Bronte, Emily Bronte, Jean Ingelow, Christina Rossetti, Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Siddons, Fanny Kemble, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanor Duse, Mmes. Risort, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mrs. Craigie, and Mrs. Clifford, not to attempt to call up more of the long roll of distinguished women still happy among us.

The Modern Rosalinds.

The altered condition of woman is, no doubt, having its effect on the character of the sex. Every reader of the novels of Jane Austen—in which the most striking characteristic of woman is that of being without character—must realize that the old types are passing away. Woman, at the beginning of the twentieth century, may be open to criticism at certain points, but it cannot be said that she is characterless. The necessity to fight the world in its own terms, to compete with men in professions, hitherto controlled by them, is developing a type of woman that is immensely interesting and attractive. The little armor of mannishness which is being put on in the same way, and for much the same reason, as Rosalind dons the doublet and hose, "let lie within what woman's fear there will," is in itself a very touching and beautiful characteristic.

The Future of Woman.

I think if I were a woman it would be the most delicious exercise of my pride to be absolutely dependent upon the man I loved, but the greater part of girls in England cannot indulge that feeling, more's the pity, and so many of them are beautiful nowadays that unhappily a girl can no longer expect that her face will be her fortune always. There are more Marthas than Marias in the world now; the time has gone forever when singing and dancing were a woman's only accomplishments, and even a charming daughter of Herodias cannot quite dance a man's head off. When the law has done its best, and society its utmost, there is yet something unfair or at least difficult in the position that woman holds in the world by nature. Great numbers of English women have to come out into the world in competition with men, and some of them have a hard

and cruel time of it. The mere existence of the Factory Acts is enough to make a man's heart bleed for the awful sufferings of women in the bitter struggle for bread. On the fate of our women, especially our working women, the future of our country, I truly believe, depends; and it is amazing that Parliament and the press, and, above all, the church, have hitherto given so little attention to so great a problem.

But nearer to our doors than the pit brow and Cradley Heath, going in and out among our own ways of life, are women of education and refinement and great gifts, our own sisters and daughters, who are standing up to the battle of life and fighting it inch by inch like men, determined by God's help to come out of it straight. Some rumor we hear of masculine jealousy, that women are competing, perhaps too successfully, with some of us in some professions, but I will not believe that any man worthy of the name ever yet owed a woman a grudge because she was beating him in his craft, and I appeal to all manly men to see that, when a woman crosses their path in her struggle to live, she has a fair field and fair play and every chance and every help that a man's hand can give her. Let us remember our own knock-down blows, and, if we have got up after them and fought again, and perhaps conquered, let us remember how much more the like of them may hurt a woman than a man. Let us remember that in the cruel and wicked cities the very fact of her sex, for which a brave girl asks no quarter, is a constant danger and disadvantage, and let us never forget that to band ourselves together against those who are selfish and cruel and impure is the best and highest chivalry that can be practiced by English gentlemen in the twentieth century.



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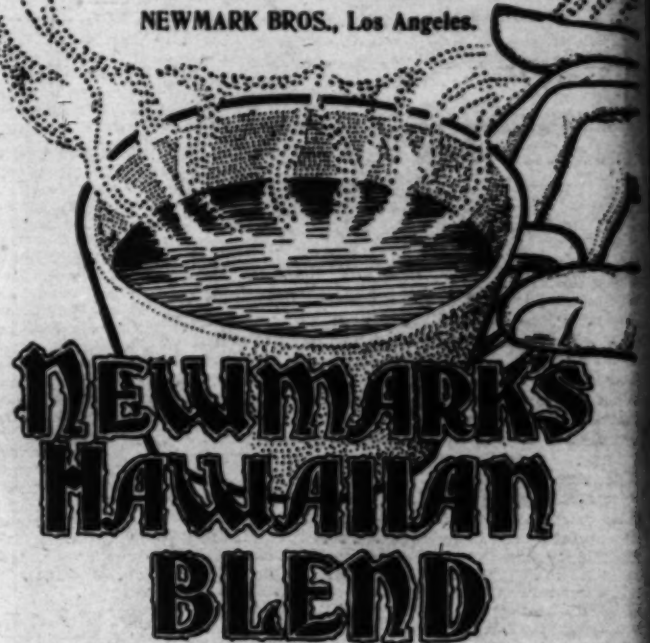
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The winner of the \$5.00 prize in the week's contest, ending April 5th, is Jessie Morgan, 819 Westlake Avenue, Los Angeles. The winner in last week's contest will be announced next week, as over 1000 verses have been submitted. We shall offer no more prizes for the present.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
With a great troop of youngsters and plenty to do;
She fed them BISHOP'S soup and beans,
A diet quite within her means,
And they grew so plump, and strong, and tall,
That the little old shoe wouldn't hold them at all.